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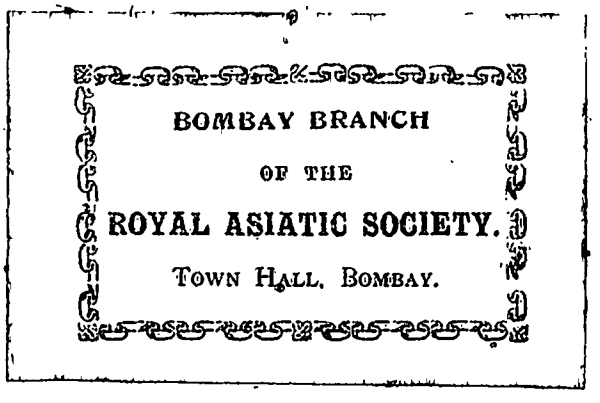

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. IX.

THE

WORKS

(1515)

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

LL-a-10

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

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VOL. IX.

DRYDEN,	HALIFAX,
SMITH,	PARNELL,
DUKE,	GARTH,
KING,	ROWE,
SPRAT,	ADDISON.

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THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN

CONTINUED.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

MY LORD, Anno 1699.

SOME estates are held in England, by paying a fine at the change of every lord: I have enjoyed the patronage of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this present day. I have dedicated the translation of the lives of Plutarch to the first duke; and have celebrated the memory of your heroic father. Though I am very short of the age of Nestor, yet I have lived to a third generation of your house, and, by your grace's favour, am admitted still to hold from you by the same tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast, that I have deserved the value of so illustrious a line; but my fortune is the greater, that, for three descents, they have been pleased to distinguish my poems from those of other men, and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to say, that, as your grandfather and father were cherished and adorned with honours by two successive monarchs, so I have been esteemed and patronized by the grandfather, the father, and the son, descended from one of the most ancient, most conspicuous, and most deserving families in Europe.

It is true, that by delaying the payment of my last fine, when it was due by your grace's accession to the titles and patrimonies of your house, I may seem, in rigour of law, to have made a forfeiture of my claim; yet my heart has always been devoted to your service: and since you have been graciously pleased, by your permission of this address, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet too late to lay these volumes at your feet.

The world is sensible that you worthily succeed, not only to the honours of your ancestors, but also to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, easiness of access, and desire of doing good even to the prejudice of your fortune, is so far from being broken in your grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the newest link of it; which I will not call the last,

because I hope and pray, it may descend to late posterity: and your flourishing youth, and that of your excellent dutchess, are happy omens of my wish.

It is observed by Livy and by others, that some of the noblest Roman families retained a resemblance of their ancestry, not only in their shapes and features, but also in their manners, their qualities, and the distinguishing characters of their minds: some lines were noted for a stern, rigid virtue, savage, haughty, parsimonious, and unpopular: others were more sweet, and affable; made of a more pliant paste, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable offices, and diffusive of the goods which they enjoyed. The last of these is the proper and indelible character of your grace's family. God Almighty has endued you with a softness, a beneficence, an attractive behaviour, winning on the hearts of others, and so sensible of their misery, that the wounds of fortune seem not inflicted on them, but on yourself. You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their wishes, and always exceed their expectations: as if what was yours, was not your own, and not given you to possess, but to bestow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I must cast in shades, lest I offend your modesty, which is so far from being ostentatious of the good you do, that it blushes even to have it known: and therefore I must leave you to the satisfaction and testimony of your own conscience, which, though it be a silent panegyric, is yet the best.

You are so easy of access, that Poplicola was not more, whose doors were opened on the outside to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reasonable was denied; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where (I can scarce forbear saying), that want itself was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The history of Peru assures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, esteemed that the highest, which called them Lovers of the Poor: a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and Augustus of the Roman emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deserved by few of them, and not running in a blood, like the perpetual gentleness, and inherent goodness of the Ormond family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest and most ductile of all metals: iron, which is the hardest, gathers rust, corrodes itself, and is therefore subject to corruption: it was never intended for coins and medals, or to bear faces and the inscriptions of the great. Indeed it is fit for armour, to bear off insults, and preserve the wearer in the day of battle: but the danger once repelled, it is laid aside by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil

conversation: a necessary guard in war, but too harsh and cumbersome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more humane life.

For this reason, my lord, though you have courage in an heroical degree, yet I ascribe it to you but as your second attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compassion, claim precedence, as they are first in the divine nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your grace, is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity: affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word, which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good-nature, are of daily use: they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life: neither sighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curses of the vanquished, follow acts of compassion and of charity; but a sincere pleasure and serenity of mind, in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot suffer the misfortunes of another, without redress, lest they should bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happiness which he enjoys.

Yet, since the perverse tempers of mankind, since oppression on one side, and ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable occasions of war, that courage, that magnanimity and resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended: and here it grieves me that I am scanted in the pleasure of dwelling on many of your actions: but αἰδέομαι Τρωας is an expression which Tully often used, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the censure of the Romans.

I have sometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the subject is so fruitful, that the harvest overcomes the reaper, I am shortened by my chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach; since it is not permitted me to commend you according to the extent of my wishes, and much less is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits. Yet, in this frugality of your praises, there are some things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your character. You have so formed your own education, as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country; or, more properly speaking, both your countries: because you were born, I may almost say in purple, at the castle of Dublin, when your grandfather was lord-lieutenant, and have since been bred in the court of England.

If this address had been in verse, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercury, Numen commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo. The better to satisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the service of Britain or Ireland shall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practised in the camp; and thus both Lucullus and Cæsar (to omit a crowd

of shining Romans) formed themselves to war by the study of history, and by the examples of the greatest captains, both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name those two commanders in particular, because they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders; and that Lucullus, in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be sent into the field, against the most formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was called the learned consul in derision; but then he was not born a soldier: his head was turned another way: when he read the tacticks, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away on a general, who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and resolution; in him it will direct his martial spirit, and teach him the way to the best victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, though achieved by the hand, are managed by the head. Science distinguishes a man of honour from one of those athletic brutes whom undeservedly we call heroes. Cursed be the poet, who first honoured with that name a mere Ajax, a man-killing ideot. The Ulysses of Ovid upbraids his ignorance, that he understood not the shield for which he pleaded: there were engraven on it plans of cities, and maps of countries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as stupidly as his fellow-beast the lion. But, on the other side, your grace has given yourself the education of his rival: you have studied every spot of ground in Flanders, which, for these ten years past, has been the scene of battles and of sieges. No wonder if you performed your part with such applause on a theatre which you understood so well.

If I designed this for a poetical encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a subject; but, confining myself to the severity of truth, and to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many instances of your military skill, but also those of your assiduous diligence in the war; and of your personal bravery, attended with an ardent thirst of honour; a long train of generosity; profuseness of doing good; a soul unsatisfied with all it has done; and an unextinguished desire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own historians; I am, as Virgil says, Spatiis exclusus iniquis.

Yet, not to be wholly silent of all your charities, I must stay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the consideration of yourself. When, in the battle of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had transported you so far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you; when you were not only dangerously, but in all appearance mortally wounded; when in that desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried to

Namur, at that time in possession of the French; then it was, my lord, that you took a considerable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and, as a memorable instance of your heroic charity, put it into the hands of count Guiscard, who was governor of the place, to be distributed among your fellow-prisoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatness of your soul, accordingly consigned it to the use for which it was intended by the donor: by which means the lives of so many miserable men were saved, and a comfortable provision made for their subsistence, who had otherwise perished, had not you been the companion of their misfortune: or rather sent by Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out famine from invading those whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures, that your grace was made their fellow-sufferer! and how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans, spoke like a Christian: Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco. All men, even those of a different interest, and contrary principles, must praise this action, as the most eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when men were made "de meliore luto;" when examples of charity were frequent, and when they were in being, "Teucri pulcherrima proles, magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis." No envy can detract from this: it will shine in history, and, like swans, grow whiter the longer it endures: and the name of ORMOND will be more celebrated in his captivity, than in his greatest triumphs.

But all actions of your grace are of a piece, as waters keep the tenour, of their fountains: your compassion is general, and has the same effect as well on enemies as friends. It is so much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one continued act of placing benefits on many, as the Sun is always carrying his light to some part or other of the world: and were it not that your reason guides you where to give, I might almost say, that you could not help bestowing more, than is consisting with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that, being born for a blessing to mankind, your supposed death in that engagement was so generally lamented through the nation! The concernment for it was as universal as the loss: and though the gratitude might be counterfeit in some, yet the tears of all were real; where every man deplored his private part in that calamity, and even those, who had not tasted of your favours, yet built so much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoaned the loss of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into fresh remem-

brance; as if the same decree had passed on two, short successive generations of the virtuous; and I repeated to myself the same verses, which I had formerly applied to him: Ostendunt terris hunc tantùm fata, nec ultrà esse sinunt. But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the blessings and applause of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long prosperity; and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealously desired, than by

your grace's

most humble,

most obliged, and

most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE FABLES.

IT is with a poet, as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short in the expense he first intended: he alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me: I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived.

From translating the first of Homer's Iliads, (which I intended as an essay to the whole work) I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war: here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not balk them. When I had compassed them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book, (which is the masterpiece of the whole Metamorphoses) that I enjoined myself the pleasing talk of rendering it into English. And now I found, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author in his former books: there occurred to me the hunting of the boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured story of Baucis and Philemon, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse, which they had in the original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet: he who has arrived the nearest to it is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name, which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenser and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers, than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans, as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuates, that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body; and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me, that Spenser was his original; and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloign, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax. But to return: having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old English poet Chaucer in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them: and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honour of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of the Canterbury Tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means both the poets being set in the same light, and dressed in the same English habit, story to be compared with story, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him: or if I seem partial to my countryman, and predecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few: and besides many of the learned, Ovid has almost all the beaux, and the whole fair sex, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have assumed somewhat more to myself than they allow me; because I have adventured to sum up the evidence: but the readers are the jury; and their privilege remains entire to decide according to the merits of the cause, or, if they please, to bring it to another hearing, before some other court. In the mean time, to follow the thread of my discourse, (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connexion) so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse; particularly is said to have invented

the octave rhyme, or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at least assume the title of heroic poets: he and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise received no little help from his master Petrarch. But the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue, though many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer) first adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provençal, which was then the most polished of all the modern languages; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critic, who deserves no little commendation from us his countrymen. For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own; which, whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who, mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators, that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject; to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose. I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness: they who think too well of their own performances are apt to boast in their prefaces, how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect? and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges, as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better?

With this account of my present undertaking, I conclude the first part of this discourse: in the second part, as at a second sitting, though I alter not the draught, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead colouring of the whole. In general I will only say, that I have written nothing which savours of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expression, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses through my inadvertency; if the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be staved or forfeited, like contraband goods; at least, let their authors be answerable for them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavoured to choose such fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral, which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious, and they leap foremost into sight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet, if they contain any thing which shocks religion, or good manners, they are at best, what Horace says of good numbers, without good sense, Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ. Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing my other right of self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my sense wire-drawn into blasphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading against the stage; in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thread of my discourse with the first of my translation, which was the first Iliad of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer life and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole Ilias; provided still, that I meet with those encouragements from the public, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some chearfulness. And this I dare assure the world before-hand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil (though I say not the

translation will be less laborious): for the Grecian is more according to my genius, than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts and ornament of words: Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties, both of numbers and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him. Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined: so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry: for nothing can be more evident, than that the Roman poem is but the second part of the Ilias; a continuation of the same story, and the persons already formed: the manners of Æneas are those of Hector superadded to those which Homer gave him. The adventures of Ulysses in the Odysseis are imitated in the first six books of Virgil's Æneis: and though the accidents are not the same, (which would have argued him of a servile copying, and total barrenness of invention) yet the seas were the same, in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty Iliads contracted: a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict any thing which I have formerly said in his just praise: for his episodes are almost wholly of his own invention; and the form, which he has given to the telling, makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design: and if invention be the first virtue of an epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place. Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald translation of the Ilias, (studying poetry as he did mathematics, when it was too late) Mr. Hobbes, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first beauty of an epic poem consists in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers: now the words are the colouring of the work, which, in the order of nature, is last to be considered. The design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the first beauties that arise and strike the sight: but if the draught be false or lame, the figures ill-disposed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their several ways is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design, as in the execution of it. The very heroes show their authors; Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, &c. Æneas patient, considerate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies: ever submissive to the will of Heaven, "quo fata trahunt, retrahuntque, sequamur." I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but I am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have said, I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. It is the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the second book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper; and therefore I have translated his first book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil: but it was not a pleasure without pains: the continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age; and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats; the Iliad of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to say of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer; considering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue: from Chaucer the purity of the English tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike: both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at least in their writings;

it may be also in their lives. Their studies were the same, philosophy and philology. Both of them were known in astronomy, of which Ovid's books of the Roman feasts, and Chaucer's treatise of the Astrolabe, are sufficient witnesses. But Chaucer was likewise an astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearness: neither were great inventors: for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and most of Chaucer's stories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predecessors. Boccace's Decameron was first published; and from thence our Englishman has borrowed many of his Canterbury Tales: yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by some Italian wit, in a former age, as I shall prove hereafter: the tale of Grizild was the invention of Petrarch; by him sent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Cressida was also written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him: but there is so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most kings, who love to be in debt; are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: besides, the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honest Montaigne, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as the Wife of Bath's Tale, the Cock and the Fox, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the manners, under which name I comprehend the passions, and, in a large sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits: for an example, I see Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark: yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light: which though I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be considered in the comparison of the two poets; and I have saved myself one half of that labour, by owning, that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian; Chaucer, in the dawning of our language: therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid; or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up as a post not to be defended in our poet, because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered: and they are to be measured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described, on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad, for preferring the Englishman to the Roman: yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the things they admire are not only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, describe his passion like Narcissus? Would he think of "inopem me copia fecit," and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one another, and signifying all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death! This is just John Littlewit in Bartholomew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery: a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavour to raise pity: but, instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido: he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjust in the pursuit of it: yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from possession, by being so near, and a thousand such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They, who think otherwise, would by the same reason prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets, they are sometimes a fault and sometimes a beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be shunned, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confess, they are often

what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity, and followed nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the design nor the disposition of it; because the design was not their own, and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains, that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all subjects: as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but swept, like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of sweet-meats, for boys and women, but little of solid meat, for men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing, and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer: and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth: for, as my lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not stand.

Chaucer followed Nature every where; but was never so bold to go beyond her: and there is a great difference of being poeta and nimis poeta, if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was auribus istius temporis accommodata: they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse, where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an errour, that common sense (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse, which we call heroic, was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared. I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad, and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the commons; and, being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family, and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whose praises helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to posterity. As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt his patron; somewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman: yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age: their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their wordly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his Canterbury Tales: neither has his contemporary Boccace spared them. Yet both those poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders: for the scandal which is given by particular priests reflects not on the sacred function.

Chaucer's Monk, his Chanon, and his Fryer, took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satyrical poet is the check of the laymen on bad priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarsely used; for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured: if he be wrongfully accused, he has his action of slander; and it is at the peril of the plaintiff, if he transgress the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing dishonoured, when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his Scandalum Magnatum to punish the offender. They, who use this kind of argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the poet's lash, and are less concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themselves, they are all in some sort parties: for, since they say the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not: but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance betwixt a king of England and an archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of God's church; which ended in the murther of the prelate, and in the whipping of his majesty from post to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has saved me the labour of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say, that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him. Prior læsit is justification sufficient in the civil law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defence, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp recrimination, somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure, reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the Good Parson; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age, by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer where I left him. He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his Canterbury Tales the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different; the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers, and great granddames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Chanons, and lady Abbesses, and Nuns: for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though every thing is altered. May I have leave to do myself the justice (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man); may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as savour nothing of immodesty? If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchants, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good-manners: I am sensible, as I ought to be,

of the scandal I have given by my loose writings, and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If any thing of this nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. Totum hoc indictum volo. Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad-speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his characters, before the Canterbury Tales, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels.

But first, I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrettee it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearse as nye, as ever he can:
Everich word of it been in his charge,
All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:
He may not spare, although he were his brother,
He mote as well say o word as another.
Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
And well I wote no villany is it,
Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been cousin to the dede.

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard; I know not what answer they could have made: for that reason, such tale shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that his sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English: as for example, these two lines, in the description of the carpenter's young wife:

Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended, that I have turned these tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late earl of Leicester say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who, having read him over at my lord's request, declared he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author: but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public: Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator; and being shocked perhaps with his old style, never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond, and must first be polished, ere he shines. I deny not likewise, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits besides Chaucer, whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer, (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater) I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed farther, in some places, and added somewhat of my own, where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true lustre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because (if I may be per-

mitted to say it of myself) I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet, in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errours of the press: let this example suffice at present; in the story of Palamon and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is described, you find these verses, in all the editions of our author:

There saw I Danè turned into a tree,
I mean not the goddess Diane,
But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè.

Which, after a little consideration, I knew was to be reformed into this sense, that Daphne the daughter of Peneus was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future Milbourn should arise, and say, I varied from my author, because I understood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion: they suppose there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person, whom I mentioned, the late earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My lord dissuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it some years before his death) and his authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure:

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula; si volet usus,
Quem penès arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.

When an ancient word for its sound and significancy deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed; customs are changed; and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. I grant that something must be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarcely intelligible, and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with less profit and no pleasure. It is not for the use of some old Saxon friends, that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understood sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places, I give to others which had them not originally: but in this I may be partial to myself; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer, than myself. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: Facile est inventis addere, is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them, that mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same god of poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal (for how she should come to understand old English I know not). But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think, that there is

something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, it is extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies: both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears, that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled: so that what there was of invention in either of them may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word; and therefore I will set two of their discourses on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and, amongst the rest, pitched on the Wife of Bath's Tale; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her Prologue, because it is too licentious: there Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her: the crone, being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his aversion, endeavours to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables; and by this time had so far forgotten the Wife of Bath's Tale, that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood, and titles, in the story of Sigismunda; which I had certainly avoided for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Æneis: the story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various; and the disposition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought, for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own: but I was undeceived by Boccace; for casually looking on the end of his seventh Giornata, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself) and Fiametta (who represents his mistress, the natural daughter of Robert king of Naples) of whom these words are spoken, Dioneo e la Fiametta granpezza contarono insieme d'Arcita, e di Palamone: by which it appears, that this story was written before the time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties, by passing through his noble hands. Besides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provençals, entitled The Flower and the Leaf; with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself; not that I think it worth my time to enter the lists with one Milbourn, and one Blackmore, but barely to take notice, that such men there are, who have written scurrilously against me, without any provocation. Milbourn, who is in orders, pretends, amongst the rest, this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied, that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own translations of Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. If (as they say he has declared in print) he prefers the version of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the same compliment: for it is agreed on all hands, that

he writes even below Ogilby: that, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot Milbourn bring about? I am satisfied, however, that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me: but upon my honest word I have not bribed him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. It is true, I should be glad, if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on any thing of mine for I find by experience he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains with my poetry; but nobody will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the church, (as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts) I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turned myself out of my benefice by writing libels on my parishioners. But his account of my manners and my principles are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry: and so I have done with him for ever.

As for the city bard, or knight physician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of Absalom and Achitophel, which he thinks is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead: and therefore peace be to the manes of his Arthurs. I will only say, that it was not for this noble knight, that I drew the plan of an epic poem on king Arthur, in my preface to the translation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus. Yet from that preface he plainly took his hint: for he began immediately upon the story; though he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor; but instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality; and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses, and interpreted my words into blasphemy and baudry, of which they were not guilty; besides that he is too much given to horse-play in his raillery, and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say, The zeal of God's house has eaten him up; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good-manners and civility. It might also be doubted, whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays; a divine might have employed his pains to better purpose, than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes; whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed, that he read them not without some pleasure. They who have written commentaries on those poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained some vices, which, without their interpretation, had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us.

There is more baudry in one play of Fletcher's, called The Custom of the Country, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reformed now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have some of them answered for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy, that we should shun him. He has lost ground at the latter end of the day by pursuing his point too far, like the prince of Conde at the battle of Senneph; from immoral plays, to no plays: ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia. But being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels, that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourn are only distinguished from the crowd, by being remembered to their infamy.

—— Demetri, Teque Tigelli
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

POEMS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

TALES FROM CHAUCER.

TO

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND,

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM OF

PALAMON AND ARCITE.

MADAM,

THE bard, who first adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his British lyre this ancient song:
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse:
He match'd their beauties, where they most excel;
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold
What power the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
Inspir'd by two fair eyes, that sparkled like your own.
If Chaucer by the best idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The fairest nymph before his eyes he set;
And then the fairest was Plantagenet;
Who three contending princes made their prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes:
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests, and extend your own:
As when the stars, in their etherial race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid space,
At certain periods they resume their place,
From the same point of Heaven their course advance,
And move in measures of their former dance;
Thus, after length of ages, she returns,
Restor'd in you, and the same place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the sphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new platonic year.
O true Plantagenet, O race divine,
(For beauty still is fatal to the line)
Had Chaucer liv'd, that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight;
And conquering Theseus from his side had sent
Your generous lord, to guide the Theban government.
Time shall accomplish that; and I shall see
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the Fates your path prepar'd,
And sure presage your future sway declar'd:
When westward, like the Sun, you took your way
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before
To smooth the seas; a soft Etesian gale
But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the sail;
Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand
Heav'd up his lighten'd keel, and sunk the sand,
And steer'd the sacred vessel safe to land.
The land, if not restrain'd, had met your way,
Projected out a neck, and jutted to the sea.
Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, ador'd
In you, the pledge of her expected lord;
Due to her isle; a venerable name;
His father and his grandsire known to fame;
Aw'd by that house, accustom'd to command,
The sturdy Kerns in due subjection stand;
Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand.

At your approach, they crowded to the port;
And, scarcely landed, you create a court:
As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;
For Venus is the promise of the Sun.
The waste of civil wars, their towns destroy'd,
Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought,
So mighty recompense your beauty brought.
As when the dove, returning, bore the mark
Of earth restor'd to the long labouring ark,
The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
Ope'd every window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message bless'd;
So, when you came, with loud repeated cries,
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advanc'd his rainbow in the skies,
To sign inviolable peace restor'd; [accord.
The saints with solemn shouts proclaim'd the new
When, at your second coming, you appear,
(For I foretel that millenary year)
The sharpen'd share shall vex the soil no more,
But Earth unbidden shall produce her store;
The Land shall laugh, the circling Ocean smile,
And Heaven's indulgence bless the holy isle.
Heaven from all ages has reserv'd for you
That happy clime, which venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have power to chase all poison, but their own.
Now in this interval, which Fate has cast
Betwixt your future glories and your past,
This pause of power, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn;
While England celebrates your safe return,
By which you seem the seasons to command,
And bring our summers back to their forsaken land.
The vanquish'd isle our leisure must attend,
Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send; [lend.
Nor can we spare you long, though often we may
The dove was twice employ'd abroad, before
The world was dry'd, and she return'd no more.
Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,
New from her sickness, to that northern air:
Rest here a while your lustre to restore,
That they may see you, as you shone before;
For yet, th' eclipse not wholly past, you wade
Through some remains, and dimness of a shade.
A subject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor suffer him with strength impair'd to fight;
Till force returns, his ardour we restrain,
And curb his warlike wish to cross the main.
Now past the danger, let the learn'd begin
Th' inquiry, where disease could enter in;
How those malignant atoms forc'd their way,
What in the faultless frame they found to make their prey?
Where every element was weigh'd so well, [tell
That Heaven alone, who mix'd the mass, could
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,
A soul might well be pleas'd to pass an age.
And yet the fine materials made it weak:
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
Ev'n to your breast the sickness durst aspire;
And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely set the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord like young Vespasian mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the sanctuary burn'd:
And I prepar'd to pay, [illegible]
A most detested act of gratitude:
Ev'n this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow.
Your angel sure our Morley's mind inspir'd,
To find the remedy your ill requir'd;
As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolomee:
Or Heaven, which had such over-cost bestow'd,
As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
So like'd the frame, he would not work anew,
To save the charges of another you.
Or by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good appear
Well worth a miracle to keep you here:
And for that end, preserv'd the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated, in his better mind, [kind.
An heir from you, which may redeem the failing
Blest be the power, which has at once restor'd
The hopes of lost succession to your lord,
Joy to the first and last of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to see,
To you the Graces, and the Muse to me.
O daughter of the Rose, whose cheeks unite
The differing titles of the red and white;
Who Heaven's alternate beauty well display,
The blush of morning and the milky way;
Whose face is Paradise, but fenc'd from sin:
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.
All is your lord's alone; ev'n absent, he
Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
For him you waste in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flowers;
Such works of old imperial dames were taught;
Such, for Ascanius, fair Elisa wrought.
The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a son,
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK I.

In days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name:
A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The rising nor the setting Sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquered, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theseus ride,
With Love to friend, and Fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;

The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
The female army and th' Athenian host;
The spousal of Hippolita, the queen;
What tilt and turneys at the feast were seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies' fear;
But these, and other things, I must forbear.
The field is spacious I design to sow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host,
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.
And therefore where I left, I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mentioned, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th' Athenian town;
When, in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching, he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry, [high,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on
Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
"Tell me," said Theseus, "what and whence you are,
And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your request, and I will ease your grief."
The most in years of all the mourning train
Began (but swooned first away for pain);
Then scarce recover'd spoke: "Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress,
And Fame has fill'd the world with thy success:
We, wretched women, sue for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none;
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sovereign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears,
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency. [bears,
But reverence thou the power whose name it
Relieve th' oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears.
I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell, curst be the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town, besieg'd by our confederate host:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of funeral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed."
At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and, groveling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind!
The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd, and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising, one by one, the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood
And whate'er else to chivalry belongs, [bore,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece should see perform'd what he de-
And cruel Creon find his just reward. [clar'd;
He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way:
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car;
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;
Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,
And the green grass was dy'd to sanguine hue.
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur:
The soldiers shout around with generous rage,
And in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardour; inly pleas'd to see
His host the flower of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd; and all th' ensuing night;
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town:
How to the ladies he restor'd again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain:
And with what ancient rites they were interr'd;
All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd:
I spare the widows tears, their woeful cries,
And howling at their husband's obsequies;
How Theseus at these funerals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.
Thus when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load oppress'd
Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument.
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats, were the same.
Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a griesly wound;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:

The wandering breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart.
These two were sisters' sons; and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent:
Whom, known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as prisoners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a lingering death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more renown'd.
But in a tower, and never to be loos'd,
The woeful captive kinsmen are enclos'd.
Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day
To do th' observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep;
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.
In this remembrance Emily, ere day,
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair;
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.
At every turn, she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose; and every rose she drew,
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew:
Then party-colour'd flowers of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and carol'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear:
Ev'n wondering Philomel forgot to sing,
And learn'd from her to welcome in the Spring.
The tower, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
The garden was enclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.
It happen'd Palamon, the prisoner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And with his jailor's leave desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath:
This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Chear'd with the promise of a glorious day:
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger gaol he had in view:
Then look'd below, and, from the castle's height,
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight,
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In Spring's new livery clad of white and green,
Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light:
But ev'n that glimmering serv'd him to descry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily.
Scarce had he seen, but, seiz'd with sudden smart,
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with over-powering light he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.
Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began,
Or who had done th' offence? "But if," said he,
"Your grief alone is hard captivity,
For love of Heaven, with patience undergo
A cureless ill, since Fate will have it so:
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under Earth:
Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done; [shun."
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to
"Nor of my bonds," said Palamon again,
Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
But when my mortal anguish caus'd me cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye;
Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay:
A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how she walks along yon shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in Heaven, nor art thou less;
Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape)
O help us captives from our chains t' escape;
But if our doom be past, in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
And show compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant power!" While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
"The beauty I behold has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance;
Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance.
O, I must ask, nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love."
Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies,
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes.)
"Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vein?"
"Jesting," said Arcite, "suits but ill with pain."
"It suits far worse" (said Palamon again, [weigh,
And bent his brows) "with men who honour
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray;

But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both;
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the Gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design:
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor canst, nor dur'st thou, traitor, on the plain,
Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend:
And would'st thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence; I told thee first my pain:
For first my love began ere thine was born;
Thou, as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound t' assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight."
Thus Palamon: but Arcite, with disdain,
In haughty language, thus reply'd again:
"Forsworn thyself: the traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurst
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a power celestial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the blest above,
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love;
Law is to things, which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a general waste:
Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall;
The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers all.
If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less;
And both are mad alike, since neither can possess.
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the Sun, but as he passes o'er."
Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:
The fruitless fight continued all the day;
A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away.
"As courtiers therefore justle for a grant,
And, when they break their friendship, plead their want,
So thou, if Fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My fate, or, failing in th' adventure, die."
Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
But when they met, they made a surly stand;
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that every look might be their last.
It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man:
Companions of the war, and lov'd so well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to Hell.
But to pursue my tale: to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since,
And honour'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.
Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
"What have I gain'd," he said, "in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?
And banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before;
Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to live:
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heaven is not, but where Emily abides;
And where she's absent, all is Hell besides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accurst,
Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first:
Had I not known that prince, I still had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen:
For, though I never can her grace deserve,
'Tis recompense enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure; thine the victory:
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine eyes,
In prison, no; but blissful Paradise!
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night;
And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various power) may cease to frown,
And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
But I, the most forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But, doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor Nature's hand can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewel youth, and all the joys that dwell,
With youth and life, and life itself farewel.
But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire:
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain;

Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken sots about the street we roam:
Well knows the sot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and staggers every pace.
Thus all seek happiness; but few can find,
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came: from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily."
Thus Arcite; but if Arcite thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath; he makes outrageous moan:
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground;
The hollow tower with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropt all o'er with agony of sweat.
"Alas!" he cry'd, "I wretch in prison pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair:
Thou mayst, since thou hast youth and courage join'd,
A sweet behaviour, and a solid mind,
Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all th' advantage of the strife is thine,
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows mine."
The rage of Jealousy then fir'd his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.
Then thus he said: "Eternal deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;
What, is the race of human kind your care
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
He with the rest is liable to pain,
And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain.
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and, guiltless, oft endure;
Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail,
When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?
What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,
If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate;
Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create;
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
And your commands, not our desires, fulfil;
Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain;
But man, in life surcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A serpent shoots his sting at [illegible];
An ambush'd thief [illegible];
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and snake,
One gains the [illegible], and one [illegible] the brake.
This let divines decide; but well I know,
Just or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartile, move
My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love."
Let Palamon, oppress'd in bondage, mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this, the Sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd, to prolong the night:
The lengthen'd night gave length of misery
Both to the captive lover and the free;
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains:
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains:
One free, and all his motions uncontrol'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would behold.
Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befell.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worse, than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears:
His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink:
Bereft of sleep, he loaths his meat and drink:
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves:
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone:
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares,
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears:
His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a swoon,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of Love and gay Desire:
But full of museful mopings, which presage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,
It happen'd once, that, slumbering as he lay,
He dream'd (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with soft words his drooping spirits chear'd:
His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the god,
And in his hand he bore the sleep compelling rod:
Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's command,
On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.
"Arise," he said, "to conquering Athens go,
There Fate appoints an end to all thy woe."
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start,
Against his bosom bounc'd his heaving heart;
But soon he said, with scarce recover'd breath,
"And thither will I go, to meet my death,

Sure to be slain [illegible],
Since in Emilia [illegible]
By chance he [illegible] spoke,
And gazing the[illegible]k;
Wondering, he saw [illegible] features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he knew.
A sudden thought then starting in his mind,
"Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this disguise.
Thanks to the change which grief and sickness give,
In low estate I may securely live,
And see unknown my mistress day by day."
He said; and cloth'd himself in coarse array:
A labouring hind in show, then forth he went,
And to th' Athenian towers his journey bent:
One squire attended in the same disguise,
Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort:
Proffering for hire his service at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So fair befell him, that for little gain
He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain;
And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye;
And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
Refus'd no toil, that could to slaves belong;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He pass'd a year at least attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philostratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was blown.
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace,
That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,
And by great Theseus to high favour rais'd:
Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with sums of gold:
Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent:
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase,
In arms of honour, and esteem in peace;
To Theseus' person he was ever near;
And Theseus for his virtues held him dear.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.

While Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
Full six long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and scarcely seen the light:
Lost liberty, and love, at once he bore:
His prison pain'd him much, his passion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.
But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the Sun,
Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny,
Which forms in causes first whate'er shall be,
Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey, mix'd with added store
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
And snor'd secure till morn, his senses bound
In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising Sun.
A thick spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).
Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next design
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theseus, till he lost his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the lingering day beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our style;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
Till treacherous Fortune caught him in the snare.
The morning-lark, the messenger of Day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;
And soon the Sun arose with beams so bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight;
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seem'd, and prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.
"For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
When thy short reign is past, the feverish Sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wandering feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."
His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd,
Till Fate, or Fortune, near the place convey'd
His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his flight,
In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mortal sight:

And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been said of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wise are ever on their guard,
For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon,
Who, listening, heard him, while he search'd the grove,
And loudly sung his roundelay of love:
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood;
Now high as Heaven, and then as low as Hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well:
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite, having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desperate sigh, accusing Heaven and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
"Curs'd be the day when first I did appear;
Let it be blotted from the calendar,
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the year.
Still will the jealous queen pursue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
Yet ceases not her hate: for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood: unjust decree!
That punishes another's crime on me.
In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all; for Juno, to my shame,
Has forc'd me to forsake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
That side of Heaven is all my enemy:
Mars ruin'd Thebes: his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, the unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not free;
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure;
But love's a malady without a cure;
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd:
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my sufferings, if you knew my pain."

At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:
He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart;
No longer staid, but, starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and show'd his hostile face:
"False traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
Now art thou found foresworn, for Emily;
And dar'st attempt her love, for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name: as false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free:
But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim in Emily:
For, though unarm'd I am, and (free'd by chance)
Am here without my sword, or pointed launce:
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe."

Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began:
"Now by the gods who govern Heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand should force thee to renounce thy love.
The surety which I gave thee, I defy:
Fool, not to know, that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers perjury.
Know I will serve the fair in thy despight;
But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to morrow in this grove
Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:
And Heaven so help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both unknown;
With arms of proof both for myself and thee;
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
And, that a better ease thou may'st abide,
Bedding and cloaths I will this night provide,
And needful sustenance, that thou mayst be
A conquest better won, and worthy me."
His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the first he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn,
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
O Love! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon;
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd,
His foe with bedding and with food supply'd;
Then, ere the day, two suits of armour sought,
Which borne before him on his steed he brought:
Both were of shining steel, and wrought so pure,
As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
Now, at the time, and in th' appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees,
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A generous chilness seizes every part;
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the heart.

Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn;
None greets; for none the greeting will return:
But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care
His foe profest, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance:
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in blood;

And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the spot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles, and with foithy jaws,
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they wound,
With grunts and groans the forest rings around:
So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
Till Fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.
The power that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on Earth what Heaven foresees,
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her way.
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above;
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foresight necessitate the will.
In Theseus this appears; whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy.
This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.
Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
The way that Theseus took was to the wood,
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed place
In which th' uncoupled hounds began the chase.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
That, shaded by the fern, in harbour lay;
And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the wood,
For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun,
He saw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon,
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightning flam'd their faulchions to and fro,
And shot a dreadful gleam; so strong they strook,
There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak:
He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Resolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery steed
With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So soon he was betwixt them on the place;
And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life
Commands both combatants to cease their strife:
Then with imperious tone pursues his threat:
"What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride presume against my laws,
As in a listed field to fight your cause?
Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
As knightly rites require; nor judge to try?"
Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
Thus hasty spoke: "We both deserve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
No pair so wretched is not to be found:
Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to set th' imprison'd soul at large.
Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me,
Let neither find thy grace, for grace is cruelty.
Me first, O kill me first; and cure my woe;
Then sheath the sword of Justice on my foe:
Or kill him first; for when his name is heard,
He foremost will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe:
On whom thy grace did liberty bestow;
But first contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
His head should pay the forfeit; see return'd
The perjur'd knight, his oath and honour scorn'd.
For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name
And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philostratus: retain'd by thee,
A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own,
And call myself th' unhappy Palamon.
Think me not like that man; since no disgrace
Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, since I thy life pursue;
For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
More wouldst thou know? I love bright Emily,
And for her sake and in her sight will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no less
Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will bless,
Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess."
To this reply'd the stern Athenian prince,
And sourly smil'd: "In owning your offence,
You judge yourself; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die."
He said; dumb Sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
The queen above the rest, by nature good,
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept: when she began,
Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.
All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid,
And thus among themselves they softly said:
"What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight!
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The mastership of Heaven in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
See their wide streaming wounds; they neither
For pride of empire, nor desire of fame: [came
Kings for kingdoms, madmen for applause;
But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's cause."
This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous
Such pity wrought in every lady's mind, [kind,
They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place,
From the fierce king, implor'd th' offenders grace.
He paus'd a while, stood silent in his mood
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood);
But soon his tender mind th' impression felt,
(As softest metals are not slow to melt
And pity soonest runs in softest minds):
Then reasons with himself; and first he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made, or magnify'd th' offence.

"Offence! of what? to whom? who judg'd the cause?
The prisoner freed himself by Nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed."
Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes,
And saw the women's tears, and heard their cries,
Which mov'd compassion more; he shook his head,
And softly sighing to himself he said:
"Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorse; who rules by lions' law;
And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
Rends all alike; the penitent, and proud."
At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head;
Reason resum'd her place, and Passion fled:
Then thus aloud he spoke: "The power of Love,
In Earth, and seas, and air, and Heaven above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a god:
He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind;
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native soil
At ease to reap the harvest of their toil;
But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought them in their own despite again,
To suffer death deserv'd; for well they know,
'Tis in my power, and I their deadly foe;
The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.
See how the madmen bleed: behold the gains
With which their master, Love, rewards their pains;
For seven long years, on duty every day,
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on;
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
For 'tis their maxim, love is love's reward.
This is not all; the fair for whom they strove
Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
Her beauty was th' occasion of the war.
But sure a general doom on man is past,
And all are fools and lovers, first or last:
This both by others and myself I know,
For I have serv'd their sovereign long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the god can human hearts constrain.
To this remembrance, and the prayers of those
Who for th' offending warriors interpose,
I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
To do me homage as their sovereign lord;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person, and assert my right."
This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd.
Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd:
"If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deserve
A princess born; and such is she you serve:
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known:
But should you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot share a single bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to Destiny.
Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who most deserves her love!
Depart from hence in peace, and fame as air,
Search the wide world, and where you please repair;
But on the day when this returning Sun
To the same point through every sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring,
In royal lists, to fight before the king;
And then the knight, whom Fate or happy Chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
The charge be mine t' adorn the chosen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd;
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And Heaven of me so judge, as I shall judge aright.
If both are satisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword."
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky:
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well,
Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious king. The knights, with leave
Departing from the place, his last commands
On Emily with equal ardour look, [receive;
And from her eyes their inspiration took:
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.
It might be deem'd, on our historian's part,
Or too much negligence or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expense.
He first enclos'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within, an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees, to sixty paces rear'd;
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.
Eastward was built a gate of marble white;
The like adorn'd the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabric was,
Rome never saw: nor of so vast a space:
For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command:
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame,
The master-painters, and the carvers, came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd, above,
A temple, sacred to the queen of love;
An altar stood below: on either hand
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.
The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was enclos'd,
Within the wall, of alabaster white,
And crimson coral, for the queen of night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.
Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:

Where every figure to the life express'd
The godhead's power to whom it was address'd.
In Venus' temple on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
Prayers, that even spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
And issuing sighs, that smok'd along the wall,
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's Hell,
And scalding tears, that wore a channel where they fell:
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties,
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And spritely Hope, and short-enduring Joy;
And sorceries to raise th' infernal powers,
And sigils, fram'd in planetary hours:
Expense, and Afterthought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley hue, and dark Despair;
Suspicions, and fantastical Surmise,
And Jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd,
Down-look'd, and with a cuckoo on her fist.
Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play,
And balls by nights, and tournaments by day.
All these were painted on the wall, and more:
With acts and monuments of times before:
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
For there th' Idalian mount, and Citheron,
The court of Venus was in colours drawn:
Before the palace-gate, in careless dress,
And loose array, sat portress Idleness:
There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone;
There Samson was; with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love undone.
Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youth to beasts.
Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess, to the power of love submit:
The spreading snare for all mankind is laid;
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought:
From ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled seas and clear'd the skies,
She trod the brine, all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest;
A lute she held; and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;
And, by his mother, stood an infant Love,
With wings unfledg'd; his eyes were banded o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the sides were spread;
This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare;
Where neither beast, nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly;
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old;
Headless the most, and hideous to behold:
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That stripp'd them bare, and one sole way they bent.
Heaven froze above, severe, the clouds congeal,
And through the crystal vault appear'd the standing hail.
Such was the face without; a mountain stood
Threatening from high, and overlook'd the wood:
Beneath the lowering brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A strait long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and Horrour over head:
Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
In through that door, a northern light there shone;
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none;
The gate was adamant, eternal frame!
Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian quarries came,
The labour of a god; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it strong.
A tun about was every pillar there;
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
And Treason labouring in the traitor's thought:
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder brought.
There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer,
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend,
And, far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On t' other side there stood Destruction bare,
Unpunished Rapine, and a waste of war.
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
And bawling Infamy, in language base:
Till sense was lost in sound, and Silence fled the place.
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his sudden soul away.
In midst of all the dome, Misfortune sate,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd Complaint on Theft; and cries of Blood.
There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
And violent Death in thousand shapes display'd;
The city to the soldiers rage resign'd;
Successless wars, and Poverty behind;
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid;
And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and steel;
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruin'd house, that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls:
The whole division, that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death, that deal in steel for gains,
Were there: the butcher, armourer, and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd faulchions, or the scythe.

The scarlet Conquest on a tower was plac'd,
With shouts, and soldiers' acclamations grac'd:
A pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head,
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars's ides, the Capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Antony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted ere the men were born,
All copied from the Heavens, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheath'd in arms, and grimly look'd the god:
Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid;
One when direct, and one when retrograde.
Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn:
The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horns resound:
Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
Her son was next, and, by peculiar grace,
In the cold circle held the second place:
The stag Acteon in the stream had spy'd
The naked huntress, and, for seeing, dy'd:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chase, and their mistaken master slew.
Penelan Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
Th' adjoining fane th' assembled Greeks express'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beast.
Oenides' valour, and his envy'd prize;
The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murdress mother, and consuming son;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of every kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen.
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before;
In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a wexing moon, that soon would wane,
And drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again;
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of every god,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd.
So princes now their poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the lists enclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The knights to combat; and their arms to sing.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK III.

The day approach'd when Fortune should decide
Th' important enterprize, and give the bride;
For now, the rivals round the world had sought,
And each his rival, well appointed, brought.
The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
And send the flower of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone:
Beside the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envy'd to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor seems it strange; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
(An isle for love and arms of old renown'd)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite sent his name:
And had the land selected of the best,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the rest.
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat armour, imitating scale;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail.
Some wore a breastplate and a light juppon,
Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison:
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use,
Of folded hides; and others shields of pruce.
One hung a pole-axe at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe.
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeux arm'd, and double plates of steel.
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon, above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.
Four milkwhite bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet,
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair,
And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grapling for the bear:

With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.
To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goodly to behold,
The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barbarous gold.
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Trace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set.
His shoulders large, a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and shone against the Sun.
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue:
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin:
His awful presence did the crowd surprize,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
His age in Nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound:
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green;
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd between.
Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.
His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle; save their heads were bare.
Words and devices blaz'd on every shield,
And pleasing was the terrour of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,
All for th' increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before the honest god.
In this array the war of either side
Through Athens pass'd with military pride.
At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flowers the posts adorn.
The town was all a jubilee of feasts;
So Theseus will'd, in honour of his guests;
Himself with open arms the king embrac'd,
Then all the rest in their degrees were grac'd.
No harbinger was needful for a night,
For every house was proud to lodge a knight.
I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions sate:
Who first, or last, or how the knights address'd
Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast;
Whose voice, whose graceful dance, did most surprise;
Soft amorous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muse another way,
To sing their vigils for th' ensuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night,
And Phospher, on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the Sun, ere day began to spring;
The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,
And, flickering on her nest, made short essays to sing:
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took, to the royal lists, his early way,
To Venus at her fane, in her own house, to pray.
There, falling on his knees before her shrine,
He thus implor'd with prayers her power divine.
"Creator Venus, genial power of love,
The bliss of men below, and gods above!
Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place.
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year.
Thee, Goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,
And roaring hunts his female through the wood:
For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,
And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair:
All nature is thy province, life thy care:
Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world repair.
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the Sun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the smart.
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow, would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
O goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
In love to be thy champion, and thy knight;
A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
A foe profest to barren chastity.
Nor ask I fame or honour of the field,
Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield:
In my divine Emilia make me blest,
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest:
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare;
Possession, more than conquest, is my care.
Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the prize;
With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The Fates but only spin the coarser clue,
The finest of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
And let the sisters cut below your line:
The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
But, if you this ambitious prayer deny,
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality)
Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And, I once dead, let him possess her charms."
Thus ended he; then, with observance due,
The sacred incense on her altar threw:
The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine:

Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took:
For, since the flames pursu'd the trailing smoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long delay.
Now Morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky,
Up rose the Sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they crown,
Nor wanted aught besides in honour of the Moon.
Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd steam,
They wash the virgin in a living stream;
The secret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal:
But such they were as pagan use requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious rites
Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best.
Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head:
When to the shrine approach'd, the spotless maid
Had kindling fires on either altar laid,
(The rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told)
Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request.
"O goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both Heaven and Earth and seas are seen;
Queen of the nether skies, where half the year
Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy sphere;
Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted issue felt,
When hissing through the skies the feather'd deaths were dealt,
As I desire to live a virgin life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
Thy votress from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.
Like death, thou know'st, I loath the nuptial state,
And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate:
Where love is duty on the female side,
On their's mere sensual gust, and sought with surly pride.
Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
In Heaven, Earth, Hell, and every where a queen,
Grant this my first desire: let discord cease,
And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace:
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on some other love:
Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,
Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
But, oh! ev'n that avert! I choose it not,
But take it as the least unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh, let me still that spotless name retain!
Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
And only make the hearts of chase my prey!"
The flames ascend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameless maid address'd her prayer.
When lo! the burning fire that shone so bright,
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little space,
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the blaze;
The other victor-flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd wood;
For ever lost, th' irrevocable light
Forsook the blackening coals, and sunk to night:
At either end it whistled as it flew, [dew,
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.
The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the skies,
Nor knew what signify'd the boding sign,
But found the powers displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath divine.
Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.
The power, behold! the power in glory shone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known;
The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.
Then gracious thus began: "Dismiss thy fear,
And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
More powerful gods have torn thee from my side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride:
The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
One Mars protects, and one the queen of love:
But which the man, is in the Thunderer's breast;
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.
The fire, that once extinct reviv'd again,
Foreshows the love allotted to remain:
Farewel!" she said, and vanish'd from the place;
The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.
Aghast at this, the royal virgin stood
Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood:
But to the parting goddess thus she pray'd;
"Propitious still be present to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid."
Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,
With hopes and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt.
The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of power,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
T' adore with pagan rites the power armipotent:
Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray:
"Strong god of arms, whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing north, and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd most:
There most, but every-where thy power is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
Terrour is thine, and wild amazement, flung
From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong:
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,
If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care:

If to my utmost power with sword and shield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And, falling in my rank, still kept the field:
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has softened into love:
Now by her blandishments and powerful charms,
When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd;
O envy'd ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When every God that saw thee wish'd thy place!
By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to persuade:
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with disdain.
For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my strength avail, unless by thee
Endued by force, I gain the victory; [heart,
Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous
Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.
So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conquest thine:
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
Immortal, be the business of my life;
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall be hung,
Rank'd with my champion's bucklers, and below,
With arms revers'd, th' achievements of my foe:
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day succeeds,
Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;
Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine;
And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more; let Fate dispose the rest."
The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the close
A hollow groan: a murmuring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung:
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast:
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounced, the word of victory.
For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the god,
And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.
These vows thus granted, rais'd a strife above,
Betwixt the god of war, and queen of love.
She granting first, had right of time to plead;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the difference to compose:
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise; by long experience taught
To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought:
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun.
By Fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him disposing in his own abode, [god:
He sooth'd the goddess, while he gull'd the
"Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife;
Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife:
And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I press th' etherial plains,
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
Mine is the shipwreck, in a watery sign;
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.
The throttling quinsey 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence;
And, housing in the lion's hateful sign,
Bought senates and deserting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy poisoning; I command
Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
By me kings' palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.
'Twas I slew Samson, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the fire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but trust thy grandsire's art.
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
The family of Heaven for men should war."
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his right;
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.
In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May,
Which every soul inspir'd with such delight,
'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smil'd, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world as when it first began.
At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.
Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given, the streets with clamours ring:

At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high
Ev'n from the Heaven was heard a shouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their stars.
The neighing of the generous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd,
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armour, furbish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Battering the pavement with their coursers' feet:
The greedy sight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:
And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance,
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
The throng is in the midst: the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk:
Factious, and favouring this or t' other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide:
Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscles and his brawn commend;
His double-biting axe and beaming spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind:
And, safe themselves, at others' cost divin'd.
Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose; [sate
And passing through th' obsequious guards, he
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There, for the two contending knights he sent:
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with reverence low they bent;
He smil'd on both, and with superior look
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people press on every side, to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms bespeaks the knights and listening crowd.
"Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace, and inborn clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree,
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills, not death should terminate their strife;
And wounds ensue, if wounds ensue, be short of life:
But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That slings afar, and poinards hand to hand,
Be banish'd from the field; that none shall dare
With shorten'd sword to stab in closer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length.
The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear.
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain;
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife. [young
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and
Fight each his fill with swords and maces long."
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
"Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood!"
This was the general cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around. [way,
The marching troops through Athens take their
The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry tread;
The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshal'd in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take their
And at the list arriv'd ere prime of day. [way,
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And, wheeling east and west, before their many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next these the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd:
Scarce were they seated, when, with clamours loud,
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd;
The guards and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the god of war,
Proud Arcite entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron god.
At that self moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising-sun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found:
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature siz'd; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.

Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answer'd to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun the care,
The fraud of musters false, the common bane
of war.
The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd;
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The fortune of the field be fairly try'd.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challeng'd makes reply: [vaulted sky.
With clangor rings the field, resounds the
Their vizors closed, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men:
As labouring in eclipse, a while they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grizly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd:
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie groveling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glittering faulchions cast a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a
wound. [ground.
Out spins the streaming blood, and dies the
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid armour bend.
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse:
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And, floundering, throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's award he must abide:
There goes a captive led on t' other side.
By fits they cease; and, leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their faulchions bite, that every stroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave
and took.
Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.
So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion, issuing from the wood,
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive.

At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all things
By course of time to their appointed end; [tend
So when the Sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For, turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him
down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the
ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!
The royal judge, on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bad cease the war; pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
The sound of trumpets to the voice reply'd,
And round the royal lists the heralds cry'd,
"Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride."
The people rend the skies with vast applause;
All own the chief, when Fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conquering Mars insults the queen of love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in Heaven prevail'd:
Laugh'd all the powers who favour tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And, weeping, on the lists distill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love
is lost,
Till Saturn said, "Fair daughter, now be still,
The blustering fool has satisfy'd his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But lost the prize, th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free."
Now while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, Heaven and Earth resound;
A miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.
Then, spurring at full speed, ran endlong on
Where Theseus sate on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where next the queen was plac'd his Emily;
Then passing to the saddle-bow he bent:
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent
(For women, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way):
Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pummel cast the knight:

Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his count'nance in a little space,
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the ground,
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.
The saddle-bow the noble parts had prest,
All bruis'd and mortify'd his manly breast.
Him still entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.
Mean time the king, though inwardly he mourn'd,
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd.
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd).
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladded all the warrior-train,
Though most were sorely wounded, none were slain.
The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their arms,
And some with salves they cure, and some with charms;
Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sovereign draughts of sage.
The king in person visits all around,
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.
None was disgrac'd; for falling is no shame;
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.
The venturous knight is from the saddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of Fortune, not his own:
If crowds and palms the conquering side adorn,
The victor under better stars was born:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can;
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.
Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace;
And each was set according to his place.
With ease were reconcil'd the differing parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd,
Well pleas'd, and to their several homes retir'd.
Mean while the health of Arcite still impairs;
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the leeches' cares;
Swoln is his breast; his inward pains increase,
All means are us'd, and all without success.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail:
The mold of Nature's fabric is destroy'd,
Her vessels discompos'd, her virtue void:
The bellows of his lungs begin to swell,
All out of frame is every secret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Those breathing organs, thus within oporest,
With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast.
Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,
Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th' effect of Art is void.
For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride, [bride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous
Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past,
Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.
With her, at his desire, came Palamon;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
"No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
For you, whom best I love and value most;
But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
Which, from this mortal body when unty'd,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;
Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
But wait officious, and your steps attend:
How I have lov'd, excuse my faultering tongue,
My spirits feeble, and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die
Because I lose my charming Emily:
To die, when Heaven had put you in my power,
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could envious Fortune give,
Than just to die, when I began to live!
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave!
Never, O never more to see the Sun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath
Near bliss, and yet not bless'd before my death.
Farewel; but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death resign;
Ah! could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and, thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last.
Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But Love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong Love and proud Ambition have no bounds.
And much I doubt, should Heaven my life prolong,
I should return to justify my wrong:
For, while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of power to sin.
With mortal hatred I pursu'd his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife:
Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind,
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
For still our kindred souls had one desire.
He had a moment's right in point of time;
Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and justify'd his right;
Nor holds this Earth a more deserving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, all that is compriz'd in good;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too, with such an holy fire,
As will not, cannot, but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then, by my love's inviolable band,
By my long suffering, and my short command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon."

This was his last; for Death came on amain,
And exercis'd below his iron reign;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:
Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw;
So, speechless, for a little space he lay;
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away."

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears;
Silent he wept, asham'd to show his tears:
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd
With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:
Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair.
'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state:
But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe:
Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair,
The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tare. [cry,
"Why would'st thou go," with one consent they
"When thou had'st gold enough, and Emily?"

Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the
Of others, wanted now the same relief. [grief
Old Egeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known,
And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a steady state;
Good after ill, and after pain delight;
Alternate like the scenes of day and night:
"Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne."
With words like these the crowd was satisfy'd,
And so they would have been, had Theseus dy'd.
But he, their king, was labouring in his mind,
A fitting place for funeral pomps to find,
Which were in honour of the dead design'd.
And, after long debate, at last he found
(As Love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that conscious land,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires,
There other flames might waste his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.

This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle spread.
A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly visage on the bier:
Menac'd his countenance; ev'n in death severe.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight.
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the crowded place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on every face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The steed, that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining bright,
And cover'd with th' achievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier;
With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,
And through the master-street the corpse convey'd.
The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And ev'n the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept;
Each bore a golden bowl, of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy wine.
Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
And after him appear'd the illustrious train.
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright
With cover'd fire, the funeral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of pagan-honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion strow'd.
The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain ash, the mother of the spear;
The mourner yew and builder oak were there:
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
And laurels, which the gods for conquering chiefs ordain.

How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
With nameless nymphs that liv'd in every tree;
Nor how the Dryads, or the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright
Beheld the sudden Sun, a stranger to the light.
The straw, as first I said, was laid below:
Of chips and sere-wood was the second row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,
And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array,
In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fir'd; the smouldering flames arise:
This office done, she sunk upon the ground:
But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dress;
But by themselves the tender sex may guess.
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;
And some their shields, and some their lances threw,
And gave their warrior's ghost, a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound;
Hail, and farewel, they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again:
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering shields;
The women mix their cries; and Clamour fills the fields.
The warlike wakes continued all the night,
And funeral games were play'd at new returning light.
Who, naked, wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.
I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:
When, by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament:
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be freed;
Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.
And first soft whispers through th' assembly went:
With silent wonder then they watch'd th' event:
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his face.
At length he sigh'd; and, having first prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.
"The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above,
Hung down on Earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent,
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,
And love, the common link, the new creation crown'd.
The chain still holds; for, though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:
The same first Mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last:
Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
By that all-seeing and all-making Mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never pass th' appointed destiny.
So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burthen, and suborn their death.
Then, since those forms begin, and have their end,
On some unalter'd cause they sure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole;
Who gives us life and animating soul:
For Nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give:
He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and different in degree;
Plants, beasts, and man; and, as our organs are,
We more or less of his perfection share.
But by a long descent, th' etherial fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:
As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,
And the same matter makes another mass:
This law th' Omniscient Power was pleas'd to give,
That every kind should by succession live:
That individuals die, his will ordains,
The propagated species still remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the street,
And towns and towers their fatal periods meet:
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forsaken of their springs; and leave their channels dry.
So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,
And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own began:
Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne:
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
Some thus; but thousands more in flower of age:
For few arrive to run the latter stage.
Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whose command we perish, and we spring?
Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain;
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die; our honour at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame;
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for Fortune to dispose:
So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief:

Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flower.
Then round our death-bed every friend should run,
And joyous of our conquest early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
Or call untimely what the gods decreed?
With grief as just, a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul prison to free air restor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinsmen or his wife,
Could tears recall him into wretch'd life?
Their sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost;
And, worse than both, offends his happy ghost.
What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy?
To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to join;
That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propose that Palamon shall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily:
For which already I have gain'd th' assent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him right:
'Tis time to mend her fault; since Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free:
If you, fair sister, ratify th' accord,
And take him for your husband and your lord,
'Tis no dishonour to confer your grace
On one descended from a royal race:
And were he less, yet years of service past
From grateful souls exact reward at last:
Pity is Heaven's and your's; nor can she find
A throne so soft as in a woman's mind."
He said; she blush'd; and, as o'eraw'd by might,
Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the knight.
Then turning to the Theban thus he said;
"Small arguments are needful to persuade
Your temper to comply with my command;"
And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conquest, though he lost the fight;
And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet laborious night.
Eros, and Anteros, on either side, [bride;
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the
And long-attending Hymen, from above,
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenour was their after-life,
No day discolour'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.
So may the queen of love long duty bless,
And all true lovers find the same success.

THE COCK AND THE FOX:

OR THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST.

There liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow, somewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in her cell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
A simple sober life, in patience, led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread:
But huswifing the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent;
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.
The cattle in her homestead were three sows,
An ewe call'd Mallie, and three brinded cows.
Her parlour-window stuck with herbs around,
Of savoury smell; and rushes strew'd the ground.
A maple-dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made;
For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat;
According to her cloth she cut her coat:
No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat,
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat:
A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or, sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed:
With exercise she sweat ill humours out,
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad; her heart content;
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
Of wine she never tasted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely chear:
Brown bread, and milk, (but first she skimm'd her bowls)
And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals.
On holy days an egg, or two at most;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.
A yard she had with pales enclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead, liv'd, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer;
So hight her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the mattin-bell was rung,
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost, and sung:
For when degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall;
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet:
White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glittering like the burnish'd gold.
This gentle cock, for solace of his life,
Six misses had, besides his lawful wife;
Scandal, that spares no king, though ne'er so good,
Says, they were all of his own flesh and blood,
His sisters both by sire and mother's side;
And sure their likeness show'd them near ally'd.
But make the worst, the monarch did no more,
Than all the Ptolemys had done before:
When incest is for interest of a nation,
'Tis made no sin by holy dispensation,
Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common ugliness are known.
But passing this, as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the sovereign of his heart:
Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a day:
And she, that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet, and debonair,

Resolv'd the passive doctrine to fulfil,
Though loth; and let him work his wicked will:
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage vow did bind,
And as the church's precept had enjoin'd:
Ev'n since she was a se'nnight old, they say,
Was chaste and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to disobey.
By this her husband's heart she did obtain;
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!
She was his only joy, and he her pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his side;
If, spurning up the ground, he sprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was borne.
But, oh! what joy it was to hear him sing
In summer, when the day began to spring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
"Solus cum sola," then was all his note.
For in the days of yore, the birds of parts [arts.
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the liberal
It happ'd, that, perching on the parlour-beam
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn; and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,
As every breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cry'd
For help from gods and men: and sore aghast
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last.
"Dear heart," said she, "for love of Heaven, declare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, sir, ever since the morning-light,
As something had disturb'd your noble spright."
"And madam, well I might," said Chanticleer,
"Never was shrovetide cock in such a fear,
Ev'n still I run all over in a sweat,
My princely senses not recover'd yet.
For such a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be shent:
It bodes I shall have wars and woeful strife,
Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life.
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breast,
That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
That on my body would have made arrest.
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow:
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
Were black, and much unlike his other hairs:
The rest, in shape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a sharper snout:
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with surprise.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat."
"Now fy for shame," quoth she, "by Heaven above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He must be bold by day, and free by night:
Our sex desires a husband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend;
Wise, hardy, secret, liberal of his purse:
A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse:
No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight.
How dar'st thou talk of love, and dar'st not fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art affear'd?
Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard?
"If aught from fearful dreams may be divin'd,
They signify a cock of dunghill kind.
All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred;
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood:
And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish fancies you have had to-night
Are certain symptoms (in the canting style)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall, that in your stomach floats,
Engenders all these visionary thoughts.
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons, and red beasts, in sleep we view,
For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
And wasps and hornets with their double wings.
Choler adust congeals our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppress'd we sink, in rivers drown'd.
"More I could say, but thus conclude my theme,
The dominating humour makes the dream.
Cato was in his time accounted wise,
And he condemns them all for empty lies.
Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
With laxatives preserve your body sound,
And purge the peccant humours that abound.
I should be loth to lay you on a bier;
And though there lives no 'pothecary near,
I dare for once prescribe for your disease,
And save long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees.
"Two sovereign herbs which I by practice know,
And both at hand (for in our yard they grow);
On peril of my soul shall rid you wholly
Of yellow choler, and of melancholy:
You must both purge and vomit; but obey,
And for the love of Heaven make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
Beware the Sun when in a vernal sign;
For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,
If then he finds your body in a flame,
Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,
A tertian ague is at least your lot.
Perhaps a fever (which the gods forefend)
May bring your youth to some untimely end:
And therefore, sir, as you desire to live,
A day or two before your laxative,
Take just three worms, nor under nor above,
Because the gods unequal numbers love.
These digestives prepare you for your purge;
Of fumetery, centaury, and spurge,
And of ground-ivy add a leaf or two,
All which within our yard or garden grow.
Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer;
Your father's son was never born to fear."
"Madam," quoth he, "grammercy for your care,
But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare:
'Tis true, a wise and worthy man he seems,
And (as you say) gave no belief to dreams:
But other men of more authority,
And, by th' immortal powers, as wise as he,
Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams forebode;
For Homer plainly says they come from God.
Nor Cato said it: but some modern fool
Impos'd in Cato's name on boys at school.
"Believe me, madam, morning dreams foreshow
Th' event of things, and future weal or woe:
Some truths are not by reason to be try'd,
But we have sure experience for our guide.
An ancient author, equal with the best,
Relates this tale of dreams among the rest.

" Two friends or brothers, with devout intent,
On some far pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so, that, when the Sun was down,
They just arriv'd by twilight at a town:
That day had been the baiting of a bull,
'Twas at a feast, and every inn so full,
That no void room in chamber, or on ground,
And but one sorry bed was to be found:
And that so little it would hold but one,
Though till this hour they never lay alone.
" So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd behind,
His fellow sought what lodging he could find:
At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
'Twas in a farther yard without a door;
But, for his ease, well litter'd was the floor.
" His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a rocker slept:
Supine he snor'd; but in the dead of night,
He dreamt his friend appear'd before his sight,
Who, with a ghastly look and doleful cry,
Said, 'Help me, brother, or this night I die:
Arise, and help, before all help be vain,
Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.'
" Rous'd from his rest, he waken'd in a start,
Shivering with horrour, and with aching heart,
At length to cure himself by reason tries;
'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but lies?
So thinking, chang'd his side, and clos'd his eyes.
His dream returns; his friend appears again:
'The murderers come, now help, or I am slain:'
'Twas but a vision still, and visions are but vain.
He dreamt the third: but now his friend appear'd
Pale, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with blood besmear'd:
Thrice warn'd, 'Awake, said he; relief is late,
The deed is done; but thou revenge my fate:
Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning day arise:
Take to the western gate thy ready way,
For by that passage they my corpse convey:
My corpse is in a tumbril laid, among
The filth and ordure, and enclos'd with dung:
That cart arrest, and raise a common cry;
For sacred hunger of my gold, I die:
Then show'd his griesly wound: and last he drew
A piteous sigh, and took a long adieu.'
" The frighted friend arose by break of day,
And found the stall where late his fellow lay.
Then of his impious host inquiring more,
Was answer'd that his guest was gone before:
'Muttering, he went, said he, by morning-light,
And much complain'd of his ill rest by night.'
This rais'd suspicion in the pilgrim's mind;
Because all hosts are of an evil kind,
And oft to share the spoils with robbers join'd.
" His dream confirm'd his thought: with troubled look
Straight to the western gate his way he took;
There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
That carry'd compost forth to dung the ground.
This when the pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his throat,
And cry'd out *murder* with a yelling note.
'My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead,
Vengeance and justice on the villain's head.
Ye magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,
On you I call, to punish this offence.'
" The word thus given, within a little space,
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the place.
All in a trice they cast the cart to the ground,
And in the dung the murder'd body found;
Though breathless, warm, and reeking from the wound.
Good Heaven, whose darling attribute we find
Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
Abhors the cruel; and the deeds of night
By wondrous ways reveals in open light:
Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy Justice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels: [heels:
The hue and cry of Heaven pursues him at the
Fresh from the fact, as in the present case,
The criminals are seiz'd upon the place:
Carter and host confronted face to face.
Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
On engines they distend their tortur'd joints:
So was confession forc'd, th' offence was known,
And public justice on th' offenders done.
" Here may you see that visions are to dread;
And in the page that follows this, I read
Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
Induc'd in partnership to cross the main.
Waiting till willing winds their sails supply'd,
Within a trading town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a haven's side;
One evening it befell, that looking out,
The wind they long had wish'd was come about:
Well pleas'd they went to rest; and if the gale
Till morn continued, both resolv'd to sail.
But as together in a bed they lay,
The younger had a dream at break of day.
A man he thought stood frowning at his side:
Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,
Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.
'I come, thy genius, to command thy stay;
Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
And Death unhop'd attends the watery way.'
" The vision said: and vanish'd from his sight:
The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright:
Then pull'd his drowsy neighbour, and declar'd
What in his slumber he had seen and heard.
His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud contempt
Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt.
'Stay, who will stay: for me no fears restrain,
Who follow Mercury the god of gain;
Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.
Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of coblers, and a court of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd,
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day;
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
Chimeras all; and more absurd, or less:
You, who believe in tales, abide alone;
Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.'
" This while he spoke, he heard the shouting crew
That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.

The vessel went before a merry gale,
And for quick passage put on every sail:
But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open day,
The mischief overtook her in the way:
Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overset with wind,
Or that some rock below her bottom rent;
But down at once with all her crew she went:
Her fellow ships from far her loss descry'd:
But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.
"By this example you are taught again,
That dreams and visions are not always vain:
But if, dear Partlet, you are still in doubt,
Another tale shall make the former out.
Kenelm the son of Kenulph, Mercia's king,
Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,
Warn'd in a dream, his murder did foretel
From point to point as after it befel;
All circumstances to his nurse he told
(A wonder from a child of seven years old):
The dream with horrour heard, the good old wife
From treason counsel'd him to guard his life;
But close to keep the secret in his mind,
For a boy's vision small belief would find.
The pious child, by promise bound, obey'd,
Nor was the fatal murder long delay'd:
By Quenda slain, he fell before his time,
Made a young martyr by his sister's crime.
The tale is told by venerable Bede,
Which at your better leisure you may read.
"Macrobius too relates the vision sent
To the great Scipio, with the fam'd event:
Objections makes, but after makes replies,
And adds, that dreams are often prophesies.
"Of Daniel you may read in holy writ,
Who, when the king his vision did forget,
Could word for word the wondrous dream repeat.
Not less of patriarch Joseph understand,
Who by a dream enslav'd th' Egyptian land,
The years of plenty and of dearth foretold,
When, for their bread, their liberty they sold.
Nor must th' exalted butler be forgot,
Nor he whose dream presag'd his hanging lot.
"And did not Crœsus the same death foresee,
Rais'd in his vision on a lofty tree?
The wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
Dreamt of his death the night before he dy'd;
Well was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
But men to death decreed are warn'd in vain:
He dar'd the dream, and by his fatal foe was slain.
"Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
For see the ruddy day begins to break;
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity:
But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
They only serve to make the well-man sick:
Of these his gain the sharp physician makes,
And often gives a purge, but seldom takes:
They not correct, but poison all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good:
Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all,
With every work of 'pothecary's hall.
These melancholy matters I forbear:
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace:
So may my soul have bliss, as, when I spy
The scarlet red about thy partridge eye,
While thou art constant to thy own true knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.
For true it is, as in principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio.
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.
For when by night I feel your tender side,
Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,
Yet I have such a solace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are cast behind;
And ev'n already I forget my dream:"
He said, and downward flew from off the beam.
For day-light now began apace to spring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th' appointed call,
To chuck his wives together in the hall.
By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As show'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he spurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found.
Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
And trod her twenty times ere prime of day:
And took by turns and gave so much delight,
Her sisters pin'd with envy at the sight.
He chuck'd again, when other corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground.
But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call.
'Twas now the month in which the world began
(If March beheld the first created man):
And since the vernal equinox, the Sun,
In Aries, twelve degrees, or more, had run;
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour, he measur'd right;
And told more truly than th' Ephemeris:
For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.
Thus numbering times and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, "See, my dear,
How lavish Nature has adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throats, disus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me:
An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,
Endow'd with fewer particles of flame:
Our dames sit scouring o'er a kitchen fire,
I draw fresh air, and Nature's works admire:
And ev'n this day in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found."
The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss:
The crested bird shall by experience know,
Jove made not him his master-piece below;
And learn the latter end of joy is woe.
The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.
Ye wise, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves that oft the proud by flattery fall:
The legend is as true, I undertake,
As Tristran is, and Launcelot of the lake:
Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
As if in book of martyrs it were told.
A fox, full-fraught with seeming sanctity,
That fear'd an oath, but, like the Devil, would lie;
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer;

This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs, but when he coul'd;
Had pass'd three summers in the neighbouring wood?
And musing long, whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent:
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.
The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way;
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet, fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head;
Then sculk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime.
O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy;
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemaign!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Didst thou forsake the safety of thy bower:
Better for thee thou hadst believ'd thy dream,
And not that day descended from the beam!
But here the doctors eagerly dispute:
Some hold predestination absolute: [sees,
Some clerks maintain, that Heaven at first fore-
And in the virtue of foresight decrees.
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill;
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or its eternal prescience may be vain:
As bad for us as prescience had not been,
For first, or last, he's author of the sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming man
Say worse ev'n of the Devil, if he can.
For how can that eternal Power be just
To punish man, who sins because he must?
Or, how can he reward a virtuous deed,
Which is not done by us; but first decreed?
I cannot bolt this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardin and holy Austin can;
If prescience can determine actions so
That we must do, because he did foreknow,
Or that, foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity;
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is conditional.
The first so binds the will, that things foreknown
By spontaneity, not choice, are done.
Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar,
Content to work, in prospect of the shore;
But would not work at all if not constrain'd before.
That other does not liberty constrain,
But man may either act, or may refrain.
Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, though he foresaw the will.
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.
If he could make such agents wholly free,
I not dispute, the point's too high for me;
For Heaven's unfathom'd power what man can sound,
Or put to his Omnipotence a bound?
He made us to his image, all agree;
That image is the soul, and that must be,
Or not the Maker's image, can be free.
But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to sin,
I wave, for fear of splitting on a rock.
The tale I tell is only of a cock,
Who had not run the hazard of his life,
Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife:
For women, with a mischief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his Paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he lived; and might have [been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presum'd to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass?
But I myself presume, and let it pass.
Silence in times of suffering is the best,
'Tis dangerous to disturb an hornet's nest.
In other authors you may find enough,
But all they say of dames is idle stuff.
Legends of lying wits together bound,
The Wife of Bath would throw them to the ground;
These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour dames, and think their sex divine.
Now to continue what my tale begun;
Lay madam Partlet basking in the Sun,
Breast-high in sand: her sisters, in a row,
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below.
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea:
And so befell, that as he cast his eye,
Among the coleworts, on a butterfly,
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low:
I need not swear he had no list to crow:
But cry'd, "Cock, cock!" and gave a sudden start,
As sore dismay'd and frighted at his heart;
For birds and beasts, inform'd by Nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe.
So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.
But the false loon, who could not work his will
By open force, employ'd his flattering skill;
"I hope, my lord," said he, "I not offend;
Are you afraid of me, that am your friend?
I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long:
Stay, gentle sir, nor take a false alarm,
For on my soul I never meant you harm.
I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,
To learn the secrets of your soft recess:
Far be from Reynard so profane a thought,
But by the sweetness of your voice was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard
The song as of an angel in the yard;
A song that would have charm'd th' infernal gods,
And banish'd horrour from the dark abodes;
Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear,
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the husband there.
"My lord, your sire familiarly I knew,
A peer deserving such a son as you:
He, with your lady-mother, (whom Heaven rest)
Has often grac'd my house, and been my guest:
To view his living features, does me good;
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood;
And in my cottage should be proud to see
The worthy heir of my friend's family.
"But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the [ground
One like your father for a silver sound.

So sweetly would he wake the winter-day,
That matrons to the church mistook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play.
And he, to raise his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to please the fair?)
On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length:
And while he strain'd his voice to pierce the skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That the sound striving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail to mend the note.
By this, in song, he never had his peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's Muse, who sung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a swan.
Your ancestors proceed from race divine:
From Brennus and Belinus is your line;
Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
That ev'n the priests were not excus'd from arms.
"Besides, a famous monk of modern times
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes,
That of a parish-priest the son and heir,
(When sons of priests were from the proverb clear)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind;
For which the clerk his father was disgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet saint Charity;
Make hills and dales, and Earth and Heaven rejoice,
And emulate your father's angel voice."
The cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,
And proud beside, as solar people are;
Nor could the treason from the truth descry,
So was he ravish'd with this flattery:
So much the more, as, from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himself;
Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.
Ye princes, rais'd by poets to the gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the court;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard
And listen'd to, than modest Truth is heard.
This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his eyes,
Ambitious, as he sought th' Olympic prize.
But, while he pain'd himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursued by none.
Alas, what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast!
In Aries though the Sun exalted stood,
His patron-planet to procure his good;
Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he,
In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree:
The rays both good and bad, of equal power,
Each thwarting other made a mingled hour.
On Friday morn he dreamt this direful dream,
Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme!
Ah blissful Venus, goddess of delight,
How could'st thou suffer thy devoted knight,
On thy own day to fall by foe oppress'd,
The wight of all the world who serv'd thee best?
Who, true to love, was all for recreation,
And minded not the work of propagation.
Gaufride, who could'st so well in rhyme complain
The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my heart,
To sing this heavy dirge with equal art!
That I like thee on Friday might complain;
For on that day was Cœur de Lion slain.
Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
Were sent to Heaven by woful Trojan dames,
When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his burnish'd blade,
And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.
Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from sight,
With sovereign shrieks bewail'd her captive knight:
Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
When Asdrubal, her husband, lost his life,
When she beheld the smouldering flames ascend,
And all the Punic glories at an end:
Willing into the fires she plung'd her head,
With greater ease than others seek their bed.
Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burn'd th' imperial town,
Shriek'd for the downfal in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to die.
Now to my story I return again:
The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
This woful cackling cry with horrour heard,
Of those distracted damsels in the yard;
And, starting up, beheld the heavy sight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight,
And cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was borne.
"The fox, the wicked fox!" was all the cry;
Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh:
The vicar first, and after him the crew
With forks and staves, the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand;
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horrour of pursuing dogs;
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the terrour of the day,
The ducks, that heard the proclamation cry'd,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,
Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.
The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London-stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
Not when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew:
Not when the welkin rung with one and all;
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall:
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and Heaven above to fall.
With might and main they chas'd the murderous fox,
With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds,
Nor wanted horns t' inspire sagacious hounds.
But see how Fortune can confound the wise,
And, when they least expect it, turn the dice.

The captive cock, who scarce could draw his breath,
And lay within the very jaws of Death;
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And Fear supply'd him with this happy thought:
"Your's is the prize, victorious prince," said he,
"The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey
Call back their mungril curs, and cease their cry,
See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die,
He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone."
"'Tis well advis'd, in faith it shall be done;"
This Reynard said: but, as the word he spoke,
The prisoner with a spring from prison broke;
Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighbouring maple wing'd his flight;
Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd;
Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime;
Yet, mastering both, th' artificer of lies
Renews th' assault, and his last battery tries.
"Though I," said he, "did ne'er in thought offend,
How justly may my lord suspect his friend!
Th' appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in distress:
You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
May think I broke all hospitable laws,
To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
And put your noble person in a fright:
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though, Heaven can witness, with no bad intent:
I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer
With double pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.
Descend; so help me Jove as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind."
"Nay," quoth the cock; "but I beshrew us both,
If I believe a saint upon his oath:
An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be cozen'd twice:
Once warn'd is well bewar'd; not flattering lies
Shall sooth me more to sing with winking eyes
And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,
When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?"
"Better, sir cock, let all contention cease,
"Come down," said Reynard, "let us treat of peace."
"A peace with all my soul," said Chanticleer;
"But, with your favour, I will treat it here:
And, lest the truce with treason should be mixt,
'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt."

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you th' effect may see
Of negligence and fond credulity:
And learn beside of flatterers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
The cock and fox, the fool and knave imply;
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
Who spoke in parables, I dare not say;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound sense, by plain example, to convey.
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleasure with instruction should be join'd;
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF:

OR THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A VISION.

Now, turning from the wintery signs, the Sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run,
And, whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus and the lightsome realms of Love;
Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flowers:
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year:
Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then, at their call emboldened, out they come,
And swell the germs, and burst the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,
Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair,
To scent the skies, and purge th' unwholesome air:
Joy spreads the heart, and, with a general song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months along.
In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my weary'd side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of pain:
Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For Love had never enter'd in my breast;
I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dry'd away the balmy dew:
Seas would be pools, without the brushing air,
To curl the waves: and sure some little care
Should weary Nature so, to make her want repair.
When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,
Scorning the scorner Sleep, from bed I sprung;
And, dressing, by the Moon, in loose array,
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace,
And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the Spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing,
Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire;
And listen'd for the queen of all the quire;
Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path but scarcely printed lay;
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought:
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood: [green,
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the
In all my progress I had never seen:
And, seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green:
The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass;
The well-united sods so closely lay;
And all around the shades defended it from day:
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
That Nature seem'd to vary the delight;
And satisfy'd at once the smell and sight.
The master workman of the bower was known
Through fairy lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell:
For none but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade;
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons plac'd within it could espy:
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a field; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain.
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight:
And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n though brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe;
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.
Thus as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough:
A goldfinch there I saw with gawdy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the dew:
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleas'd my ear.
Her short performance was no sooner try'd,
When she I sought, the nightingale reply'd:
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung:
And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
I stood entranc'd, and had no room for thought,
But, all o'er-power'd with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of Paradise;
At length I wak'd, and looking round the bower,
Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flower,
If any-where by chance I might espy,
The rural poet of the melody:
For still methought she sung not far away:
At last I found her on a laurel spray.
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line against her opposite;
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd;
And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.
On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long
(Sitting was more convenient for the song):
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And every note I fear'd would be the last.
My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place;
Single, and conscious to myself alone
Of pleasures to th' excluded world unknown:
Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.
Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound
Of vocal music, on th' enchanted ground:
An host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire;
As if the bless'd above did all conspire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there issued from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind:
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the sons of Heaven to rebel.
I pass their form, and every charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase:
But their attire, like liveries of a kind
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.
In velvet white as snow the troop was gown'd,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around:
Their hoods and sleeves the same; and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
Of eastern pomp: their long descending train,
With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the plain:
High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
With chaplets green, on their fair foreheads plac'd.
Of laurel some, of woodbine many more;
And wreaths of agnus castus others bore:
These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,
Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.
They danc'd around: but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien; [queen.
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign
She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servant's eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And, as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold enclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show:
A branch of agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command);

Admir'd, a lor'd by all the circling crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she dane'd, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At every close she made, th' attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burthen of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.
Thus dancing on, and singing as they dane'd,
They to the middle of the mead advane'd,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.
Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war;
The neighing coursers, and the soldiers cry,
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky:
I saw soon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain:
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.
To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song:
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The trumpets issued, in white mantles dress'd:
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial-oak were crown'd;
And at each trumpet was a banner bound,
Which, waving in the wind, display'd at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
A purer web the silk-worm never drew.
The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er:
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these of kings at arms a goodly train
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain:
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,
And garlands green around their temples roll'd;
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd,
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd:
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So these in habits were alike array'd;
But with a pace more sober, and more slow;
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a row.
The pursuivants came next, in number more;
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore:
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.
Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed:
In golden armour glorious to behold;
The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
Their surcoats of white ermin fur were made,
With cloth of gold between, that cast a glittering shade;
The trappings of their steeds were of the same;
The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame,
And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.
Three henchmen were for ev'ry knight assign'd,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind:
White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,
And each within his hand a truncheon bore:
The foremost held a helm of rare device;
A prince's ransom would not pay the price.
The second bore the buckler of his knight,
The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,
Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green.
And after these came, arm'd with spear and shield,
An host so great, as cover'd all the field,
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels ever green were shaded o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
Or branches for their mystic emblems took,
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial oak.
Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,
Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themselves the turney they divide,
In equal squadrons rang'd on either side.
Then turn'd their horses heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed oppos'd, the justs began.
They lightly set their lances in the rest,
And, at the sign, against each other press'd:
They met. I, sitting at my ease, beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and man,
And round the field the lighten'd coursers ran.
An hour and more, like tides, in equal sway
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the day:
At length the nine (who still together held)
Their fainting foes to shameful flight compell'd,
And with resistless force o'er-ran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finished was the fight,
The victors from their lofty steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:
Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,
Who near the secret arbour sung and danc'd.
The ladies left their measures at the sight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her chosen knight.
Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood:
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat:
Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there:
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintery war,

From Heaven's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching heat:
A hundred knights might there at ease abide;
And every knight a lady by his side:
The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.
The lords and ladies here, approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeisance made:
And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade.
These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue,
With song of love, and mix with pleasure new;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.
I cast my sight upon the farther field,
And a fresh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the west I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appear'd;
Of knights, and ladies mix'd, a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.
The ladies dress'd in rich symars were seen
Of Florence satin, flower'd with white and green,
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gaidelin.
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row;
And every damsel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratify'd the view with cheerful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies colours were,
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining hair.
Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd;
All in their master's liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind:
The sawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daisies on a flowery lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way;
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay:
And still at every close she would repeat
The burthen of the song, "The daisy is so sweet."
"The daisy is so sweet," when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continued on.
The concert and the voice so charm'd my ear,
And sooth'd my soul, that it was Heaven to hear.
But soon their pleasure pass'd: at noon of day,
The Sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky:
Then droop'd the fading flowers (their beauty fled)
And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head;
And, rivel'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire;
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire;
The fainty knights were scorch'd; and knew not where
To run for shelter, for no shade was near;
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain:
And lightning flash'd betwixt: the field, and flowers,
Burnt up before, were buried in the showers.
The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather, and the wintery sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,
And through their thin array received the rain;
While those in white, protected by the tree,
Saw pass in vain th' assault, and stood from danger free.
But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the winds,
Displeas'd at what, not suffering, they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green:
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand;
So did the knights and dames, with courtly grace,
And with behaviour sweet, their foes embrace:
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
"Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your woe;
Nor shall be wanting aught within my power
For your relief in my refreshing bower."
That other answer'd with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching Sun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courtesy was us'd by all in white, [knight.
Each dame a dame received, and every knight a
The laurel champions with their swords invade
The neighbouring forests, where the justs were made,
And serewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dry'd their wet attire.
Refresh'd with heat, the ladies sought around
For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground
They squeez'd the juice, and cooling ointment made, [skins they laid:
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks and their chapt
Then sought green sallads; which they bade them eat,
A sovereign remedy for inward heat.
The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the lady of the flower her guest:
When lo, a bower ascended on the plain, [train.
With sudden seats ordain'd, and large for either
This bower was near my pleasant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:
The ladies sat with each a knight between,
Distinguish'd by their colours, white and green;
The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Mean time the minstrels play'd on either side,
Vain of their art, and for the mastery vy'd:
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And reach'd my secret arbour from the bower.
The Sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky:
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of th' ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white;
And, hopping, sat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.
The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And, hid in bushes, 'scap'd the bitter shower,
Now perch'd upon the lady of the flower;

And either songster holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes:
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by night:
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by star-light and the friendly Moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen
Supply'd with steeds the lady of the green,
Her and her train conducting on the way,
The Moon to follow, and avoid the day.
This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic show,
I started from my shade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind:
And, as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
"Great thanks, my daughter," with a gracious bow,
She said; and I, who much desir'd to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak:
"Madam, might I presume and not offend,
So may the stars and shining Moon attend
Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell
What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,
And what the knights who fought in listed fields so well."
To this the dame reply'd: "Fair daughter, know,
That what you saw was all a fairy show.
And all those airy shapes you now behold,
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly mold,
Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of night;
This only holiday of all the year,
We privileg'd in sunshine may appear:
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours usher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the Moon:
But when the morn arises, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
He drives the wretch before, and lashes into night.
"All courteous are by kind; and ever proud,
With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger space
Than what is known to you of mortal race:
Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
And ev'n this grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther; every lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
Are servants to the Leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myself am one.
Saw you not her so graceful to behold
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold?
The sovereign lady of our land is she,
Diana call'd, the queen of chastity:
And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
That agnus castus in her hand appears;
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd;
But those the chief and highest in command
Who bear those holy branches in their hand:
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are they,
Whom death nor danger never could dismay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey:
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
And after death for deities were held.
But those, who wear the woodbine on their brow,
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow;
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.
The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear,
As true as Tristram and Isotta were."
"But what are those," said I, "th' unconquer'd nine,
Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden armour shine?
And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain?
Why both the bands in worship disagree,
And some adore the flower, and some the tree?"
"Just is your suit, fair daughter," said the dame:
"Those laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty fame;
Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites,
Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian knights.
These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,
As they the foremost rank of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd:
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still renew;
For deathless laurel is the victor's due:
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemain:
For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their state;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince:
Unchang'd by fortune, to their sovereign true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
These, of the garter call'd, of faith unstain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the honours which they gain'd.
The laurel wreaths were first by Cæsar worn,
And still they Cæsar's successors adorn:
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth than all the world can buy."
"One doubt remains," said I, "the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen?"
"Flora commands," said she, "those nymphs and knights,
Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose delights;
Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue:
Who, nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports,
Till Death behind came stalking on, unseen,
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of their green.
These, and their mates, enjoy their present hour,
And therefore pay their homage to the Flower.
But knights in knightly deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were;
Continue, and proceed in honour's fair career.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
From good to better they should urge their way.
For this with golden spurs the chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste;

For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound;
For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground:
From winter winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May.
Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow;
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.
Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,
A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble stem is driven,
Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of Heaven.
Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed;
In summer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are decay'd."
With humble words, the wisest I could frame,
And proferr'd service, I repaid the dame;
That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
The secret meaning of this moral show:
And she, to prove what profit I had made
Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the Leaf or Flower I would obey?
I chose the leaf; she smil'd with sober chear,
And wish'd me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
Against ill tongues that scandal innocence:
"But I," said she, "my fellows must pursue,
Already past the plain, and out of view."
We parted thus; I homeward sped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day: [May.
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the
Then, late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
The visionary vigils of the night:
Blush, as thou may'st, my Little Book, with shame,
Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame;
For such thy Maker chose: and so design'd
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

THE WIFE OF BATH,

HER TALE.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown;
The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darkling did they glance, the silver light
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they stay'd,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revel'd half the year.
I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mint is dress'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests, with prayers and other goodly geer,
Have made the merry goblins disappear;
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars that through the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls:
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the parish now is seen,
The midnight parson posting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday next;
With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer to country-girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he sets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near:
For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both even song and morn.
It so befel in this king Arthur's reign,
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.
It happen'd, as he rode, a damsel gay
In russet robes to market took her way:
Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
So straight she walk'd, and on her pasterns high:
If seeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning short, he better likes her face.,
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire,
By force accomplish'd his obscene desire:
This done, away he rode, not unespy'd,
For swarming at his back the country cry'd:
And once in view they never lost the sight,
But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court the knight.
Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
Ere made the common brothels of the town:
There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
But chaste as maids in monasteries liv'd:
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,
No bad example to his poets gave;
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the stage.
Now what should Arthur do? He lov'd the knight,
But sovereign monarchs are the source of right:
Mov'd by the damsel's tears and common cry,
He doom'd the brutal ravisher to die.
But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his queen the king th' offender gave,
And left it in her power to kill or save:
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for love;
And with their mistress join'd in close debate
(Covering their kindness with dissembled hate)
If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
At last agreed they call'd him by consent
Before the queen and female parliament.
And the fair speaker rising from the chair,
Did thus the judgment of the house declare.

" Sir knight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet still
Thy destiny depends upon my will:
Nor hast thou other surety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a softer mold,
And cannot blood without a sigh behold,
I grant thee life; reserving still the power
To take the forfeit when I see my hour:
Unless thy answer to my next demand
Shall set thee free from our avenging hand.
The question, whose solution I require,
Is, What the sex of women most desire?
In this dispute thy judges are at strife;
Beware; for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (lest, surpris'd, unknowing what to say,
Thou damn thyself) we give thee further day:
A year is thine to wander at thy will;
And learn from others, if thou want'st the skill.
But, not to hold our proffer turn'd in scorn,
Good sureties will we have for thy return;
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day."
Woe was the knight at this severe command;
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand:
The terms accepted as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again,
And promis'd answer at the day assign'd,
The best, with Heaven's assistance, he could find.
His leave thus taken, on his way he went
With heavy heart, and full of discontent,
Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' event.
'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went; still anxious more and more,
Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at every door;
Enquir'd of men; but made his chief request
To learn from women what they lov'd the best.
They answer'd each according to her mind
To please herself, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place:
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.
The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed;
The wanton maids were all for sport a-bed.
Some said the sex were pleas'd with handsome lies,
And some gross flattery lov'd without disguise:
" Truth is," says one, " he seldom fails to win
Who flatters well; for that's our darling sin;
But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
Will work ev'n with the wisest of the kind."
One thought the sex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:
Their pleasures, hours, and actions, all their own,
And uncontrol'd to give account to none.
Some wish a husband-fool; but such are curst,
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst:
All women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our spouses see, but with our eyes;
For fools will prate; and though they want the wit
To find close faults, yet open blots will hit:
Though better for their ease to hold their tongue,
For woman-kind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And some men say that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy:
And constant in one purpose still to dwell;
And not our husbands counsels to reveal.
But that's a fable: for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold:
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.
" Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endow'd with ass's ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
As monarchs vices must not be reveal'd,
For fear the people have them in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:
Nor apt to think from Heaven their title springs,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew: and durst communicate
To none but to his wife his ears of state:
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
To this sagacious confessor he went,
And told her what a gift the gods had sent:
But told it under matrimonial seal,
With strict injunction never to reveal.
The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
(And sacred sure is every woman's oath)
The royal malady should rest unknown,
Both for her husband's honour and her own;
But ne'ertheless she pin'd with discontent;
The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing she knew she was oblig'd to hide;
By interest and by oath the wife was ty'd;
But if she told it not, the woman dy'd.
Loth to betray a husband and a prince,
But she must burst, or blab; and no pretence
Of honour ty'd her tongue from self-defence.
A marshy ground commodiously was near,
Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
Lest if a word she spoke of any thing,
That word might be the secret of the king.
Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent;
Arriv'd, by pure necessity compell'd,
On her majestic marrow-bones she kneel'd:
Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
' To thee alone, O Lake,' she said, ' I tell,
(And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal):
Beneath his locks the king my husband wears
A goodly royal pair of ass's ears.
Now I have eas'd my bosom of the pain,
Till the next longing fit return again.'
" Thus through a woman was the secret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
But to my tale: The knight with heavy cheer,
Wandering in vain, had now consum'd the year:
One day was only left to solve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
But home he must, and, as th' award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this despairing state he hapt to ride,
As Fortune led him, by a forest side:
Lonely the vale, and full of horrour stood,
Brown with the shade of a religious wood:
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The Moon was up, and shot a gleamy light)
He saw a quire of ladies in a round,
That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground:
Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.
At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
In hope where many women were, at least,
Some one by chance might answer his request.
But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.

" One only hag remain'd: but fouler far
Than grandame apes in Indian forests are;
Against a wither'd oak she lean'd her weight,
Propp'd on her trusty staff, not half upright,
And dropp'd an aukward court'sy to the knight.
Then said, 'What makes you, sir, so late abroad
Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
Or want you aught that here you hope to find,
Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
The last I guess; and if I read aright,
Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight;
Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage,
Then tell your pain; for wisdom is in age.'
" To this the knight: 'Good mother, would you know
The secret cause and spring of all my woe?
My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
Unless I tell what women most desire.
Now could you help me at this hard essay,
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay;
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
Well satisfy'd of what they love the best.'
'Plight me thy faith,' quoth she, 'that what I ask,
Thy danger over, and perform'd thy task,
That thou shalt give for hire of thy demand;
Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand;
I warrant thee, on peril of my life, [wife.'
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and
" More words there needed not to move the
To take her offer, and his truth to plight. [knight,
With that she spread a mantle on the ground,
And, first inquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the way,
At court he should arrive ere break of day;
His horse should find the way without a guide.
She said: with fury they began to ride,
He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well:
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
How he should answer the demand aright.
" To court they came; the news was quickly
Of his returning to redeem his head. [spread
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women of the town:
The queen sate lord chief justice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appear'd; and silence they proclaim:
Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:
And, after forms of law, was last requir'd
To name the thing that women most desir'd.
" Th' offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel order'd what to say,
Thus bold began: 'My lady liege,' said he,
'What all your sex desire is sovereignty.
The wife affects her husband to command:
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.
The maids are mistresses ev'n in their name;
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This, at the peril of my head, I say,
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey.'
There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
But said the knight had well deserv'd his life.
Ev'n fair Genevra, with a blush, confess'd
The man had found what women love the best.
" Up starts the beldam, who was there unseen:
And, reverence made, accosted thus the queen.
'My liege,' said she, 'before the court arise,
May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
To grant my just request: 'twas I who taught
The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought.
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women, what we most affect.
But first I swore him on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his oath)
To grant the boon that next I should desire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
My promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his life,
And claim his debt, to take me for his wife.'
The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath deny,
But hop'd they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wrest the laws,
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent, to brothers of the bar)
Cry'd one and all, the suppliant should have right,
And to the grandame hag adjudg'd the knight.
" In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,
Some reasonable suit might be requir'd.
But still the crone was constant to her note:
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save [throat.
His body destin'd to that living grave.
The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn;
And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
'Not all the wealth of eastern kings,' said she,
'Have power to part my plighted love and me:
And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
Yet never will I break the faith I swore;
For mine thou art by promise, during life,
And I thy loving and obedient wife.'
" 'My love! nay rather my damnation thou,'
Said he: 'nor am I bound to keep my vow;
The fiend thy sire hath sent thee from below,
Else how could'st thou my secret sorrows know?
Avant, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed.'
Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the knight;
So was he marry'd in his own despite:
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
To pass the marriage feast and nuptial song:
Mirth there was none, the man was *à-la-mort*,
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride:
Was never such an ill-pair'd couple ty'd:
Restless he toss'd, and tumbled to and fro,
And roll'd and wriggled further off for woe.
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her quivering arms, and cry'd,
'When you my ravish'd predecessor saw,
You were not then become this man of straw;
Had you been such, you might have 'scap'd the law.
Is this the custom of king Arthur's court?
Are all round-table knights of such a sort?
Remember I am she who sav'd your life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife:
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,
Nor I for this return employ'd my power.
In time of need, I was your faithful friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will, offend.
Believe me, my lov'd lord, 'tis much unkind;
What Fury has possess'd your alter'd mind?

Thus on my wedding-night without pretence—
Come turn this way, or tell me my offence.
If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade;
Name but my fault, amends shall soon be made."
'Amends! nay that's impossible,' said he;
'What change of age or ugliness can be?
Or, could Medea's magic mend thy face,
Thou art descended from so mean a race,
That never knight was match'd with such disgrace.
What wonder, madam, if I move my side,
When, if I turn, I turn to such a bride?'
'And is this all that troubles you so sore?'
'And what the devil could'st thou wish me more?'
'Ah, Benedicite,' reply'd the crone:
'Then cause of just complaining have you none.
The remedy to this were soon apply'd,
Would you be like the bridegroom to the bride:
But, for you say a long descended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The King of Heaven was in a manger laid;
And took his earth but from an humble maid;
Then what can birth, or mortal men, bestow?
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow.
We, who for name and empty honour strive,
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride,
And vast estates to mighty titles ty'd,
Did not your honour, but their own, advance;
For virtue comes not by inheritance.
If you tralineate from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard-kind?
Do, as your great progenitors have done,
And by their virtues prove yourself their son.
No father can infuse or wit or grace;
A mother comes across, and mars the race.
A grandsire or a grandame taints the blood;
And seldom three descents continue good.
Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Could never villanize his father's fame:
But, as the first, the last of all the line
Would like the Sun even in descending shine;
Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house,
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucasus;
If you depart, the flame shall still remain,
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain:
Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
By Nature form'd on things combustible to prey.
Such is not man, who, mixing better seed
With worse, begets a base degenerate breed:
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
The father sinks within his son, we see,
And often rises in the third degree;
If better luck a better mother give,
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
Such as our atoms were, even such are we,
Or call it chance, or strong necessity:
Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free.
And thus it needs must be: for seed conjoin'd
Lets into nature's work th' imperfect kind;
But fire, th' enlivener of the general frame,
Is one, its operation still the same.
Its principle is in itself: while ours
Works, as confederates war, with mingled powers;
Or man or woman, whichsoever fails:
And, oft, the vigour of the worse prevails.
Ether with sulphur blended alters hue,
And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
Thus, in a brute, their ancient honour ends,
And the fair mermaid in a fish descends:
The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long trail of light, to thee descending down.
If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine;
But infamy and villanage are thine.
Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
The true nobility proceeds from God:
Nor left us by inheritance, but given,
By bounty of our stars, and grace of Heaven.
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius rose,
Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose:
Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
Whose noble hands had exercis'd the plough.
From hence, my lord and love, I thus conclude,
That though my homely ancestors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
To make you father of a generous race:
And noble then am I, when I begin,
In Virtue cloath'd, to cast the rags of Sin.
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in Heaven, there was a time
When He, the great controller of our fate,
Deign'd to be man, and liv'd in low estate:
Which he, who had the world at his dispose,
If poverty were vice, would never choose.
Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treasure find.
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods on his gold, and, griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
The ragged beggar, though he want relief,
Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.
Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood:
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought:
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For ev'n that indigence, that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and Him above, to know.
A good which none would challenge, few would choose,
A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
If I am old and ugly, well for you,
No lewd adulterer will my love pursue;
Nor jealousy, the bane of marry'd life,
Shall haunt you for a wither'd homely wife;
For age and ugliness, as all agree,
Are the best guards of female chastity.
" 'Yet since I see your mind is wordly bent,
I'll do my best to further your content.
And therefore of two gifts in my dispose,
Think ere you speak, I grant you leave to choose;

Would you I should be still deform'd and old,
Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold;
On this condition to remain for life
A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
In all I can, contribute to your ease,
And not in deed, or word, or thought, displease?
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your share?
Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
And how can you depend upon my truth?
Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliss,
And thank yourself if aught should fall amiss.'

"Sore sigh'd the knight, who this long sermon heard;
At length, considering all, his heart he chear'd;
And thus reply'd: 'My lady and my wife,
To your wise conduct I resign my life:
Choose you for me, for well you understand
The future good and ill, on either hand:
But if an humble husband may request,
Provide, and order all things for the best;
Your's be the care to profit, and to please:
And let your subject servant take his ease.'

"'Then thus in peace,' quoth she, 'concludes the strife,
Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife:
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign;
Forgive if I have said or done amiss,
And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss:
I promis'd you but one content to share,
But now I will become both good and fair,
No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease;
The business of my life shall be to please:
And for my beauty, that, as time shall try;
But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye.'
He look'd, and saw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd, and seiz'd her ivory arm;
And like Pygmalion found the statue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embrac'd,
And their first love continued to the last:
One shunshine was their life, no cloud between;
Nor ever was a kinder couple seen.

"And so may all our lives like theirs be led;
Heaven send the maids young husbands fresh in bed;
May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man;
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives."

THE

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A Parish priest was of the pilgrim-train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
As God had cloth'd his own ambassador,
For such, on Earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see:
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd.
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,
(A music more melodious than the spheres)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.
He preach'd the joys of Heaven, and pains of Hell,
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For Fear but freezes minds: but Love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
But, when the milder beams of Mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (Heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took;
But never sued, or curs'd with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong; but offering none:
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind)
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:
For mortify'd he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store:
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his parish; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick; to succour the distress'd:
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishopries and sinecures are sold,
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey;
And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd :
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
(A living sermon of the truths he taught)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd :
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest
(The gold of Heaven, who bear the God impress'd):
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd ;
The wordly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show ;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn :
In purple he was crucified, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor ;
The holy father holds a double reign, [plain.
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be
Such was the saint ; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd ;
And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.
The tempter saw him too with envious eye ;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood :
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own :
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.
Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle try'd.
The senseless plea of right by Providence
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since ;
And lasts no longer than the present sway ;
But justifies the next who comes in play. [dare
The people's right remains ; let those who
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought ; but little spoke ;
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forsook.
Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd :
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
Still chearful ; ever constant to his call ;
By many follow'd ; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd ;
And gave the charities himself receiv'd.
Gave, while he taught ; and edify'd the more,
Because he show'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.
He went not with the crowd to see a shrine ;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were :
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOCCACE.

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

While Norman Tancred in Salerno reign'd,
The title of a gracious prince he gain'd ;
Till, turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,
He lost the lustre of his former praise ;
And from the bright meridian where he stood,
Descending, dipp'd his hands in lovers' blood.
This prince, of Fortune's favour long possess'd,
Yet was with one fair daughter only bless'd,
And bless'd he might have been with her alone :
But oh ! how much more happy had he none !
She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Most in his thought, and ever in his sight :
Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear ;
She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.
For this, when ripe for marriage, he delay'd
Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid,
As envying any else should share a part
Of what was his, and claiming all her heart.

At length, as public decency requir'd,
And all his vassals eagerly desir'd,
With mind averse, he rather underwent
His people's will, than gave his own consent.
So was she torn, as from a lover's side,
And made almost in his despite a bride.
Short were her marriage joys; for in the prime
Of youth, her lord expir'd before his time;
And to her father's court in little space
Restor'd anew, she held a higher place;
More lov'd, and more exalted into grace.
This princess, fresh and young, and fair and wise,
The worship'd idol of her father's eyes,
Did all her sex in every grace exceed,
And had more wit beside than women need. [mind,
Youth, health, and ease, and most an amorous
To second nuptials had her thoughts inclin'd:
And former joys had left a secret sting behind.
But, prodigal in every other grant,
Her sire left unsupply'd her only want;
And she, betwixt her modesty and pride,
Her wishes, which she could not help, would hide.
Resolv'd at last to lose no longer time,
And yet to please herself without a crime,
She cast her eyes around the court, to find
A worthy subject suiting to her mind,
To him in holy nuptials to be ty'd,
A seeming widow, and a secret bride.
Among the train of courtiers, one she found
With all the gifts of bounteous Nature crown'd,
Of gentle blood; but one whose niggard Fate
Had set him far below her high estate;
Guiscard his name was call'd, of blooming age,
Now squire to Tancred, and before his page:
To him, the choice of all the shining crowd,
Her heart the noble Sigismonda vow'd.
Yet hitherto she kept her love conceal'd,
And with those graces every day beheld
The graceful youth; and every day increas'd
The raging fires that burn'd within her breast;
Some secret charm did all her acts attend,
And what his fortune wanted, hers could mend;
Till, as the fire will force its outward way,
Or, in the prison pent, consume the prey;
So long her earnest eyes on his were set,
At length their twisted rays together met;
And he, surpris'd with humble joy, survey'd
One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid:
Not well assur'd, while doubtful hopes he nurs'd,
A second glance came gliding like the first;
And he, who saw the sharpness of the dart,
Without defence receiv'd it in his heart.
In public, though their passion wanted speech,
Yet mutual looks interpreted for each;
Time, ways, and means of meeting were deny'd;
But all those wants ingenious Love supply'd.
Th' inventive god, who never fails his part,
Inspires the wit, when once he warms the heart.
When Guiscard next was in the circle seen,
Where Sigismonda held the place of queen,
A hollow cane within her hand she brought,
But in the concave had enclos'd a note;
With this she seem'd to play, and, as in sport,
Toss'd to her love, in presence of the court;
"Take it," she said; "and when your needs require,
This little brand will serve to light your fire."
He took it with a bow, and soon divin'd
The seeming toy was not for nought design'd:
But when retir'd, so long with curious eyes
He view'd his present, that he found the prize.
Much was in little writ; and all convey'd
With cautious care, for fear to be betray'd
By some false confident, or favourite maid.
The time, the place, the manner how to meet,
Were all in punctual order plainly writ:
But, since a trust must be, she thought it best
To put it out of laymen's power at least;
And for their solemn vows prepar'd a priest.
Guiscard (her secret purpose understood)
With joy prepar'd to meet the coming good;
Nor pains nor danger was resolv'd to spare,
But use the means appointed by the fair.
Next the proud palace of Salerno stood
A mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood.
Through this a cave was dug with vast expense:
The work it seem'd of some suspicious prince,
Who, when abusing power with lawless might,
From public justice would secure his flight.
The passage made by many a winding way,
Reach'd ev'n the room in which the tyrant lay.
Fit for his purpose, on a lower floor,
He lodg'd, whose issue was an iron door;
From whence, by stairs descending to the ground,
In the blind grot a safe retreat he found.
Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown [known,
With brambles, choak'd by time, and now un-
A rift there was, which from the mountain's height
Convey'd a glimmering and malignant light,
A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
The tyrant's den, whose use, though lost to fame,
Was now th' apartment of the royal dame;
The cavern only to her father known,
By him was to his darling daughter shown.
Neglected long she let the secret rest,
Till Love recall'd it to her labouring breast,
And hinted as the way by Heaven design'd
The teacher, by the means he taught, to blind.
What will not women do, when need inspires
Their wit, or love their inclination fires!
Though jealousy of state th' invention found,
Yet love refin'd upon the former ground.
That way, the tyrant had reserv'd, to fly [nigh.
Pursuing heat, now serv'd to bring two lovers
The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,
Bold by desire, explor'd the secret way;
Now try'd the stairs, and, wading through the night,
Search'd all the deep recess, and issued into light.
All this her letter had so well explain'd,
Th' instructed youth might compass what remain'd;
The cavern's mouth alone was hard to find,
Because the path, disus'd, was out of mind:
But in what quarter of the copse it lay,
His eye by certain level could survey:
Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he knew)
A frock of leather o'er his limbs he drew;
And, thus provided, search'd the brake around,
Till the choak'd entry of the cave he found.
Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd hour arriv'd
So long expected, and so well contriv'd:
With Love to friend, th' impatient lover went,
Fenc'd from the thorns, and trod the deep descent.
The conscious priest, who was suborn'd before,
Stood ready posted at the postern door;
The maids in distant rooms were sent to rest,
And nothing wanted but th' invited guest.
He came, and knocking thrice without delay,
The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key;

At once invaded him with all her charms,
And the first step he made was in her arms:
The leathern outside, boisterous as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her strict embrace:
On either side the kisses flew so thick,
That neither he nor she had breath to speak.
The holy man, amaz'd at what he saw,
Made haste to sanctify the bliss by law;
And mutter'd fast the matrimony o'er,
For fear committed sin should get before.
His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
Because he knew he could not go too soon;
His presence odious, when his task was done.
What thoughts he had beseems me not to say;
Though some surmise he went to fast and pray,
And needed both to drive the tempting thoughts away.
The foe once gone, they took their full delight:
'Twas restless rage, and tempest all the night;
For greedy Love each moment would employ,
And grudg'd the shortest pauses of their joy.
Thus were their loves auspiciously begun,
And thus with secret care were carried on.
The stealth itself did appetite restore,
And look'd so like a sin, it pleas'd the more.
The cave was now become a common way,
The wicket, often open'd, knew the key:
Love rioted secure, and, long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.
But as extremes are short, of ill and good,
And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;
So Fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.
Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whose delight
Was plac'd in his fair daughter's daily sight,
Of custom, when his state affairs were done,
Would pass his pleasing hours with her alone;
And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
Without attendance of th' officious crowd.
It happen'd once, that when in heat of day
He try'd to sleep, as was his usual way,
The balmy slumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own despite, to rise:
Of sleep forsaken, to relieve his care,
He sought the conversation of the fair;
But with her train of damsels she was gone,
In shady walks the scorching heat to shun:
He would not violate that sweet recess,
And found besides a welcome heaviness,
That seiz'd his eyes; and slumber, which forgot
When call'd before to come, now came unsought.
From light retir'd, behind his daughter's bed,
He for approaching sleep compos'd his head;
A chair was ready, for that use design'd,
So quilted, that he lay at ease reclin'd;
The curtains closely drawn, the light to skreen,
As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen:
Thus cover'd with an artificial night,
Sleep did his office soon, and seal'd his sight.
With Heaven averse, in this ill-omen'd hour
Was Guiscard summon'd to the secret bower,
And the fair nymph, with expectation fir'd,
From her attending damsels was retir'd:
For, true to love, she measur'd time so right,
As not to miss one moment of delight.
The garden, seated on the level floor,
She left behind, and, locking every door,
Thought all secure; but little did she know,
Blind to her fate, she had enclos'd her foe.
Attending Guiscard, in his leathern frock,
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated knock:
Thrice with a doleful sound the jarring grate
Rung deaf and hollow, and presag'd their fate.
The door unlock'd, to known delight they haste,
And, panting in each other's arms embrac'd,
Rush to the conscious bed, a mutual freight,
And heedless press it with their wonted weight.
The sudden bound awak'd the sleeping sire,
And show'd a sight no parent can desire;
His opening eyes at once with odious view
The love discover'd, and the lover knew:
He would have cry'd; but hoping that he dreamt,
Amazement ty'd his tongue, and stopp'd th' attempt.
Th' ensuing moment all the truth declar'd,
But now he stood collected, and prepar'd,
For malice and revenge had put him on his guard.
So like a lion, that unheeded lay,
Dissembling sleep, and watchful to betray,
With inward rage he meditates his prey.
The thoughtless pair, indulging their desires;
Alternate, kindled, and then quench'd their fires;
Nor thinking in the shades of death they play'd,
Full of themselves, themselves alone survey'd,
And, too secure, were by themselves betray'd.
Long time dissolv'd in pleasure thus they lay,
Till nature could no more sufflice their play;
Then rose the youth, and through the cave again
Return'd; the princess mingled with her train.
Resolv'd his unripe vengeance to defer,
The royal spy, when now the coast was clear,
Sought not the garden, but retir'd unseen,
To brood in secret on his gather'd spleen,
And methodize revenge: to death he griev'd;
And, but he saw the crime, had scarce believ'd.
Th' appointment for th' ensuing night he heard;
And therefore in the cavern had prepar'd
Two brawny yeomen of his trusty guard.
Scarce had unwary Guiscard set his foot
Within the foremost entrance of the grot,
When these in secret ambush ready lay;
And rushing on the sudden seiz'd the prey:
Encumber'd with his frock, without defence,
An easy prize, they led the prisoner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the prince.
The gloomy sire, too sensible of wrong,
To vent his rage in words, restrain'd his tongue,
And only said, "Thus servants are preferr'd,
And, trusted, thus their sovereigns they reward.
Had I not seen, had not these eyes receiv'd
Too clear a proof, I could not have believ'd."
He paus'd, and choak'd the rest. The youth, who saw
His forfeit life abandon'd to the law,
The judge the accuser, and th' offence to him
Who had both power and will t' avenge the crime,
No vain defence prepar'd; but thus reply'd:
"The faults of love by Love are justify'd:
With unresisted might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raises plains;
And, not regarding difference of degree,
Abas'd your daughter, and exalted me."
This bold return with seeming patience heard,
The prisoner was remitted to the guard.
The sullen tyrant slept not all the night,
But, lonely walking by a winking light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd breast,
But would not violate his daughter's rest;

Who long expecting lay, for bliss prepar'd,
Listening for noise, and griev'd that none she heard;
Oft rose, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
And oft accus'd her lover of delay;
And pass'd the tedious hours in anxious thoughts away.
The morrow came; and at his usual hour
Old Tancred visited his daughter's bower;
Her cheek (for such his custom was) he kiss'd,
Then bless'd her kneeling, and her maids dismiss'd.
The royal dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd;
But all at once his grief and rage appear'd,
And floods of tears ran trickling down his beard.
"O Sigismonda," he began to say:
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,
Till words with often trying found their way:
"I thought, O Sigismonda, (but how blind
Are parents' eyes, their children's faults to find!)
Thy virtue, birth, and breeding were above
A mean desire, and vulgar sense of love:
Nor less than sight and hearing could convince
So fond a father, and so just a prince,
Of such an unforeseen and unbeliev'd offence.
Then what indignant sorrow must I have
To see thee lie subjected to my slave!
A man so smelling of the people's lee,
The court receiv'd him first for charity;
And since with no degree of honour grac'd,
But only suffer'd, where he first was plac'd.
A grovelling insect still; and so design'd
By Nature's hand, nor born of noble kind:
A thing, by neither man nor woman priz'd,
And scarcely known enough to be despis'd.
To what has Heaven reserv'd my age? Ah! why
Should man, when Nature calls, not choose to die,
Rather than stretch the span of life, to find
Such ills as Fate has wisely cast behind,
For those to feel, whom fond desire to live
Makes covetous of more than life can give!
Each has his share of good; and when 'tis gone,
The guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon.
But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
Protracting life, have liv'd a day too long.
If yesterday could be recall'd again,
Ev'n now would I conclude my happy reign;
But 'tis too late, my glorious race is run,
And a dark cloud o'ertakes my setting sun.
Had'st thou not lov'd, or loving sav'd the shame,
If not the sin, by some illustrious name,
This little comfort had reliev'd my mind,
'Twas frailty, not unusual to thy kind:
But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood
Shows downward appetite to mix with mud:
Thus not the least excuse is left for thee,
Nor the least refuge for unhappy me.
"For him I have resolv'd: whom by surprise
I took, and scarce can call it, in disguise;
For such was his attire, as, with intent
Of Nature, suited to his mean descent:
The harder question yet remains behind,
What pains a parent and a prince can find
To punish an offence of this degenerate kind.
"As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee more
Than ever father lov'd a child before;
So that indulgence draws me to forgive;
Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee live;
But, as a public parent of the state,
My justice, and thy crime, requires thy fate.
Fain would I choose a middle course to steer;
Nature's too kind, and Justice too severe;
Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
On either side the father and the king.
Heaven knows, my heart is bent to favour thee;
Make it but scanty weight, and leave the rest to me."
Here stopping with a sigh, he pour'd a flood
Of tears, to make his last expression good.
She, who had heard him speak, nor saw alone
The secret conduct of her love was known,
But he was taken who her soul possess'd,
Felt all the pangs of sorrow in her breast,
And little wanted, but a woman's heart,
With cries and tears had testify'd her smart;
But inborn Worth, that Fortune can control,
New strung and stiffer bent her softer soul;
The heroine assum'd the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and fortify'd her face:
Why should she beg, or what could she pretend,
When her stern father had condemn'd her friend?
Her life she might have had; but her despair
Of saving his, had put it past her care;
Resolv'd on fate, she would not lose her breath,
But, rather than not die, solicit death.
Fix'd on this thought, she, not as women use,
Her fault by common frailty would excuse;
But boldly justify'd her innocence,
And while the fact was own'd, deny'd th' offence:
Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
She met his glance mid-way, and thus undaunted spoke:
"Tancred, I neither am dispos'd to make
Request for life, nor offer'd life to take;
Much less deny the deed; but least of all
Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.
My words to sacred truth shall be confin'd,
My deeds shall show the greatness of my mind.
That I have lov'd, I own; that still I love,
I call to witness all the powers above:
Yet more I own: to Guiscard's love I give
The small remaining time I have to live;
And if beyond this life desire can be,
Not Fate itself shall set my passion free.
This first avow'd; nor folly warps my mind,
Nor the frail texture of the female kind
Betray'd my virtue: for, too well I knew
What honour was, and Honour had his due:
Before the holy priest my vows were ty'd,
So came I not a strumpet, but a bride.
This for my fame, and for the public voice:
Yet more, his merits justify'd my choice:
Which had they not, the first election thine,
That bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine;
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny)
Had parents pow'r ev'n second vows to tie,
Thy little care to mend my widow'd nights,
Has forc'd me to recourse of marriage rites,
To fill an empty side, and follow known delights.
What have I done in this, deserving blame?
State-laws may alter: Nature's are the same;
Those are usurp'd on helpless woman-kind,
Made without our consent, and wanting power to bind.
"Thou, Tancred, better should have understood,
That as thy father gave thee flesh and blood,
So gav'st thou me: not from the quarry hew'd,
But of a softer mould, with sense endu'd;
Ev'n softer than thy own, of suppler kind,
More exquisite of taste, and more than man refin'd.
Nor need'st thou by thy daughter to be told,
Though now thy spritely blood with age be cold,

Thou hast been young: and canst remember still,
That when thou hadst the power, thou hadst the will;
And from the past experience of thy fires,
Canst tell with what a tide our strong desires
Come rushing on in youth, and what their rage requires.
" And grant thy youth was exercis'd in arms,
When Love no leisure found for softer charms,
My tender age in luxury was train'd,
With idle ease and pageants entertain'd;
My hours my own, my pleasures unrestrain'd.
So bred, no wonder if I took the bent
That seem'd ev'n warranted by thy consent;
For, when the father is too fondly kind,
Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.
Blame then thyself, as reason's law requires,
(Since Nature gave, and thou foment'st my fires)
If still those appetites continue strong,
Thou may'st consider I am yet but young:
Consider too, that, having been a wife,
I must have tasted of a better life;
And am not to be blam'd, if I renew
By lawful means the joys which then I knew.
Where was the crime, if pleasure I procur'd,
Young, and a woman, and to bliss inur'd!
That was my case, and this is my defence:
I pleas'd myself, I shunn'd incontinence,
And, urg'd by strong desires, indulg'd my sense.
" Left to myself, I must avow, I strove
From public shame to screen my secret love,
And, well acquainted with thy native pride,
Endeavour'd what I could not help, to hide;
For which a woman's wit an easy way supply'd.
How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,
Was known to thee, or by what chance betray'd,
Is not my care; to please thy pride alone,
I could have wish'd it had been still unknown.
" Nor took I Guiscard by blind fancy led,
Or hasty choice, as many women wed;
But with deliberate care, and ripen'd thought,
At leisure first design'd, before I wrought:
On him I rested, after long debate,
And, not without considering, fix'd my fate:
His flame was equal, though by mine inspir'd;
(For so the difference of our birth requir'd)
Had he been born like me, like me his love
Had first begun, what mine was forc'd to move:
But thus beginning, thus we persevere;
Our passions yet continue what they were,
Nor length of trial makes our joys the less sincere.
At this my choice, though not by thine allow'd
(Thy judgment herding with the common crowd)
Thou tak'st unjust offence; and, led by them,
Dost less the merit, than the man esteem.
Too sharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
Hast thou against the laws of kind inveigh'd:
For all th' offence is in opinion plac'd,
Which deems high birth by lowly choice debas'd.
This thought alone with fury fires thy breast
(For holy marriage justifies the rest)
That I have sunk the glories of the state,
And mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate;
In which I wonder thou should'st oversee
Superior causes, or impute to me
The fault of Fortune, or the Fates' decree.
Or call it Heaven's imperial power alone,
Which moves on springs of justice, though unknown.
Yet this we see, though order'd for the best,
The bad exalted, and the good oppress'd;
Permitted laurels grace the lawless brow,
Th' unworthy rais'd, the worthy cast below.
" But leaving that: search we the secret springs,
And backward trace the principles of things;
There shall we find, that when the world began,
One common mass compos'd the mould of man;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moistening blood.
The same Almighty Power inspir'd the frame
With kindled life, and form'd the souls the same:
The faculties of intellect and will [skill,
Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with equal
Like liberty indulg'd with choice of good or ill:
Thus born alike, from virtue first began
The difference that distinguish'd man from man:
He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble made him good:
Warm'd with more particles of heavenly flame,
He wing'd his upright flight, and soar'd to fame;
The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a name.
" This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As Nature's institute, is yet in force; [mind
Uncancell'd, though disus'd; and he, whose
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits the crime who calls him base.
" Now lay the line; and measure all thy court,
By inward virtue, not external port;
And find whom justly to prefer above
The man on whom my judgment plac'd my love:
So shalt thou see his parts and person shine;
And, thus compared, the rest a base degenerate line.
Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy court,
His valour, or his virtues, on report;
But trusted what I ought to trust alone,
Relying on thy eyes, and not my own;
Thy praise (and thine was then the public voice)
First recommended Guiscard to my choice:
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found
A man I thought deserving to be crown'd;
First by my father pointed to my sight,
Nor less conspicuous by his native light;
His mind, his mien, the features of his face,
Excelling all the rest of human race;
These were thy thoughts, and thou could'st judge aright,
Till interest made a jaundice in thy sight;
Or should I grant thou didst not rightly see;
Then thou wert first deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd by thee.
But if thou shalt alledge through pride of mind,
Thy blood with one of base condition join'd,
'Tis false; for 'tis not baseness to be poor;
His poverty augments thy crime the more;
Upbraids thy justice with the scant regard
Of worth; whom princes praise, they should reward.
Are these the kings intrusted by the crowd
With wealth, to be dispens'd for common good?
The people sweat not for their king's delight,
T' enrich a pimp, or raise a parasite;
Theirs is the toil; and he, who well has serv'd
His country, has his country's wealth deserv'd.
Ev'n mighty monarchs oft are meanly born,
And kings by birth to lowest rank return;
All subject to the power of giddy Chance,
For Fortune can depress, or can advance;

But true nobility is of the mind,
Not given by chance, and not to chance design'd.
For the remaining doubt of thy decree,
What to resolve, and how dispose of me,
Be warn'd to cast that useless care aside,
Myself alone will for myself provide,
If, in thy doting and decrepit age,
Thy soul, a stranger in thy youth to rage,
Begins in cruel deeds to take delight,
Gorge with my blood thy barbarous appetite;
For I so little am dispos'd to pray
For life, I would not cast a wish away.
Such as it is, th' offence is all my own;
And what to Guiscard is already done,
Or to be done, is doom'd by thy decree,
That, if not executed first by thee,
Shall on my person be perform'd by me.
"Away, with women weep, and leave me here,
Fix'd like a man, to die without a tear;
Or save, or slay us both this present hour,
'Tis all that Fate has left within thy power."
She said; nor did her father fail to find,
In all she spoke, the greatness of her mind;
Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
Nor deem'd the death she promis'd was so nigh:
Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
Resolv'd to spare her life, and save her shame;
But that detested object to remove,
To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.
Intent on this, a secret order sign'd;
The death of Guiscard to his guards enjoin'd;
Strangling was chosen, and the night the time,
A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime:
His faithful heart, a bloody sacrifice,
Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes,
Clos'd the severe command (for slaves to pay):
What kings decree, the soldier must obey,
Wag'd against foes; and when the wars are o'er,
Fit only to maintain despotic power;
Dangerous to freedom, and desir'd alone
By kings, who seek an arbitrary throne:
Such were these guards; as ready to have slain
The prince himself, allur'd with greater gain;
So was the charge perform'd with better will,
By men inur'd to blood, and exercis'd in ill.
Now, though the sullen sire had eas'd his mind,
The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
A pomp prepar'd to grace the present he design'd.
A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
Of depth, and breadth, the precious pledge to hold,
With cruel care he chose: the hollow part
Enclos'd, the lid conceal'd the lover's heart:
Then of his trusted mischiefs one he sent,
And bade him with these words the gift present:
"Thy father sends thee this to cheer thy breast,
And glad thy sight with what thou lov'st the best;
As thou hast pleas'd his eyes, and joy'd his mind,
With what he lov'd the most of human-kind."
Ere this the royal dame, who well had weigh'd
The consequence of what her sire had said,
Fix'd on her fate, against th' expected hour
Procur'd the means to have it in her power;
For this, she had distill'd with early care
The juice of simples friendly to despair,
A magazine of death; and thus prepar'd,
Secure to die, the fatal message heard:
Then smil'd severe; nor with a troubled look,
Or trembling hand, the funeral present took:
Ev'n kept her countenance, when the lid remov'd
Disclos'd the heart, unfortunately lov'd;
She needed not be told, within whose breast
It lodg'd; the message had explain'd the rest.
Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprise,
She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes:
Then thus; "Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart:
But he did well to give his best; and I,
Who wish'd a worthier urn, forgive his poverty."
At this she curb'd a groan, that else had come,
And, pausing, view'd the present in the tomb;
Then, to the heart ador'd devoutly glew'd
Her lips, and, raising it, her speech renew'd:
"Ev'n from my day of birth, to this, the bound
Of my unhappy being, I have found
My father's care and tenderness express'd;
But this last act of love excels the rest:
For this so dear a present, bear him back
The best return that I can live to make."
The messenger dispatch'd, again she view'd
The lov'd remains, and sighing thus pursu'd:
"Source of my life, and lord of my desires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my soul expires,
Poor Heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
Curs'd be the hands that tore thee from thy seat!
The course is finish'd which thy Fates decreed,
And thou from thy corporeal prison freed:
Soon hast thou reach'd the goal with mended pace,
A world of woes dispatch'd in little space;
Forc'd by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
Thy friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly tomb.
There yet remain'd thy funeral exequies,
The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes,
And those, indulgent Heaven has found the way
That I, before my death, have leave to pay.
My father ev'n in cruelty is kind,
Or Heaven has turn'd the malice of his mind
To better uses than his hate design'd;
And made th' insult, which in his gift appears,
The means to mourn thee with my pious tears;
Which I will pay thee down, before I go,
And save myself the pains to weep below,
If souls can weep; though once I meant to meet
My fate with face unmov'd, and eyes unwet,
Yet since I have thee here in narrow room,
My tears shall set thee first afloat within thy tomb:
Then (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
To regions unexplor'd, secure to share
Thy state; nor Hell shall punishment appear;
And Heaven is double Heaven, if thou art there."
She said: her brimful eyes, that ready stood,
And only wanted will to keep a flood,
Releas'd their watery store, and pour'd amain,
Like clouds, low hung, a sober shower of rain:
Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
Such as the majesty of grief destroys;
For, bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed
Seem'd by the posture to discharge her head,
O'erfill'd before, (and oft her mouth apply'd
To the cold heart) she kiss'd at once, and cry'd.
Her maids, who stood amaz'd, nor knew the cause
Of her complaining, nor whose heart it was,
Yet all due measures of her mourning kept,
Did office at the dirge, and by infection wept;
And oft inquir'd th' occasion of her grief
(Unanswer'd but by sighs) and offer'd vain relief.
At length, her stock of tears already shed,
She wip'd her eyes, she rais'd her drooping head,
And thus pursu'd: "O ever faithful Heart,
I have perform'd the ceremonial part,

The decencies of grief; it rests behind,
That, as our bodies were, our souls be join'd;
To thy whate'er abode, my shade convey,
And, as an elder ghost, direct the way."
She said; and bade the vial to be brought,
Where she before had brew'd the deadly draught:
First pouring out the med'cinable bane,
The heart, her tears had rins'd, she bath'd again;
Then down her throat the death securely throws,
And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes.
This done, she mounts the genial bed, and there
(Her body first compos'd with honest care)
Attends the welcome rest; her hands yet hold
Close to her heart the monumental gold;
Nor farther word she spoke, but clos'd her sight,
And quiet sought the covert of the night.
The damsels, who the while in silence mourn'd,
Not knowing, nor suspecting death suborn'd,
Yet, as their duty was, to Tancred sent;
Who, conscious of th' occasion, fear'd th' event.
Alarm'd, and with presaging heart, he came,
And drew the curtains, and expos'd the dame
To loathsome light: then with a late relief
Made vain efforts, to mitigate her grief.
She, what she could, excluding day, her eyes
Kept firmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies:
"Tancred, restrain thy tears, unsought by me,
And sorrow unavailing now to thee:
Did ever man before afflict his mind,
To see th' effect of what himself design'd?
Yet, if thou hast remaining in thy heart
Some sense of love, some unextinguish'd part
Of former kindness, largely once profess'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd breast,
Not to deny thy daughter's last request:
The secret love which I so long enjoy'd,
And still conceal'd to gratify thy pride,
Thou hast disjoin'd; but, with my dying breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our death;
Where'er his corpse by thy command is laid,
Thither let mine in public be convey'd:
Expos'd in open view, and side by side,
Acknowledg'd as a bridegroom and a bride."
The prince's anguish hinder'd his reply:
And she, who felt her fate approaching nigh,
Seiz'd the cold heart, and, heaving to her breast,
"Here, precious pledge," she said, "securely rest!"
These accents were her last; the creeping death
Benumb'd her senses first, then stopp'd her breath.
Thus she for disobedience justly dy'd:
The sire was justly punish'd for his pride:
The youth, least guilty, suffer'd for th' offence,
Of duty violated to his prince;
Who, late repenting of his cruel deed,
One common sepulchre for both decreed;
Intomb'd the wretched pair in royal state,
And on their monument inscrib'd their fate.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of Fortune and of Nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind.
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none);
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid,
Turn'd all to poison, that he did or said: [move;
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
The work went backward; and the more he strove
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.
Weary'd at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
But Pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his
breast. [care;
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering Death, but looking not he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to Fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.
His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But Love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring
Supply'd with birds, the choristers of Love: [grove
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he discharg'd his friends: but not th' expense
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as Love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.
It hapt one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;

'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The Day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But Love could feel no hunger but his own.
Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horrour seized his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled.
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cry'd for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles choak'd, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now, approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade;
Stripp'd of her cloaths, and ev'n those parts reveal'd,
Which modest Nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes, and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side,
"Mercy, O mercy, Heaven!" she ran, and cry'd.
When Heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
Then sprang she forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbade the war:
"Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let Eternal Justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid."
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and, fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd,
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, "Whate'er," said he,
"Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defy'd;"
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd:
"Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor served by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in Hell.
"Short was her joy; for soon th' insulting maid
By Heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepented sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for her pride:
Because she deemed I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.
Nor lies she long, but, as her Fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain."
This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue,
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
"Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by Fate
To daily death; and every several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took my last farewel,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day."
Thus while he spoke the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:

The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace;
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw, [law.
Surpassing common faith, transgressing Nature's
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which Hell for his destruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Inspir'd from Heaven he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay: [train
But of his train a trusty servant sent,
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
"What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love;
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late yet is at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence:
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine; the cause I shall display,
On Friday next; for that's th' appointed day."
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame:
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue overhead:
The rest in rank, Honoria, chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
That just when the desert and fruits were plac'd,
The fiends alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around.
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise,
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood, [food,
And next the famish'd hounds that sought their
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon, on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent, [ment.
The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punish-
Loud was the noise aghast was every guest,
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid,
She rent the Heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their faulchions brandish'd at the grisly sprite;
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he spoke:
"Back on your lives; let be," said he, "my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against th' eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by Heaven design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find."
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horrour of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much-lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury launch'd
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward as before th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the faultering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horrour shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For Conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case their own.
So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sowsing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd.
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he spurr'd:
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horrour heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infernal steed:

The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind adieu;
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind
The downfal of her empire she divin'd;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering for his prey.
Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast:
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching sprite behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, Pride, Remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put Remorse to flight, but Fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That, desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd?
So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a lowering leave; but who can tell,
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew; and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on Death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had, belov'd above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the chearful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
(As women, where they will, are all in haste)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborn by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

POETA LOQUITUR.

Old as I am, for ladies love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires
If love be folly, the severe divine [my wit.
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He show'd the way, perverting first my sense:
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
All suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think, that what we loosely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with some delight;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain;
And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double-meanings of the stage.
What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at worst but wanton; he's obscene.
I not my fellows nor myself excuse;
But love's the subject of the comic Muse;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view;
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our part
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To liberal acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold:
The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When Beauty fires the blood, how Love exalts the mind.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And every Grace, and all the Loves, resort;

Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian lord above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue bless'd.
But as no gift of Fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir;
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape, and outward shew,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul bely'd the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like Nature's errour, as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd, [join'd.
But made for two, and by mistake in one were
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on Wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.
His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what Nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banishment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair.
It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.
His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.
By Chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in slumber a superior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;
Her bosom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spy'd,
For yet their places were but signify'd:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her repose.
The fool of Nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testify'd surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his gluttering sense
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night:
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
Last shone the Sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd Heaven and Earth, and roll'd around
So reason in this brutal soul began, [the year.
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.
What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor, Love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him shame; and Shame, with Love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life; [strife,
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t' other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire:
As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees;
On several parts a several praise bestows,
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And, ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breast.
Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his thought, [taught.
And Love, new-born, the first good-manners
And awful Fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race.
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view:
So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.
At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)

Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.
The slavering cudden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake; nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she: "What makes you, Cymon, here alone?"
(For Cymon's name was round the country known
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face).
But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But, conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust:
This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.
Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid
To see her safe; his hand she long deny'd,
But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.
The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.
With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And study'd lessons he before abhorr'd.
Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd:
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In every exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by Love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease,
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which choak'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move, [Love.
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by
Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd; and as he went impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire,
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an errour of the better hand;
Excus'd th' excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear [fair.
The name of fool confirm'd and bishop'd by the
To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as Fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.
The doom was past, the ship, already sent,
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
"The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the bless'd above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design."
Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.
To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight: then, standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe: [prow,
"Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war."
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
Already were the vessels side by side, [bride.
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the
But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press
he pass'd.
Fierce was the fight, but, hastening to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd,
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast the weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he chear'd: "O Rhodian youth, I
For love alone, nor other booty sought: [fought
Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign;
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you:
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
Or, if he could, my Love disdains the laws,
And like a king by conquest gains his cause:
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and Force shall love maintain,
You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
And at an easy ransom buy your peace." [cowards.
Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd th' accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
While to his arms the blushing bride he took,
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Though pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;

"For yours I am," he said, "and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father ty'd
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride."
Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind!
Secure of Fate, while Cymon plows the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When, like a fiery meteor, sunk the Sun;
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits, and fill the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back, and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots amain,
Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of Heaven to deepest Hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been bless'd;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies; but would be lost alone.
Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent,
But, since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger, as her fears increase:
From her own back the burthen would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which, interposing, durst, in Heaven's despite,
Invade, and violate another's right:
The powers incens'd a while defer'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain:
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprize she dy'd;
Who rather not resisted, than comply'd.
Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,
Sex to the last: mean time with sails declin'd
The wandering vessel drove before the wind:
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then below,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
The land before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escap'd; their force already spent:
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.
The frighted sailors try'd their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;
But the stiff wind withstood the labouring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land:
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown,
But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore;
Known each, they know; but each with change of chear;
The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made prisoners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few:
But, crowding on, the last the first impel:
Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast:
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:
But Iphigenia was the ladies care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.
Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her Fates assign'd;
So passive is the church of woman-kind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and Love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd th' amends, for what by love he lost.
The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom, by promise ty'd,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd.
Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate:
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But Fortune had not favour'd his desire;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda lov'd:
So stood th' affair: some little hope remain'd,
That, should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.
Mean time young Pasimond his marriage press'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and study'd quick relief:
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
To justice liable, as law requir'd;
For, when his office ceas'd, his power expir'd:
While power remain'd the means were in his hand
By force to seize, and then forsake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A slave to fame, but, more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by power, debas'd by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd: but, after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth, proposing to possess and 'scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, though Heaven sometimes may
An impious act with undeserv'd success: [bless
The great it seems are privileg'd alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed:
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on force, his wit the pretor bent,
To find the means that might secure th' event;
Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought;
Th' example pleas'd: the cause and crime the same;
An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd [ward.
To manage loathsome life, when love was the re-

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the prisoner sent;
In secret sent, the public view to shun,
Then with a sober smile he thus begun.

"The powers above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive.
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be try'd:
These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd;
'Twas yours t' improve the talent they bestow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care
To please, and courage to deserve the fair.

"Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they
The grain intrusted in a grateful ground: [found
But still the great experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd,
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone,
And when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd:
Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And Love our fortunes in one band has join'd:
Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine,
As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine:
To-morrow must their common vows be ty'd:
With Love to friend, and Fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

"Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed:
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight:
And let the losers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will sail before the wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy resolves: if now thy courage droop,
Despair in prison, and abandon hope:
But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,
(For liberty without thy love were vain)
Then second my design to seize the prey, [way."
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the

Said Cymon overjoy'd, "Do thou propose
The means to fight, and only show the foes:
For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
Resolv'd I left the care of life behind."

To this the bold Lysimachus reply'd,
"Let Heaven be neuter, and the sword decide;
The spousals are prepar'd, already play
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dress'd;
All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.

"Now hear the rest; when Day resigns the light,
And chearful torches gild the jolly Night,
Be ready at my call; my chosen few
With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
Then, entering unexpected, will we seize
Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease,
By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight,
And hastening to the seas, suborn our flight:
The seas are ours, for I command the fort,
A ship well-mann'd expects us in the port:
If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
Death shall attend the man who dares resist."

It pleas'd! the prisoner to his hold retir'd,
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.
The Sun arose; the streets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected spouse, and entertains the friends:
They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
The powers, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.
This done, they feast, and at the close of night
By kindled torches vary their delight,
These lead the lively dance, and those the brimming bowls invite.

Now, at th' appointed place and hour assign'd,
With souls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd; the first is sent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the shore;
The second at the palace-gate they plac'd,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last:
A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew'd, the table spread:
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When like the harpies rushing through the hall
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own;

The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.
But late is all defence, and succour vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain:
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore.
The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear:
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend,
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.
Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent;
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.
Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one descending blow:
And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the point; the sword, inur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple flood.
With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd pursues,
The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corps; the sprinkled gore
Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies,
The victors to their vessel bear the prize;
And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable cries.

The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.
What should the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone.
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store,
They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grinn'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view;
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Mean while the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost,
Jove's isle they seek; nor Jove denies his coast.
In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With generous wines their spirits they restore:
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,
Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws:
Both parties lose by turns; and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show precede:
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

LORD RADCLIFFE.

MY LORD,

THESE Miscellany Poems* are by many titles yours. The first they claim from your acceptance of my promise to present them to you, before some of them were yet in being. The rest are derived from your own merit, the exactness of your judgment in poetry, and the candour of your nature; easy to forgive some trivial faults when they come accompanied with countervailing beauties. But, after all, though these are your equitable claims to a dedication from other poets, yet I must acknowledge a bribe in the case, which is your particular liking to my verses. It is a vanity common to all writers, to over-value their own productions; and it is better for me to own this failing in myself, than the world to do it for me. For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? why am I grown old, in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application, which have made me a poet, might have raised me to any honours of the gown, which are often given to men of as little learning and less honesty than myself. No government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein time-servers and blockheads will not be uppermost. The persons are only changed, but the same jugglings in state, the same hypocrisy in religion, the same self-interest and mismanagement, will remain for ever. Blood and money will be

* Prefixed to the Third Volume of Dryden's Miscellany Poems, printed in 1693.

lavished in all ages, only for the preferment of new faces, with old consciences. There is too often a jaundice in the eyes of great men; they see not those whom they raise in the same colours with other men. All whom they affect, look golden to them; when the gilding is only in their own distempered sight. These considerations have given me a kind of contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not ashamed to be little, when I see them so infamously great; neither do I know why the name of poet should be dishonourable to me, if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do any thing that shall dishonour it. The notions of morality are known to all men: none can pretend ignorance of those ideas which are in-born in mankind: and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be disingenuous, not to acknowledge a clear truth, and base, to act against the light of my own conscience. For the reputation of my honesty, no man can question it, who has any of his own: for that of my poetry, it shall either stand by its own merit, or fall for want of it. Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors: for they, (as the best poet and the best patron said) when in the full perfection of decay, turn vinegar, and come again in play. Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic: I mean of a critic in the general acceptation of this age: for formerly they were quite another species of men. They were defenders of poets, and commentators on their works; to illustrate obscure beauties; to place some passages in a better light; to redeem others from malicious interpretations; to help out an author's modesty, who is not ostentatious of his wit; and, in short, to shield him from the ill-nature of those fellows, who were then called Zoili and Momi, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of censors. But neither Zoilus, nor he who endeavoured to defame Virgil, were ever adopted into the name of critics by the ancients: what their reputation was then, we know; and their successors in this age deserve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turned our enemies? are they, who at best are but wits of the second order, and whose only credit amongst readers is what they obtained by being subservient to the fame of writers, are these become rebels of slaves, and usurpers of subjects; or, to speak in the most honourable terms of them, are they from our seconds become principals against us? does the ivy undermine the oak, which supports its weakness? what labour would it cost them to put in a better line, than the worst of those which they expunge in a true poet? Petronius, the greatest wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevailed upon his judgment to fall on Lucan, he fell himself in his attempt: he performed worse, in his Essay of the Civil War, than the author of the Pharsalia: and avoiding his errours, has made greater of his own. Julius Scaliger would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him after the possession of three thousand years: has he succeeded in his attempt? he has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to human kind: but who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger? You see the same hypercritic, when he endeavours

to mend the beginning of Claudian, (a faulty poet, and living in a barbarous age) yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such verses of his own as deserve the ferula. What a censure has he made of Lucan, that he rather seems to bark than sing? would any but a dog have made so snarling a comparison? one would have thought he had learned Latin, as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off, with a *pace tuâ*, by your good leave, Lucan; he called him not by those outrageous names, of fool, booby, and blockhead: he had somewhat more of good-manners than his successors, as he had much more knowledge. We have two sorts of those gentlemen in our nation: some of them, proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretence of respect to the dramatic writers of the last age, only scorn and vilify the present poets, to set up their predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less than to do honour to any man, besides themselves. Horace took notice of such men in his age: Non ingeniis favet ille, sepultis; nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus odit. It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the manes of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age: their declaration is one thing, and their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers, they would thrust out us, their lawful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of reformation. If they could compass their intent, what would wit and learning get by such a change? if we are bad poets, they are worse; and when any of their woeful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good writers, that there need no criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the writers of this age, they draw such monstrous figures of them, as resemble none of us: our pretended pictures are so unlike, that it is evident we never sate to them; they are all grotesque, the products of their wild imaginations, things out of nature, so far from being copied from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of insects more venomous than the former. Those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our poetical church and state; who allow nothing to their countrymen, either of this or of the former age. These attack the living by raking up the ashes of the dead; well knowing, that if they can subvert their original title to the stage, we, who claim under them, must fall of course. Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson: none of the living will presume to have any competition with them: as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them; but (as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor) our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead; so we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards, to show that we succeed: if less in dignity, yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own janizaries. If I am the man, as I have reason to believe, who am seemingly courted, and secretly undermined; I think I shall be able to defend myself,

when I am openly attacked; and to show besides, that the Greek writers only gave us the rudiments of a stage which they never finished: that many of the tragedies in the former age amongst us were without comparison beyond those of Sophocles and Euripides. But, at present, I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an undertaking. It is ill going to law for an estate, with him who is in possession of it, and enjoys the present profits, to feed his cause. But the quantum mutatus may be remembered in due time. In the mean while, I leave the world to judge, who gave the provocation.

This, my lord, is, I confess, a long digression from Miscellany Poems to Modern Tragedies: but I have the ordinary excuse of an injured man, who will be telling his tale unseasonably to his betters; though, at the same time, I am certain, you are so good a friend, as to take a concern in all things which belong to one who so truly honours you. And besides, being yourself a critic of the genuine sort, who have read the best authors in their own languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns; yet, I know, you judge for the English tragedies against the Greek and Latin, as well as against the French, Italian, and Spanish, of these latter ages. Indeed there is a vast difference betwixt arguing like Perault in behalf of the French poets against Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the English poets their undoubted due of excelling Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For if we, or our greater fathers, have not yet brought the drama to an absolute perfection, yet at least we have carried it much farther than those ancient Greeks; who, beginning from a Chorus, could never totally exclude it, as we have done, who find it an unprofitable incumbrance, without any necessity of entertaining it amongst us, and without the possibility of establishing it here, unless it were supported by a public charge. Neither can we accept of those lay-bishops, as some call them, who, under pretence of reforming the stage, would intrude themselves upon us as our superiors, being indeed incompetent judges of what is manners, what religion, and least of all, what is poetry and good sense. I can tell them in behalf of all my fellows, that when they come to exercise a jurisdiction over us, they shall have the stage to themselves, as they have the laurel. As little can I grant, that the French dramatic writers excel the English: our authors as far surpass them in genius, as our soldiers excel theirs in courage: it is true, in conduct they surpass us either way: yet that proceeds not so much from their greater knowledge, as from the difference of tastes in the two nations. They content themselves with a thin design, without episodes, and managed by few persons. Our audience will not be pleased but with variety of accidents, an underplot, and many actors. They follow the ancients too servilely, in the mechanic rules, and we assume too much licence to ourselves, in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our audience had their tastes, our poets could more easily comply with them, than the French writers could come up

to the sublimity of our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a rule of practice on the stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good-manners only excepted; and I care not much, if I give this handle to our bad illiterate poetasters, for the defence of their Scriptions, as they call them. There is a sort of merit in delighting the spectators; which is a name more proper for them, than that of auditors: or else Horace is in the wrong, when he commends Lucilius for it. But these common-places I mean to treat at greater leisure: in the mean time, submitting that little I have said to your lordship's approbation, or your censure, and choosing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your modesty with other commendations; which, though they are your due, yet would not be equally received in this satirical and censorious age. That which cannot without injury be denied to you, is the easiness of your conversation, far from affectation or pride; not denying even to enemies their just praises. And this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar commendation to your lordship. Without flattery, my lord, you have it in your nature, to be a patron and encourager of good poets, but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than guessed, by what you are at present. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtiness which generally attends too many of the nobility; and when you converse with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a king, who, amongst her other high perfections, has derived from him a charming behaviour, a winning goodness, and a majestic person. The Muses and the Graces are the ornaments of your family; while the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her voice: even the servants of the Muses have sometimes had the happiness to hear her; and to receive their inspirations from her.

I will not give myself the liberty of going farther; for it is so sweet to wander in a pleasing way, that I should never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myself from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly dedicate to your lordship, my own labours in this Miscellany: at the same time, not arrogating to myself the privilege of inscribing to you the works of others, who are joined with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and you have done me the favour to hear me read my translations of Ovid; and you both seemed not to be displeased with them. Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngest child, I know not: but they appear to me the best of all my endeavours in this kind. Perhaps this poet is more easy to be translated than some others, whom I have lately attempted: perhaps too, he was more according to my genius. He is certainly more pa-

latable to the reader than any of the Roman wits; though some of them are more lofty, some more instructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal to the best. But as his verse came easily, he wanted the toil of application to amend it. He is often luxuriant both in his fancy and expressions, and, as it has lately been observed, not always natural. If wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety, Lucretius, Horace, and, above all, Virgil, are his superiors. I have said so much of him already, in my preface to his Heroical Epistles, that there remains little to be added in this place: for my own part, I have endeavoured to copy his character what I could in this translation, even perhaps farther than I should have done; to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his opinion being, that a good poet is to be translated in that manner. I remember not the reason which he gives for it; but I suppose it is, for fear of omitting any of his excellencies: sure I am, that if it be a fault, it is much more pardonable than that of those, who run into the other extreme of a literal and close translation, where the poet is confined so straightly to his author's words, that he wants elbow-room to express his elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him prose, where he found him verse: and no better than thus has Ovid been served by the so much admired Sandys. This is at least the idea which I have remaining of his translation; for I never read him since I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praises which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again, and see (if they understand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry in his version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evaporated. But this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verse, nor loved it; they were scholars, it is true, but they were pedants. And for a just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English.

If I flatter not myself, or if my friends have not flattered me, I have given my author's sense, for the most part, truly: for to mistake sometimes, is incident to all men; and not to follow the Dutch commentators always, may be forgiven to a man who thinks them, in the general, heavy gross-witted fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull poets. But I leave a farther satire on their wit, till I have a better opportunity to show how much I love and honour them. I have likewise attempted to restore Ovid to his native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and, as we call it, a run of verse, as like the original, as the English can come up to the Latin. As he seldom uses any synalephas, so I have endeavoured to avoid them, as often as I could: I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought, which I cannot say are inimitable, because I have copied them; and so may others, if they use the same diligence: but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have named the

synalepha, which is cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's Homer, which lies before me; for the benefit of those who understand not the Latin prosodia. It is in the first line of the argument to the first Iliad.

Apollo's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring, &c.

There we see he makes it not the Argive, but th' Argive, to shun the shock of the two vowels, immediately following each other; but, in his second argument, in the same page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

Alpha the prayer of Chryses sings;
The army's plague, the strife of kings.

In these words *the army's*, *the* ending with a vowel, and *army's* beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been *th' army's*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those words. I cannot say that I have every way observed the rule of the synalepha in my translation; but wheresoever I have not, it is a fault in the sound: the French and the Italians have made it an inviolable precept in their versification; therein following the severe example of the Latin poet. Our countrymen have not yet reformed their poetry so far, but content themselves with following the licentious practice of the Greeks; who, though they sometimes use synalephas, yet make no difficulty, very often, to sound one vowel upon another; as Homer does, in the very first line of Alpha. Μῆνιν ἀείδε Θεὰ Πηληιάδεω Ἀχιλῆος. It is true, indeed, that in the second line, in these words μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς, and ἄλγε' ἔθηκεν. the synalepha in revenge is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of euphony, rather Musas colere severiores, with the Romans, than to give into the looseness of the Grecians.

I have tired myself, and have been summoned by the press to send away this Dedication, otherwise I had exposed some other faults, which are daily committed by our English poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For, after all, our language is both copious, significant, and majestical, and might be reduced into a more harmonious sound. But, for want of public encouragement, in this iron age, we are so far from making any progress in the improvement of our tongue, that in few years we shall speak and write as barbarously as our neighbours.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your lordship, that there are two fragments of Homer translated in this Miscellany; one by Mr. Congreve (whom I cannot mention without the honour which is due to his excellent

parts, and that entire affection which I bear him) and the other by myself. Both the subjects are pathetical, and I am sure my friend has added to the tenderness which he found in the original, and, without flattery, surpassed his author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to Homer, that he is much more capable of exciting the manly passions than those of grief and pity. To cause admiration, is indeed the proper and adequate design of an epic poem: and in that he has excelled even Virgil; yet, without presuming to arraign our master, I may venture to affirm, that he is somewhat too talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest, that it cannot be denied in that little parcel which I have translated, perhaps too literally: there Andromache, in the midst of her concernment, and fright for Hector, runs off her biass, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The devil was in Hector if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him; for she had been his bedfellow for many years together: and if he knew it, then it must be confessed, that Homer, in this long digression, has rather given her his own character, than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends, the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow of Andromache to occasion the remembrance of all the past: but others think, that she had enough to do with that grief which now oppressed her, without running for assistance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted such a work of supererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence; for though he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excelled him in his admirable judgment. He drew the passion of Dido for Æneas, in the most lively and most natural colours imaginable: Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has attempted twice on the same subject of Hector's death: first, when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpse, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the same persons again bewailed his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the translator than the poet: for Homer, as I observed before, can move rage better than he can pity: he stirs up the irascible appetite, as our philosophers call it; he provokes to murder, and the destruction of God's images; he forms and equips those ungodly man-killers, whom we poets, when we flatter them, call heroes; a race of men, who can never enjoy quiet in themselves, till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation; and such as it is, the lovers of peace, or at least of more moderate heroism, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honour betwixt themselves; I am satisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wish Mr. Congreve had the leisure to translate him, and the world the good-nature and justice to encourage him in that noble design, of which he is more capable than any man I know. The earl of Mulgrave

and Mr. Waller, two of the best judges of our age, have assured me, that they could never read over the translation of Chapman, without incredible pleasure and extreme transport. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself: for the translator has thrown him down as low, as harsh numbers, improper English, and a monstrous length of verse could carry him. What then would he appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers, living in a much better age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the art of numbers: for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. But here, my lord, I am forced to break off abruptly, without endeavouring at a compliment in the close. This Miscellany is, without dispute, one of the best of the kind, which has hitherto been extant in our tongue. At least, as sir Samuel Tuke has said before me, a modest man may praise what is not his own. My fellows have no need of any protection: but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deserves, to your patronage and acceptance, and all the rest to your forgiveness.

I am, my lord,

your lordship's most

obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE FIRST BOOK OF *OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.*

OF bodies chang'd to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whence these miracles did
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat, [spring,
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual tenour to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from Nature's birth, to Cæsar's times.
Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And Heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd.
No Sun was lighted up the world to view;
No Moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was Earth suspended in the sky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was imprest;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fixt,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end. [driven,
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were
And grosser air sunk from etherial Heaven.
Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace;
And foes are sunder'd by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs, and standing lakes,
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are swallow'd up, the most
In ample oceans, disembogued, are lost.
He shades the woods, the vallies he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones th' etherial regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd:
The Sun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone
The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, enclosing all,
Surround the compass of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The grosser near the watery surface move:
Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were those blustering brethren left at large,
On seas and shores their fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in place
They rend the world, resistless, where they pass;
And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.

First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
(The regions of the balmy continent)
And eastern realms, where early Persians run,
To greet the blest appearance of the Sun.
Westward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas with his offspring issues forth,
T' invade the frozen waggon of the North.
While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere,
And rots, with endless rain, th' unwholesome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer space for Heaven design'd;
Where fields of light and liquid ether flow,
Purg'd from the ponderous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the power distinguish'd these, when straight
The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive light adorn the heavenly place.
Then, every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky:
New herds of beasts he sends, the plains to share;
New colonies of birds, to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd:
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of nature did his soul inspire;
Or Earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant still, retain'd th' ethereal energy:
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste,
And, mixt with living streams, the godlike image cast.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.
From such rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was first; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew;
And, with a native bent, did good pursue.
Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere:
Needless was written-law, where none oppress;
The law of man was written in his breast:
No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain-trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound:
Nor swords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which Nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
The flowers unsown in fields and meadows reign'd;
And western winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn ensu'd
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of vallies milk and nectar broke;
And honey, sweating through the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driven to Hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear;
And Spring was but a season of the year.
The Sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
Sought shelter from th' inclemency of Heaven.
Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds,
With twining oziers fenc'd, and moss their beds.
Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this next came in course the brazen age,
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet——

THE IRON AGE.

——Hard steel succeeded then;
And stubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook:
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew;
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new:
Trees rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain,
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the watery plain.
Then land-marks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share;
But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore,
Which next to Hell the prudent God had laid,
And that alluring ill to sight display'd:
Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave Mischief birth, and made that mischief bold:
And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
No rights of hospitality remain:
The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain:
The son-in-law pursues the father's life:
The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares,
The son inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns;
And Justice, here oppress, to Heaven returns.

THE GIANTS WAR.

Nor were the gods themselves more safe above,
Against beleagur'd Heaven the giants move.

Hills pil'd on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the sky;
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
T' avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
And their demolish'd works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd,
With native earth their blood the monsters mix'd;
The blood, indued with animating heat,
Did in th' impregnate earth new sons beget:
They, like the seed from which they sprung, accurst,
Against the gods immortal hatred nurst:
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;
Expressing their original from blood.
Which when the king of gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himself had found on Earth of late,
Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat)
He sigh'd, nor longer with his pity strove;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove;
Then call'd a general council of the gods;
Who, summon'd, issue from their blest abodes,
And fill th' assembly with a shining train.
A way there is, in Heaven's expanded plain,
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals by the name of milky know.
The ground-work is of stars; through which the road
Lies open to the thunderer's abode.
The gods of greater nations dwell around,
And, on the right and left, the palace bound;
The commons where they can; the nobler sort,
With winding-doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as Earth with Heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.
When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly known,
And he their father had assum'd the throne,
Upon his ivory sceptre first he leant,
Then shook his head, that shook the firmament:
Air, Earth, and Seas, obey'd th' almighty nod;
And, with a general fear, confess'd the God.
At length with indignation, thus he broke
His awful silence, and the powers bespoke:

"I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state
Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive skies were ready to embrace;
For, though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion sprung from one original:
Now, wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
Let me this holy protestation make:
By Hell and Hell's inviolable lake,
I try'd whatever in the godhead lay,
But gangren'd members must be lopt away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.
There dwells below a race of demi-gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods:
Who, though not worthy yet in Heaven to live,
Let them at least enjoy the Earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
When I myself, who no superior know,
I, who have Heaven and Earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?"

At this a murmur through the synod went,
And with one voice they vote his punishment.
Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to doom
The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear,
All anxious for their earthly thunderer:
Nor was their care, O Cæsar, less esteem'd
By thee, than that of Heaven for Jove was deem'd:
Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain
Their murmurs, then resum'd his speech again.
The gods to silence were compos'd, and sate
With reverence due to his superior state.

"Cancel your pious cares; already he
Has paid his debt to justice, and to me.
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and th' oppressor's rage,
Had reach'd the stars; 'I will descend,' said I,
'In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.'
Disguis'd in human shape, I travell'd round
The world, and more than what I heard, I found.
O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way,
By caverns infamous for beasts of prey:
Then cross'd Cyllene, and the piny shade,
More infamous by curst Lycaon made:
Dark night had covered Heaven and Earth, before
I enter'd his unhospitable door.
Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign
That somewhat was approaching of divine.
The prostrate people pray; the tyrant grins;
And, adding prophanation to his sins,
'I'll try,' said he, 'and if a god appear,
To prove his deity shall cost him dear.' [pares,
'Twas late; the graceless wretch my death pre-
When I should soundly sleep, oppress with cares:
This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove:
But first he had resolv'd to taste my power:
Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
Some legates sent from the Molossian state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh,
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish:
Some part he roasts; then serves it up so drest,
And bids me welcome to this human feast.
Mov'd with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd;
And with avenging flames the palace burn'd.
The tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains
The neighbouring fields, and scours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,
But human voice his brutal tongue forsook.
About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
And, breathing slaughter, still with rage he burns,
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.
His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famish'd face he bears;
His arms descend, his shoulders sink away,
To multiply his legs for chase of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
And the same rage in other members reigns.
His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space,
His jaws retain the grin and violence of his face.

"This was a single ruin, but not one
Deserves so just a punishment alone.
Mankind's a monster, and th' ungodly times,
Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
Must by the same relentless fury fall."

Thus ended he; the greater gods assent,
By clamours urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember man;
And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
They ask, when those were lost of human birth,
What he would do with all his waste of Earth?

If his dispeopled world he would resign
To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
If none were left to worship and invoke."
To whom the father of the gods reply'd:
"Lay that unnecessary fear aside:
Mine be the care new people to provide.
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the first, and try my skill again."
Already had he toss'd the flaming brand,
And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand;
Preparing to discharge on seas and land:
But stopt, for fear, thus violently driven,
The sparks should catch his axle-tree of Heaven.
Remembering, in the Fates, a time, when fire
Should to the battlements of Heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
And all th' inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment:
Concludes to pour a watery deluge down;
And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.
The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
The South he loos'd, who night and horrour brings;
And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two streams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow,
And lazy mists are lowering on his brow:
Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist,
He squeez'd the clouds; th' imprison'd clouds resist:
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound;
And showers enlarg'd come pouring on the ground.
Then, clad in colours of a various die,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply,
To feed the clouds impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.
Nor from his patrimonial Heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down:
Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The watery tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves, their moist abodes,
And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom in brief he thus imparts his will:
"Small exhortation needs; your powers employ:
And this bad world (so Jove requires) destroy.
Let loose the reins to all your watery store:
Bear down the dams, and open every door."
The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,
And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the ground:
With inward trembling Earth receiv'd the wound;
And rising streams a ready passage found.
Th' expanded waters gather on the plain,
They float the fields, and overtop the grain:
Then, rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and labouring hinds away.
Nor safe their dwellings were; for, sapp'd by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a watery wall.
Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his corn.
Others o'er chimney tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below:
Or, downward driven, they bruise the tender vine;
Or, toss'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropp'd the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wandering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks, they bounce;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now swims among the sheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The stag swims faster than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction know,
And levell'd Nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood,
The small remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt th' Athenian and Bœotian lands.
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise
Mounts through the clouds, and meets the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were human-kind.
The mountain-nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere and holy woman, she.
When Jupiter, surveying Earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That, where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd,
He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
Discover Heaven to Earth, and Earth to Heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves: a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent; [sound.
Then gives it breath; the blast, with doubling
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The Sun first heard it, in his early east,
And met the ratting echos in the west.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.
A thin circumference of land appears;
And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds:
The streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And Earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.

At length the world was all restor'd to view,
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:
"Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind
The best and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
We two remain; a species in a pair:
The rest the seas have swallow'd; nor have we
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above; and, while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How could'st thou such a wretched life sustain?
Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
That bury'd her I lov'd, should bury me.
Oh could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
And perish'd people in new souls might live!
But Heaven is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we, th' examples of mankind, remain."
He said: the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the gods with pious prayers.
Thus in devotion having eas'd their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief:
And to Cephisus' brook their way pursue:
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
With living waters in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments and their head,
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual prostrate they ador'd,
The pavement kiss'd; and thus the saint implor'd.
"O righteous Themis, if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
If human miseries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated Earth."
Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said;
"Depart, and with your vestments veil your head:
And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones."
Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder, stand,
Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command.
"Forbid it Heaven," said she, "that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepulchre."
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sense; and long they sought in vain.
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And said, "The dark enigma will allow
A meaning; which if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command;
This Earth our mighty mother is, the stones
In her capacious body are her bones:
These we must cast behind." With hope, and fear,
The woman did the new solution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to try.
Descending from the mount, they first unbind
Their vests, and veil'd they cast the stones behind:
The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigour of their kind expel,
And suppled into softness as they fell:
Then swell'd, and, swelling, by degrees grew warm
And took the rudiments of human form;
Imperfect shapes, in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles and the veins.
The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use,
Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment:
The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little space,
What the man threw assum'd a manly face;
And what the wife, renew'd the female race.
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.
The rest of animals, from teeming Earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moisture, in its close retreat,
Digested by the Sun's etherial heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
Then swell'd, and quicken'd by the vital seed.
And some in less, and some in longer space,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face.
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And seeks with ebbing tides his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd;
And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:
These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants find:
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.
For heat and moisture when in bodies join'd,
The temper that results from either kind
Conception makes; and fighting, till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus Nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars.
From hence the surface of the ground with mud
And slime besmear'd (the feces of the flood)
Receiv'd the rays of Heaven; and, sucking in
The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of several sorts produc'd before;
But of new monsters Earth created more.
Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
Thee, Python too, the wondering world to fright,
And the new nations, with so dire a sight.
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
Did his vast body and long train embrace:
Whom Phœbus basking on a bank espy'd,
Ere now the god his arrows had not try'd,
But on the trembling deer, or mountain-goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.
Though every shaft took place, he spent the store
Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before
Th' expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore.
Then, to preserve the fame of such a deed,
For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed,
Where noble youths for mastership should strive,
To quoit, to run, and steeds and chariots drive.
The prize was fame, in witness of renown,
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumphs born;
But every green alike by Phœbus worn
Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks adorn.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

THE first and fairest of his loves was she
Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forc'd him to desire:
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire.
Swell'd with the pride that new success attends,
He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him: "Thou lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ?
Know, such achievements are my proper claim;
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Resistless are my shafts; and Python late,
In such a feather'd death, has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;
With that the feeble souls of lovers fry."
To whom the son of Venus thus reply'd:
"Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside;
But mine on Phœbus: mine the fame shall be
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee."
He said, and soaring swiftly wing'd his flight;
Nor stopt but on Parnassus' airy height.
Two different shafts he from his quiver draws;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.
One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To inflame the love, and make the lover bold:
One blunt, and tipt with lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the nymph he drest:
But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast.
Th' enamour'd deity pursues the chase;
The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace:
In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs;
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare,
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd virginity maintains.
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys she never try'd.
On wilds and wood she fixes her desire:
Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
Her father chides her oft: "Thou ow'st," says he,
"A husband to thyself, a son to me."
She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed:
She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head.
Then, casting round his neck her tender arms,
Soothes him with blandishments and filial charms:
"Give me, my lord," she said, "to lie, and die,
A spotless maid, without the marriage-tie.
'Tis but a small request; I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before."
The good old sire was soften'd to consent;
But said, her wish would prove her punishment:
For so much youth, and so much beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the state, which her desires design'd.
The god of light, aspiring to her bed,
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed;
And is by his own oracles misled.
And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the god, consuming in desire,
And feeding in his breast the fruitless fire:
Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was bare)
And on her shoulders her dishevell'd hair:
"Oh, were it comb'd," said he, "with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!"
He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shone!
He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone,
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;
He praises all he sees, and for the rest
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.
Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay:
"Stay, nymph," he cry'd, "I follow, not a foe:
Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;
Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes,
And from pursuing falcons fearful doves;
Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god, that loves.
Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou should'st fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey:
These hands the Patarean sceptre sway.
The king of gods begot me: what shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes and heavenly numbers I inspire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But ah! more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.
Med'cine is mine, what herbs and simples grow
In fields and forests, all their powers I know;
And am the great physician call'd below.
Alas, that fields and forests can afford
No remedies to heal their love-sick lord!
To cure the pains of love, no plant avails;
And his own physic the physician fails."
She heard not half, so furiously she flies,
And on her ear th' imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and as she fled, the wind
Increasing spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view;
Which made the god more eager to pursue.
The god was young, and was too hotly bent
To lose his time in empty compliment:
But, led by Love, and fir'd by such a sight,
Impetuously pursued his near delight.
As when th' impatient greyhound, slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe, to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'er-runs her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She scapes, and for the neighbouring covert strives,
And, gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the god, and such the flying fair:
She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move;
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by Love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chase:
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of so long a flight;
And now despairing cast a mournful look,
Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
"Oh, help," she cry'd, "in this extremest need,
If water-gods are deities indeed:
Gape, Earth, and this unhappy wretch entomb,
Or change my form whence all my sorrows come

Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground:
A filmy rind about her body grows,
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone,
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and, casting round
Her bole, his arms, some little warmth he found.
The tree still panted in th' unfinish'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind;
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the god: "Because thou canst not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathless poet, and the poem, crown.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace;
When pomps shall in a long procession pass:
Wreath'd on the post before his palace wait;
And be the sacred guardian of the gate:
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as th' immortal powers above:
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn."
The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he said,
And shook the shady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO AN HEIFER.

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows,
Which Tempe's pleasant valley does enclose;
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his course,
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force:
Mists from the river's mighty fall arise;
And deadly damps enclose the cloudy skies:
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood;
And sounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood:
Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode:
A mansion proper for a mourning god.
Here he gives audience; issuing out decrees
To rivers, his dependent deities.
On this occasion hither they resort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court,
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate.
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears;
Then old Apidanus came crown'd with years:
Enipeus turbulent, Amphrysos tame;
And Æas last with lagging waters came.
Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
Condole his loss, and bring their urns along.
Not one was wanting of the watery train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own;
For his dear Io, whether stray'd or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
He sought her through the world, but sought in vain;
And, no where finding, rather fear'd her slain.
Her, just returning from her father's brook,
Jove had beheld with a desiring look;
"And, oh, fair daughter of the flood," he said,
"Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy whoever shall those charms possess!
The king of gods (nor is thy lover less)
Invites thee to yon cooler shades, to shun
The scorching rays of the meridian Sun.
Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone without a guide; thy guide is Jove.
No puny power, but he, whose high command
Is uncontin'd, who rules the seas and land,
And tempers thunder in his awful hand.
Oh, fly not"—(for she fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's pastures) he pursued the chase
Along the shades of the Lyrcæan plain;
At length the god who never asks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night, [flight,
Both air and earth; and then suppress'd her
And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full delight.
Mean-time the jealous Juno, from on high
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd that the mist should over-run
The face of day-light, and obscure the Sun.
No natural cause she found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marshy lowlands to produce the fogs:
Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
Her faithless husband; but no Jove was there.
Suspecting now the worst, "Or I," she said,
"Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd."
With fury she precipitates her flight;
Dispels the shadows of dissembled night,
And to the day restores his native light.
Th' almighty leacher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
Transforms his mistress in a trice: and now
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.
So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
Ev'n Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival of her love;
And what she was, and whence, inquir'd of Jove:
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The god half caught was forc'd upon a lie;
And said, she sprung from earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What should he do? 'twas equal shame to Jove,
Or to relinquish, or betray his love:
Yet to refuse so slight a gift, would be
But more t' increase his consort's jealousy:
Thus Fear, and Love, by turns his heart assail'd;
And stronger Love had sure at length prevail'd;
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
The cautious goddess of her gift possest,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast;
As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove,
And justly fear'd some new relapse of love.
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the fair.
The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred eyes.
But two by turns their lids in slumber steep;
The rest on duty still their station keep;
Nor could the total constellation sleep.
Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, though behind,
In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the setting Sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the stall.
On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed,
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed;
So hardly lodg'd: and to digest her food,
She drank from troubled streams defil'd with mud.

Her woful story fain she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She strove to speak; she spoke not, but she low'd.
Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seem'd t' inquire the author of the sound.
Once on the banks where often she had play'd
(Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd
Her alter'd visage, and her branching head;
And starting from herself she would have fled.
Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.
Ev'n Inachus himself was ignorant;
And in his daughter did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company:
They stroke her neck; the gentle heifer stands,
And her neck offers to their stroking hands:
Her father gave her grass; the grass she took,
And lick'd his palms, and cast a piteous look;
And in the language of her eyes she spoke.
She would have told her name, and ask'd relief,
But, wanting words, in tears she tells her grief;
Which with her foot she makes him understand,
And prints the name of Io in the sand.
"Ah wretched me!" her mournful father cry'd;
She with a sigh to *wretched* me reply'd:
About her milk-white neck his arms he threw,
And wept, and then these tender words ensue:
"And art thou she, whom I have sought around
The world, and have at length so sadly found?
So found, is worse than lost: with mutual words
Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue affords:
But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy breast;
And speech deny'd by lowing is express'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed,
With empty hopes of happy issue fed:
But now the husband of a herd must be
Thy mate, and bellowing sons thy progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, Death might bring relief!
But now my godhead but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see,
And makes me curse my immortality."
More had he said, but, fearful of her stay,
The starry guardian drove his charge away
To some fresh pasture; on a hilly height
He sate himself, and kept her still in sight.

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED INTO A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her sufferings bear:
But calf'd in haste his airy messenger,
The son of Maïa, with severe decree
To kill the keeper, and to set her free.
With all his harness soon the god was sped;
His flying hat was fasten'd on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the snaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, shoot him on the ground.
Before he came in sight, the crafty god
His wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his rod:
That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes took,
But made it seem to sight a shepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats control,
Which by the way he met, and slily stole.
Clad like a country swain, he pip'd, and sung;
And playing drove his jolly troop along.
With pleasure Argus the musician heeds;
But wonders much at those new vocal reeds.
"And whosoe'er thou art, my friend," said he,
"Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
This hill has brouze for them, and shade for thee."
The god, who was with ease induc'd to climb,
Began discourse to pass away the time;
And still betwixt his tuneful pipe he plies,
And watch'd his hour, to close the keeper's eyes.
With much ado, he partly kept awake;
Not suffering all his eyes repose to take:
And ask'd the stranger, who did reeds invent,
And whence became so rare an instrument.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

Then Hermes thus; "A nymph of late there was,
Whose heavenly form her fellows did surpass.
The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
Belov'd by deities, ador'd by swains:
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft pursu'd,
As oft she did the lustful gods delude:
The rural and the wood-land powers disdain'd;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rites maintain'd;
Like Phœbe clad, ev'n Phœbe's self she seems,
So tall, so straight, such well-proportion'd limbs:
The nicest eye did no distinction know,
But that the goddess bore a golden bow:
Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated too.
Descending from Lycæus, Pan admires
The matchless nymph, and burns with new desires.
A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
And thus began her pity to implore.
But, ere he thus began, she took her flight
So swift, she was already out of sight.
Nor stay'd to hear the courtship of the god;
But beat her course to Ladon's gentle flood:
There by the river stopt, and tir'd before,
Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.
"Now while the lustful god, with speedy pace,
Just thought to strain her in a strict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, new rising on the place.
And while he sighs his ill success to find,
The tender canes were shaken by the wind;
And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before;
That, much surprising Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new music, 'Thou,' he said,
'Who canst not be the partner of my bed,
At least shall be the consort of my mind;
And often, often, to my lips [illegible]
He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are:
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
They still retain the name of his [illegible] fair."
While Hermes pip'd, and sung, and [illegible] his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes [illegible]
And drowsy slumber on the [illegible]
Till all the watchman was at long [illegible]
Then soon the god his [illegible] suppress;
And with his powerful [illegible] his rest;
Without delay his crooked [illegible]
And at one fatal stroke the [illegible]
Down from the rock fell the [illegible] head,
Opening its eyes in death, and [illegible]
And mark'd the passage with [illegible]
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;

And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
Are clos'd at once, in one perpetual night.
These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.
Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;
With Furies frights her from her native home,
And drives her gadding round the world to roam:
Nor ceas'd her madness and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian shore.
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down: and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cause of all her miseries:
And cast her languishing regards above,
For help from Heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd; 'twas all she could;
And with unkindness seem'd to tax the god.
Last, with an humble prayer, she begg'd repose,
Or Death at least to finish all her woes.
Jove heard her vows, and, with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke.
He cast his arms about her neck, and said:
"Dame, rest secure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear,
And every oath that binds the thunderer."
The goddess was appeas'd: and at the word
Was Io to her former shape restor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
Though not so large; her crooked horns decrease;
The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease:
Her hoofs to hands return, in little space;
The five long taper fingers take their place;
And nothing of the heifer now is seen,
Beside the native whiteness of her skin.
Erected on her feet she walks again,
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue, her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when she speaks:
A goddess now through all th' Egyptian state;
And serv'd by priests, who in white linen wait.
Her son was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The son of Jove, and as a god receiv'd.
With sacrifice ador'd, and public prayers,
He common temples with his mother shares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaëton,
Like honour claims, and boasts his sire the Sun.
His haughty looks, and his assuming air,
The son of Isis could no longer bear:
"Thou tak'st thy mother's word too far," said he,
"And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree.
Go, base pretender to a borrow'd name!"
Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger, and with shame;
But shame repress'd his rage: the daunted youth
Soon seeks his mother, and inquires the truth:
"Mother," said he, "this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus on you, and me your son.
He spoke in public, told it to my face;
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace:
Ev'n I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.
To bear an open slander, is a curse:
But not to find an answer, is a worse.
If I am Heaven-begot, assert your son
By some sure sign; and make my father known,
To right my honour, and redeem your own."
He said, and saying cast his arms about
Her neck, and begg'd her to resolve the doubt.
'Tis hard to judge if Clymene were mov'd
More by his prayer, whom she so dearly lov'd,
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common Fame.
She stretch'd her arms to Heaven, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the skies;
"Now by those beams," said she, "whose holy fires
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires;
By him who sees us both, and chears our sight,
By him, the public minister of light,
I swear that Sun begot thee: if I lie,
Let him his chearful influence deny:
Let him no more this perjur'd creature see,
And shine on all the world but only me.
If still you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himself your parentage may know."
With joy th' ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager for the journey soon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to survey;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day:
From Meroë's burning sands he bends his course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force;
His travel urging, till he came in sight,
And saw the palace by the purple light.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection to the former Story.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was imposed on them by Minos king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digression to the story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most inartificial connections in all the Metamorphoses: for he only says, that Theseus obtained such honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourse to him in their necessities; and, amongst others, Calydon; though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

From him, the Caledonians sought relief;
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief.
The cause, a boar, who ravag'd far and near:
Of Cynthia's wrath, th' avenging minister.
For Oeneus, with autumnal plenty bless'd,
In gifts to Heaven his gratitude express'd:
Cull'd sheaves, to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine;
To Pan, and Pales, offer'd sheep and kine;
And fat of olives, to Minerva's shrine.
Beginning from the rural gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:
Each deity in every kind was bless'd,
Till at Diana's fane th' invidious honour ceas'd.
Wrath touches ev'n the gods; the queen of night,
Fir'd with disdain, and jealous of her right,
"Unhonour'd though I am, at least," said she,
"Not unreveng'd that impious act shall be."
Swift as the word, she sped the boar away,
With charge on those devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls th' Ægyptian pastures feed,
And none so large Sicilian meadows breed:

His eye-balls glare with fire, suffus'd with blood;
His neck shoots up a thickset thorny wood;
His bristled back a trench impal'd appears,
And stands erected, like a field of spears.
Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,
And part he churns, and part befoams the ground.
For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves; the scorching blast invades
The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades:
Or, suffering not their yellow beards to rear, [year.
He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the
In vain the barns expect their promis'd load,
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd abroad:
In vain the hinds the threshing-floor prepare,
And exercise their flails in empty air.
With olives ever green the ground is strow'd,
And grapes ungather'd shed their generous blood.
Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep [keep.
Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can
From fields to walls the frighted rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the town:
Till Meleagrus, and his chosen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue.
Fair Leda's twins, (in time to stars decreed)
One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery steed;
Then issu'd forth fam'd Jason after these,
Who mann'd the foremost ship that sail'd the seas;
Then Theseus join'd with bold Pirithous came:
A single concord in a double name:
The Thestian sons, Idas who swiftly ran,
And Cenеus, once a woman, now a man.
Lynceus, with eagle's eyes and lion's heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring dart;
Acastus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion,
Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son;
Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong;
With twice old Iolas, and Nester then but young.
Laertes active, and Ancæus bold;
Mopsus the sage, who future things foretold;
And t' other seer yet by his wife unsold.
A thousand others of immortal fame;
Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods; a diamond buckle bound
Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the ground,
And show'd her buskin'd legs; her head was bare,
But for her native ornament of hair;
Which in a simple knot was ty'd above,
Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
Her sounding quiver on her shoulder ty'd,
One hand a dart, and one a bow supply'd.
Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
The Calcdonian chief at once the dame
Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
With Heavens averse. "O happy youth," he cry'd;
"For whom thy Fates reserve so fair a bride!"
He sigh'd, and had no leisure more to say:
His honour call'd his eyes another way,
And forc'd him to pursue the now neglected prey.
There stood a forest on the mountain's brow,
Which over-look'd the shaded plains below,
No sounding ax presum'd those trees to bite;
Coeval with the world, a venerable sight.
The heroes there arriv'd, some spread around
The toils, some search the footsteps on the ground,
Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
Of action eager, and intent on thought,
The chiefs their honourable danger sought:
A valley stood below; the common drain
Of waters from above, and falling rain:
The bottom was a moist and marshy ground,
Whose edges were with bending osiers crown'd;
The knotty bulrush next in order stood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood. [amain,
From hence the boar was rous'd, and sprung
Like lightning sudden on the warrior-train;
Beats down the trees before him, shakes the ground,
The forest echoes to the crackling sound:
Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring around.
All stood with their protended spears prepar'd,
With broad steel heads the brandish'd weapons glar'd.
The beast impetuous with his tusks aside [glar'd.
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
All spend their mouth aloft, but none abide.
Echion threw the first, but miss'd his mark,
And stuck his boar-spear on a maple's bark,
Then Jason; and his javelin seem'd to take, [back.
But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above his
Mopsus was next; but ere he threw, address'd
To Phœbus thus: "O patron, help thy priest.
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy power divine, thy present aid afford;
That I may reach the beast." The god allow'd
His prayer, and, smiling, gave him what he could:
He reach'd the savage, but no blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew.
This chaf'd the boar, his nostrils flames expire,
And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine thrown,
Amidst the foes, so flies a mighty stone,
As flew the beast; the left wing put to flight,
The chiefs o'erborn, he rushes on the right.
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
In dust, and next to death, but for their fellows aid.
Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more sustain
The bulk; the bulk, unpropp'd, falls headlong on the plain.
Nestor had fail'd the fall of Troy to see,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then, gathering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
And thought his monstrous foe was still too near.
Against a stump his tusk the monster grinds,
And in the sharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, trusting to his arms, young Orthys found,
And rancl'd his hips with one continu'd wound.
Now Leda's twins, the future stars, appear:
White were their habits, white their horses were;
Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandish'd at the foe:
Nor had they miss'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aimi[illegible] not [illegible] the steed.
But Telamon rush'd i[illegible]
A rising root, that hel[illegible]
So down he fell, whom[illegible]
His brother from the [illegible]
Mean time the virgi[illegible]
T' expel the shaft fro[illegible]
Beneath his ear the fa[illegible]
And from the wound a[illegible]
She blush'd for joy: [illegible]
His voice with loud a[illegible]
prais'd.

He was the first to see, and first to show
His friends the marks of the successful blow.
"Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,"
He said; a virtuous envy seiz'd the crew.
They shout; the shouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging darts;
But, out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes frustrate the design.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flourishes his double-biting ax:
Then, forward to his fate, he took a stride,
Before the rest, and to his fellows cry'd,
"Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man;
The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beast defend."
Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on tiptoe stood,
Secure to make his empty promise good.
But the more wary beast prevents the blow,
And upwards rips the groin of his audacious foe.
Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Rush out, and clotted blood distains the ground.
Pirithous, no small portion of the war,
Press'd on, and shook his lance: to whom from far,
Thus Theseus cry'd: "O stay, my better part,
My more than mistress; of my heart, the heart.
The strong may fight aloof: Ancæus try'd
His force too near, and by presuming dy'd:"
He said, and while he spake, his javelin threw;
Hissing in air th' unerring weapon flew;
But on an arm of oak, that stood betwixt
The marks-man and the mark, his lance he fixt.
Once more bold Jason threw, but fail'd to wound
The boar, and slew an undeserving hound;
And through the dog the dart was nail'd to ground.
Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent,
With equal force, but various in th' event:
The first was fix'd in earth, the second stood
On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his blood.
Now while the tortur'd savage turns around,
And flings about his foam impatient of the wound,
The wound's great author close at hand provokes
His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed dart
Explores the nearest passage to his heart.
Quick and more quick he spins in giddy gyres,
Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.
This act with shouts Heaven-high the friendly band
Applaud, and strain in theirs the victor's hand.
Then all approach the slain with vast surprise,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, scarce secure, reach out their spears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partnership of war.
But he, the conquering chief, his foot impress'd
On the strong neck of that destructive beast;
And, gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
"Accept," said he, "fair Nonacrine, my prize,
And, though inferior, suffer me to join
My labours and my part of praise, with thine:"
At this presents her with the tusky head
And chine, with rising bristles roughly spread.
Glad, she receiv'd the gift, and seem'd to take
With double pleasure, for the giver's sake.
The rest were seiz'd with sullen discontent,
And rude murmur through the squadron went:
All envy'd; but the Thestyan brethren snow'd
The last respect, and thus they vent their spleen aloud:
"Lay down those honour'd spoils, nor think to share,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.
Trust not thy beauty; but restore the prize,
Which he, besotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us." At this, inflam'd with spite,
From her they snatch'd the gift, from him the giver's right.
But soon th' impatient prince his fauchion drew,
And cry'd, "Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the difference, at your proper cost,
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boast."
At this advanc'd, and, sudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' bosom plung'd the sword:
Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement slow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he stood,
Receiv'd the steel bath'd in his brother's blood.
Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second news,
Althæa to the temples pays their dues
For her son's conquest; when at length appear
Her grisly brethren stretch'd upon the bier:
Pale, at the sudden sight, she chang'd her cheer,
And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cause, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her soul; at last 'twas rage alone;
Which, burning upwards, in succession dries
The tears that stood considering in her eyes.
There lay a log unlighted on the earth,
When she was labouring in the throes of birth:
For th' unborn chief the fatal sisters came,
And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a scanty measure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;
And turning sung, "To this red brand and thee,
O new-born babe, we give an equal destiny:"
So vanish'd out of view. The frighted dame
Sprung hasty from her bed, and quench'd the flame:
The log in secret lock'd, she wept with care,
And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her heir.
This brand she now produc'd; and first she strows
The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
Thrice heav'd her hand, and, heav'd, she thrice
The sister and the mother long contest, [repress:
Two doubtful titles in one tender breast.
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now lowering looks presage approaching storms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Resolv'd, she doubts again; the tears, she dry'd
With blushing rage, are by new tears supply'd:
And as a ship, which winds and waves assail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both opposite, and neither long prevail,
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
Th' imperious tempest, and th' impetuous seas:
So fares Althæa's mind: first she relents
With pity, of that pity then repents:
Sister and mother long the scales divide,
But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To please her brothers' ghosts, her son should bleed;
And when the funeral flames began to rise,
"Receive," she said, "a sister's sacrifice:
A mother's bowels burn:" high in her hand,
Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal brand;
Then thrice before the kindled pile she bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:

"Come, come, revenging sisters, come and view
A sister paying a dead brother's due:
A crime I punish, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death, is fit:
Great crimes must be with greater crimes repaid,
And second funerals on the former laid.
Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all!
Shall Fate to happy Oenus still allow
One son, while Thestius stands depriv'd of two?
Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go.
Take then, dear ghosts, (while yet admitted new
In Hell you wait my duty) take your due:
A costly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.
"Ah! whither am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,
Ye Shades, and let your sister's issue live:
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me. [slain,
"Then shall th' unpunish'd wretch insult the
Triumphant live, not only live, but reign;
While you, thin Shades, the sport of winds, are tost
O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coast.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;
Perish this impious, this detested son;
Perish his sire, and perish I withal; [fall.
And let the house's heir, and the hop'd kingdom
"Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains with which ten months I strove!
Ah! hadst thou dy'd, my son, in infant years,
Thy little herse had been bedew'd with tears.
"Thou liv'st by me; to me thy breath resign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require;
Once given at birth, and once preserv'd from fire:
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee restore.
"I would, but cannot: my son's image stands
Before my sight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact,
This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.
"He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom:
My brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
But, having paid their injur'd ghosts their due,
My son requires my death, and mine shall his pursue."
At this for the last time she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and, half unwilling, drops the brand.
The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themselves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have shrunk away.
Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
And in those absent flames began to fry:
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
But he with manly patience bore his pains:
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honest wound, and by a death so dry.
"Happy Ancæus, thrice aloud he cry'd,
With what becoming fate in arms he dy'd;"
Then call'd his brothers, sisters, sire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
Perhaps his mother; a long sigh he drew,
And, his voice failing, took his last adieu:
For as the flames augment, and as they stay
At their full height, then languish to decay,
They rise, and sink by fits; at last they soar
In one bright blaze, and then descend no more;
Just so his inward heats, at height, impair,
Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul in air.
Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies;
All ages, all degrees, unsluice their eyes;
And Heaven and Earth resound with murmurs, groans, and cries.
Matrons and maidens beat their breasts, and tear
Their habits, and root up their scatter'd hair.
The wretched father, father now no more,
With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the floor,
Deforms his hoary locks with dust obscene,
And curses age, and loaths a life prolong'd with pain.
By steel her stubborn soul his mother freed,
And punish'd on herself her impious deed.
Had I an hundred tongues, a wit so large
As could their hundred offices discharge;
Had Phœbus all his Helicon bestow'd,
In all the streams inspiring all the god;
Those tongues, that wit, those streams, that god, in vain
Would offer to describe his sisters' pain:
They beat their breasts with many a bruising blow,
Till they turn livid, and corrupt the snow.
The corpse they cherish, while the corpse remains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless pains;
And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away,
They kiss the bed on which the body lay:
And when those funeral flames no longer burn
(The dust compos'd within a pious urn),
Ev'n in that urn their brother they confess,
And hug it in their arms, and to their bosoms press.
His tomb is rais'd; then, stretch'd along the ground,
Those living monuments his tomb surround:
Ev'n to his name, inscrib'd, their tears they pay,
Till tears and kisses wear his name away.
But Cynthia now had all her fury spent,
Not with less ruin, than a race, content:
Excepting Gorgé, perish'd all the seed,
And her whom Heaven for Hercules decreed.
Satiate at last, no longer she pursu'd
The weeping sisters; but, with wings endu'd
And horny beaks, and sent to flit in air; [pair.
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks re-

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, pursuing the deeds of Theseus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the river-god, to stay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with relation of his own love to Perigone, whom he changed into an island by Neptune. Pirithous, being an atheist, laughed at the power of the gods. To confirm Lelex, another companion, in the belief of the gods, he confirms the story of Achelous, and relates the metamorphosis of Philemon and Baucis into trees: of which he speaks thus:

Thus Achelous ended his long tale,
With admiration, and

The powers of Heaven; except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the gods, believ'd in none;
He shook his impious head, and thus replies,
"These legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
To think they give us forms, and take away."
The rest, of better minds, their sense declar'd
Against this doctrine, and with horrour heard.
Then Lelex rose, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with sober gravity began:
"Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and sea,
The manufacture mass, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompass'd round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place and them, by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their deities:
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
At last an hospitable house they found,
A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their store,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.
"From lofty roofs the gods repuls'd before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant-fire:
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brush-wood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone)
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-water'd spot;)
She strippd off the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and then with handy care dress'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.
"A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
Before their guests; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dry'd their sweat:
This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the sted,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread,
But coarse old garments; yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feast, on holydays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The tables set; th' invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust, beneath the limping leg, a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd mint,
A wholesome herb that breath'd a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserv'd:
A garden-salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthen-ware were serv'd to board;
And next in place an earthen pitcher stor'd
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clear,
Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table sent the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savory bit, that serv'd to relish wine:
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
The second course succeeds like that before.
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintry store,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates, were set
In canisters, t' enlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst the country-banquet crown'd.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.
"Mean time the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often emptied, were observ'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.
Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd;
And up they held their hands, and fell to pray'r,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
One goose they had ('twas all they could allow)
A wakeful centry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and limping they pursu'd:
Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment;
But persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.

He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
And sav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
And own'd the god. 'The neighbourhood,' said he,
'Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accurs'd; and to the mountains height
Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight.'
"They haste; and what their tardy feet deny'd,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supply'd.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains:
Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height and bulk to grow.
A stately temple shoots within the skies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires and tiles of gold.
"Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene,
'Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound.'
"A while they whisper; then, to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request.
'We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre.'
"The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenour all th' appointed space;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his len'then'd arms a sprouting wood:
New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind:
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu;
At once, 'Farewel, O faithful spouse,' they said;
At once th' encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
'The good,' said I, 'are God's peculiar care,
And such as honour Heaven, shall heavenly honour share.'"

THE FABLE OF IPHIS AND IANTHE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fame of this, perhaps, through Crete had flown;
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnossian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle resounds)
At Phæstus dwelt a man of honest blood,
But meanly born, and not so rich as good;
Esteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood;
Who to his wife, before the time assign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly spoke his mind.
"If Heaven," said Lygdus, "will vouchsafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a son and heir.
Girls cost as many throes in bringing forth;
Beside, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to sustain
Their share of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature shalt produce,
Of so great charges, and so little use,
(Bear witness, Heaven, with what reluctancy)
Her hapless innocence I doom to die."
He said, and tears the common grief display,
Of him who had, and her who must obey.
Yet Telethusa still persists, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
T' extend his wishes to a larger scope,
And in one vessel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And she her heavy load could scarcely bear;
When slumbering, in the latter shades of night,
Before th' approaches of returning light,
She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Isis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow sheaves her shining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, she wore on high;
The dog and dappl'd bull were waiting by;
Osiris, sought along the banks of Nile;
The silent god; the sacred crocodile;
And, last, a long procession moving on,
With timbrels, that assist the labouring Moon.
Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus distinctly spake.
"My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to save whate'er the gods will send.
Delude with art thy husband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repose thy trust on me;
And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless deity."
This promise made, with night the goddess fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed;
Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burthen did disclose.
'Twas of the [illegible]
With secrecy, to [illegible]
Th' indulgent mother [illegible]
And pass'd it on [illegible]
The nurse was [illegible]
The father paid [illegible]
And call'd him [illegible]
Which either s[illegible]
Iphis his grand[illegible]
Of half the fraud [illegible]
The doubtful n[illegible]
And truth was [illegible]

The habit show'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceness mingled female grace.
Now thirteen years of age were swiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of settling in the world his only son.
Ianthe was his choice; so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bless'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They soon espous'd: for they with ease were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the same, their inclinations too:
And bred together in one school they grew.
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languish'd in despair.
The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
For whom she thought a man, she thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
Ev'n her despair adds fuel to her sire;
A maid with madness does a maid desire.
And, scarce refraining tears, "Alas," said she,
What issue of my love remains for me!
How wild a passion works within my breast!
With what prodigious flames am I possest!
Could I the care of Providence deserve,
Heaven must destroy me, if it would preserve.
And that's my fate, or sure it would have sent
Some usual evil for my punishment,
Not this unkindly curse; to rage and burn,
Where Nature shows no prospect of return.
Nor cows for cows consume with fruitless fire;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares desire:
The father of the fold supplies his ewes;
The stag through secret woods his hind pursues;
And birds for mates the males of their own species choose.
Her females Nature guards from female flame,
And joins two sexes to preserve the game:
Would I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for monsters, wanted of her store,
Till my new love produc'd one monster more.
The daughter of the Sun a bull desir'd,
And yet ev'n then a male a female sir'd:
Her passion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes, she took a different shape;
Yet still she gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dædalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive these golden wishes from thy thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.
And yet no guards against our joys conspire;
No [illegible] hinder [illegible] desire;
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss.
All things concur to prosper our design;
All things to prosper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis past the power of Heaven to grant my prayer.
Heaven has been kind, as far as Heaven can be;
Our parents with our own desires agree;
But Nature, stronger than the gods above,
Refuses her assistance to my love;
She sets the bar that causes all my pain:
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is just at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies. Thus accurs'd,
In midst of water I complain of thirst.
Why com'st thou, Juno, to these barren rites,
To bless a bed defrauded of delights?
And why should Hymen lift his torch on high,
To see two brides in cold embraces lie?"
Thus lovesick Iphis her vain passion mourns;
With equal ardour fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To speed the work, and haste the happy hour.
She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
And strives to interpose some new delay:
Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
But, having done whate'er she could devise,
And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next ensuing day
The fatal secret must to light betray.
Then Telethusa had recourse to prayer,
She and her daughter with dishevell'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Isis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.
"Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt smile,
Who sway'st the sceptre of the Pharian isle,
And seven-fold falls of disemboguing Nile;
Relieve, in this our last distress," she said,
"A suppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, goddess, thou wert present to my sight;
Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light:
I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,
With all thy marks of awful majesty:
The glorious train that compass'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy sound.
Thy words I noted; which I still retain;
Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myself am free
From shame, and punishment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counsel sav'd us, let thy power defend."
Her tears pursu'd her words; and while she spoke
The goddess nodded, and her altar shook:
The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns that bind
The brows of Isis cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring sound.
Some hopes these happy omens did impart;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully satisfy'd;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride:
The whiteness of her skin forsook her face;
Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace;
Her features and her strength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her sparkling eyes with manly vigour shone;
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into man.
The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inscription wear:

"Iphis, the man, has to the Goddess paid
The vows, that Iphis offered when a maid."
Now when the star of day had shown his face,
Venus and Juno with their presence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Descended to complete their happy love;
The gods of marriage lend their mutual aid;
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Propœtides, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into stone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, detested all women for their sake, and resolved never to marry. He falls in love with a statue of his own making, which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his descendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha: the daughter incestuously loves her own father; for which she is changed into a tree which bears her name. These two stories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

Pygmalion, loathing their lascivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but most a wife:
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a consort of his bed:
Yet, fearing Idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercis'd his happy skill;
And carv'd in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As Nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work; but, in her own defence,
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And, had she mov'd, a living maid had been;
One would have thought she could have stirr'd; but strove
With modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit;
He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more:
The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the breast,
And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breast resists the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiss unripe:
But when, retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean;
So would believe she kiss'd, and, courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;
And, straining hard the statue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid:
Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind:
With flattery now he seeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of love:
He furnishes her closet first; and fills
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells; [drew,
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he
And all the sparkling stones of various hue:
And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And singing birds in silver cages hung;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were sorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
Rich, fashionable robes her person deck,
Pendants her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone surrounds her slender waist.
Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
Beauteous she show'd, but naked show'd the best.
Then from the floor he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple spread:
The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandishments invites her to his side,
And as she were with vital sense possess'd,
Her head did on a plumy pillow rest.
The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the sacred altars, bled:
Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the powers divine:
"Almighty gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair statue mine," he would have said,
But chang'd his words for shame, and only pray'd,
"Give me the likeness of my ivory maid."
The golden goddess, present at the prayer,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,
And gave the sign of granting his desire;
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.
The youth, returning to his mistress, hies,
And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiss:
He thought them warm'd before; nor longer stays,
But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent;
He felt again, his fingers made a print,
'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the dint.
The pleasing task he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew:
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former mass to form, and frame to use.
He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
And tries his argument of sense again,
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein:
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied thanks and praise
To her who made the miracle, he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the favour of the kiss sincere:
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with surprise.
The goddess, present at the match she made,
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,
That ere ten moons had sharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born,
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, walled
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connection with the story with the former: for the beginning of this

follows the end of the last: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far distant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither she fled. You will see the reason of this note, soon after the first lines of this fable.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who, like his sire, had been
A happy prince, had he not been a sire.
Daughters and fathers, from my song retire:
I sing of horrour; and, could I prevail,
You should not hear, or not believe, my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last event,
And with the sin believe the punishment:
Since Nature could behold so dire a crime,
I gratulate at least my native clime,
That such a land, which such a monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian shore.
Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet amomum boast,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years;
How can the land be call'd so bless'd, that Myrrha bears?
Not all her odorous tears can cleanse her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Disowns thy love, and vindicates his dart;
Some fury gave thee those infernal pains,
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy sire, had merited a curse:
But such an impious love deserv'd a worse.
The neighbouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not choose, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her secret soul she said:
"Ah Myrrha! whither would thy wishes tend?
Ye gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human breast!
But is it sin? Or makes my mind alone
Th' imagin'd sin? For Nature makes it none.
What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast but man!
The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the lusty ram,
Or more salacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed her chick she bore,
And make a husband, whom she hatch'd before.
All creatures else are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleasure bind,
Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of mind.
But man a slave of his own making lives;
The fool denies himself what Nature gives:
Too busy senates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the cause.
Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but those which love ordains:
Where happy daughters with their sires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in such a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
But whither would my impious fancy stray!
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts away!
His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
But with the love that daughters bear to sires.
Then, had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverseness of my fate is such,
That he's not mine, because he's mine too much:
Our kindred blood debars a better tie;
He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
Eyes and their objects never must unite,
Some distance is requir'd to help the sight:
Fain would I travel to some foreign shore,
Never to see my native country more,
So might I to myself myself restore;
So might my mind these impious thoughts remove,
And, ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might:
More, impious maid! What more canst thou design,
To make a monstrous mixture in thy line,
And break all statutes human and divine?
Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound so many sacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
And fear'st thou not to see th' infernal bands,
Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd their hands,
Full at thy face, th' avenging brands to bear,
And shake the serpents from their hissing hair?
But thou in time th' increasing ill control,
Nor first debauch the body by the soul;
Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the sanctions Nature has design'd.
Suppose I should attempt, th' attempt were vain;
No thoughts like mine his sinless soul profane:
Observant of the right; and O, that he
Could cure my madness, or be mad like me!"
Thus she; but Cinyras, who daily sees
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to choose,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.
But, having told their names, inquir'd of her,
Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer?
The blushing maid stood silent with surprise,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking sigh'd: and as she sigh'd, began
Round tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
The tender sire, who saw her blush and cry,
Ascrib'd it all to maiden-modesty;
And dry'd the falling-drops, and, yet more kind,
He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd:
She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleasure than a daughter should;
And, ask'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the best; she answer'd, "One like you."
Mistaking what she meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bade her so continue still:
The word of pious heard, she blush'd with shame
Of secret guilt, and could not bear the name.
'Twas now the mid of night, when slumbers close
Our eyes, and sooth our cares with soft repose;
But no repose could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind:
Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
And wishes all her wishes o'er again.

Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
Would not, and would again, she knows not why;
Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the vow;
Fain would begin, but understands not how:
As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
And the last mortal stroke alone remains,
Labouring in pangs of death, and threatening all,
This way and that she nods, considering where to fall:
So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side,
Takes every bent, but cannot long abide:
Irresolute on which she should rely,
At last, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die:
On that sad thought she rests; resolv'd on death,
She rises, and prepares to choak her breath:
Then while about the beam her zone she ties,
"Dear Cinyras, farewell," she softly cries;
"For thee I die, and only wish to be
Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee:
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause:"
This said, about her neck the noose she draws;
The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not in words, the murmurs overheard,
And sighs and hollow sounds; surpris'd, with fright
She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a light:
Unlocks the door, and entering out of breath,
The dying saw, and instruments of death;
She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling haste,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
Next (for she now had leisure for her tears)
She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming years,
What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care,
To loath her life, and languish in despair!
The maid with down-cast eyes, and mute with grief,
For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief,
Stood sullen to her suit: the beldame press'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breast,
Adjur'd her, by the kindly food she drew
From those dry founts, her secret ill to show.
Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside:
The nurse still urg'd, and would not be denyed:
Nor only promis'd secresy; but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
"Good will," she said, "my want of strength supplies,
And diligence shall give what age denies.
If strong desires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and med'cines I can cure thy love:
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More powerful verse shall free thee from the blast:
If Heaven offended sends thee this disease,
Offended Heaven with prayers we can appease.
What then remain, that can these cares procure?
Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure:
Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives."
The virgin started at her father's name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame:
Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd:
But yet surmis'd, that love disturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, she pursued her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid;
Then softly sooth'd her thus, "I guess your grief:
You love, my child; your love shall find relief.
My long experience'd age shall be your guide;
Rely on that, and lay distrust aside:
No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know."
Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head:
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go: but she receiv'd not the command;
Remaining still importunate to know:
Then Myrrha thus; "Or ask no more, or go:
I pr'ythee go, or staying spare my shame;
What thou wouldst hear, is impious ev'n to name."
At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And, trembling both with age and terrour, stands,
Adjures, and falling at her feet entreats,
Soothes her with blandishments, and frights with threats,
To tell the crime intended, or disclose
What part of it she knew, if she no farther knows:
And last, if conscious to her counsel made,
Confirms anew the promise of her aid.
Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but soon, oppress'd
With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's breast;
Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have confess'd:
Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she try'd;
The faltering tongue its office still deny'd:
At last her veil before her face she spread,
And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
"O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!"
Then groan'd, and ceas'd; the good old woman shook,
Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horrour stood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than she would:
Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,
To cure the madness of th' unhappy maid:
In vain: for Myrrha stood convict of ill;
Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her will:
Perverse of mind, unable to reply,
She stood resolv'd or to possess or die.
At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd:
"Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
Thy love," she said; she durst not say, thy sire.
"Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:"
Then with a second oath her faith confirms.
The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen stoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
Offering first-fruits, and spikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they shun,
And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook her lord,
And Ceres' power with secret rites ador'd.
The royal couch, now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The curst occasion took: the king she found
Easy with wine, and deep in pleasure drown'd,
Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the flame,
Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the name.
Her form she prais'd; the monarch ask'd her years;
And she reply'd, the same that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought;
Impatient he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she hies her home,
And gratulates the [illegible]
Myrrha was joy'd [illegible]
But, clog'd with [illegible]
So various, so dis[illegible]
That in our will, [illegible]
Ill she presag'd, [illegible]
For guilt, pleas[illegible]
Twas depth of [illegible]
His lazy wain [illegible]
When Myrrha [illegible]
The Moon beh[illegible]

The stars amaz'd ran backward from the sight,
And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their light.
Icarius first withdraws his holy flame:
The Virgin sign, in Heaven the second name,
Slides down the belt, and from her station flies,
And night with sable clouds involves the skies.
Bold Myrrha still pursues her black intent:
She stumbled thrice, (an omen of th' event;)
Thrice shriek'd the funeral owl, yet on she went,
Secure of shame, because secure of sight;
Ev'n bashful sins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came:
The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
Where dark in bed th' expecting monarch lay;
Thus far her courage held, but here forsakes;
Her faint knees knock at every step she makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorse, and horrour of her sin;
Repents too late her criminal desire,
And wishes, that unknown she could retire.
Her lingering thus, the nurse (who fear'd delay
The fatal secret might at length betray)
Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
And said to Cinyras, "Receive thy own:"
Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The sire, unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd sheets;
He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove
With maiden modesty, against her love; [move.
And sought with flattering words vain fancies to re-
Perhaps he said, "My daughter, cease thy fears,"
(Because the title suited with her years)
And, "Father," she might whisper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the sin.
Full of her sire, she left th' incestuous bed,
And carried in her womb the crime she bred:
Another, and another night she came;
For frequent sin had left no sense of shame:
Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face,
Whose body he had held in close embrace,
And brought a taper; the revealer, Light,
Expos'd both crime and criminal to sight:
Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech afford,
But from the sheath he drew th' avenging sword:
The guilty fled; the benefit of night,
That favour'd first the sin, secur'd the flight.
Long wandering through the spacious fields, she
Her voyage to th' Arabian continent; [bent
Then pass'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And flying left the balmy plains behind. [length
Nine times the Moon had mew'd her horns; at
With travel weary, unsupply'd with strength,
And with the burthen of her womb oppress'd,
Sabæan fields afford her needful rest:
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray'd:
"Ye powers, if any so propitious are
T' accept my penitence, and hear my prayer;
Your [illegible] justly sent:
Great [illegible] punishment:
[illegible] profane,
And [illegible] will stain,
A [illegible]
Betw[illegible] below:
Some o[illegible] Myrrha give,
Nor let [illegible] wholly live."
The prayer [illegible] are never vain;
At least, sh[illegible] last request obtain;
For, while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:
Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender skin is harden'd into rind.
And now the rising tree her womb invests,
Now, shooting upwards still, invades her breasts,
And shades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward shape she lost her sense,
With bitter tears she wept her last offence;
And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain;
For still the precious drops her name retain.
Mean time the misbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes
The swelling rind, with unavailing strife,
To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppress'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain:
And, like a labouring woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:
The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the
groaning wood:
Then reach'd her midwife hand, to speed the throes,
And spoke the powerful spells that babes to birth
The bark divides, the living load to free, [disclose.
And safe delivers the convulsive Tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent plant distill'd.
They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him
spread [head.
The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his
The lovely babe was born with every grace:
Ev'n Envy must have prais'd so fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they show
Their utmost art, on naked Loves bestow:
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along with undiscover'd haste,
The future but a length behind the past:
So swift are years, the babe, whom just before
His grandsire got, and whom his sister bore;
The drop, the thing which late the tree enclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
And lovelier than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

CEYX AND ALCYONE.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection of this Fable with the former.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer (the morning star), and king of Trachin in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone daughter to Æolus god of the winds. Both the husband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having

been turned into a falcon by Apollo; and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, slain by Diana; Ceyx prepared a ship to sail to Claros, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to inquire how the anger of the gods might be atoned.

These prodigies affect the pious prince, [since,
But, more perplex'd with those that happen'd
He purposes to seek the Clarian god,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode,
Since Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road.
Yet could not he, from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal:
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart:
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new:
She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung,
And faltering dy'd unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd; and found the wonted way.
"Tell me, my lord," she said, "what fault unknown
Thy once-belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindness gone?
Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And, unconcern'd, forsake the sweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou goest by land, though grief possess
My soul ev'n then, my fears will be the less.
But ah! be warn'd to shun the watery way,
The face is frightful of the stormy sea.
For late I saw a-drift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my sire in caves constrains the wind,
Can with a breath a clamorous rage appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas;
Not so, for, once indulg'd, they sweep the main,
Deaf to the call, or hearing hear in vain;
But, bent on mischief, bear the waves before,
And, not content with seas, insult the shore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage:
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne:
The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
But, if not fears or reasons will prevail,
If Fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share,
And present suffer what I only fear:
Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die."
These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's heart,
But still he held his purpose to depart:
For, as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But sought by arguments to sooth her pain;
Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,
With which so difficult a cause he won:
"My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I swear,
Before two Moons their orb with light adorn,
If Heaven allow me life, I will return."
This promise of so short a stay prevails;
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to lanch; she trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewel,
Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning fell:
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.
The queen, recover'd, rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies
Shaking his hand at distance on the main;
She took the sign, and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew
The much-lov'd face; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes;
The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She followed with her sight the flying sails:
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more,
Forsaken of all sight, she left the shore.
Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her weary'd eyes to close:
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.
And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the vessel half her course had run,
And as much rested till the rising Sun;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose:
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first denounce the watery war.
This seen, the master soon began to cry,
"Strike, strike the top-sail; let the main-sheet fly,
And furl your sails:" the winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.
Yet, of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiously they wrought;
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another, bolder yet, the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails; a fourth, with labour, laves
Th' intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.
In this confusion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars; the suffering seas
Are toss'd, and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but, in despair
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care,
Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrowds;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds:
At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunder roll.
Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries:
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden show:
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian die the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.

Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
And now sublime she rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty summit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky;
Now from the depth of Hell they lift their sight,
And at a distance see superior light:
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as battering rams a fort:
Or as a lion, bounding in his way,
With force augmented bears against his prey,
Sidelong to seize: or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear:
So seas impell'd by winds with added power
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tower.
The planks, their pitchy coverings wash'd away,
Now yield; and now a yawning breach display:
The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
Mean time in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean swell'd with waters upwards tends,
One rising, falling one; the heavens and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way:
The sails are drunk with showers, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No star appears to lend his friendly light:
Darkness and tempest make a double night.
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And, while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite,
And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an host alone
Still presses on, and urging gains the town;
So, while th' invading billows come a-breast,
The hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows conquering shout,
And mount on others backs, in hope to share
The city, thus become the seat of war.
An universal cry resounds aloud,
The sailors run in heaps; a helpless crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief,
But, stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate.
One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,
And calls those happy whom their funerals wait.
This wretch with prayers and vows the gods im-
And ev'n the skies he cannot see, adores. [plores,
That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
His careful father, and his faithful spouse.
The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:
His wife he wishes, and would still be near,
Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more;
He sought, but in the dark tempestuous night
He knew not whither to direct his sight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
The giddy ship ran round; the tempest tore
Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and, with a scornful brow,
Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves
below;
Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And toss'd on seas: press'd with the ponderous
blow
Down sinks the ship within th' abyss below:
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many, never more to rise again.
Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless care
Lay hold, and swim, but, while they swim, despair.
Ev'n he who late a sceptre did command
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand,
And, while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain;
But yet his consort is his greater care;
Alcyone he names amidst his prayer,
Names as a charm against the waves, and wind;
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From prayers to wishes he descends at last;
That his dead body, wafted to the sands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulph of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair,
And, ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night, his heavenly form obscur'd with tears;
And since he was forbid to leave the skies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.
Mean time Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone,
Observes the waning Moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wishes for a new;
Against the promis'd time provides with care,
And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear;
And for herself employs another loom,
New dress'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flattering her heart with joys that never were to
come:
She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
And oft before the sacred altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty name.
All powers implor'd, but far above the rest
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part;
This last petition heard of all her prayer,
The rest dispers'd by winds were lost in air.
But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus bespoke: "Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haste to the house of Sleep, and bid the god,
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm:
This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event."
Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch (a segment of the skies):
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends to search the silent house of Sleep.
Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy god;

Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising Sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky;
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day:
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace:
Nor beast of Nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming Sleeps;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was th' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep:
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon-sted:
Black was the covering too, where lay the god
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad:
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.
The virgin, entering bright, indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away:
The god, disturb'd with his new glare of light
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin:
At length shook off himself; and ask'd the dame,
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came?
To whom the goddess thus: "O sacred Rest,
Sweet pleasing sleep, of all the powers the best!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay, [day,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the
Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies
Adorn a dream, expressing human form, [away!
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
And send it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand."
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep:
But fled returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent.
The god, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain;
And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus of all his numerous train express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture, could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien belie;
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd;
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful things, and monster shapes:
This demon, Icelos, in Heaven's high hall
The gods have nam'd; but men Phobeter call:
A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams:
These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
The rest before th' ignoble commons play:
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd:
Which done, the lazy monarch overwatch'd
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.
Darkling the demon glides for flight prepar'd,
So soft that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade
Through air his momentary journey made:
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
Forsakes his proper form, assumes the king's;
And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And stands before the bed at dawn of day:
Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears;
And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
The briny water dropping from his hairs;
Then staring on her, with a ghastly look
And hollow voice, he thus the queen bespoke:
"Know'st thou not me! Not yet, unhappy wife?
Or are my features perish'd with my life?
Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
Lo all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost!
Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
The stormy south o'ertook us in the main;
And never shalt thou see thy living lord again.
Bear witness, Heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my breath:
Think not that flying Fame reports my fate;
I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford:
But rise, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy perish'd lord."
Thus said the player-god; and, adding art
Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the tears.
She groan'd, her inward soul with grief opprest,
She sigh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her breast:
Then stretch'd her arms t' embrace his body bare,
Her clasping arms enclose but empty air:
At this not yet awake she cry'd, "Oh stay,
One is our fate, and common is our way!"
So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
That, starting sudden up, the slumber broke;
Then cast her eyes around in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks;
Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair.
Her nurse demands the cause; with louder cries
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies.
"No more Alcyone, she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath:
No flattery, no false comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone;
I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew:
His lustre lost, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face; [hair,
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and drooping
None but my Ceyx could appear so fair:

I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But through my arms he slipt, and vanish'd from
the place:
There, ev'n just there he stood;" and as she spoke,
Where last the spectre was, she cast her look:
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground
If any printed footsteps might be found.
Then sigh'd and said: "This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear presag'd too true:
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in death dis-
So had my Ceyx still been living here, [join'd!
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there:
Now I die absent in the vast profound;
And me without myself the seas have drown'd:
The storms were not so cruel; should I strive
To lighten life, and such a grief survive;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line."
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,
And stopt her tongue; but what her tongue deny'd,
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints sup-
ply'd.
'Twas morning; to the port she takes her way,
And stands upon the margin of the sea:
That place, that very spot of ground she sought,
Or thither by her destiny was brought,
Where last he stood: and while she sadly said,
'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting kiss; and there his anchors weigh'd;
Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions
trace,
And call to mind, admonish'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries;
It seem'd a corpse adrift, to distant sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright?
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew
That what before she but surmis'd, was true:
A corpse it was, but whose it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the case her own:
Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,
As for a stranger wept, and thus began:
"Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!"
At this she paus'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her fears increase,
At nearer sight; and she's herself the less:
Now driven ashore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees:
Her husband's corpse; at this she loudly shrieks,
"'Tis he, 'tis he," she cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her vest, and, stooping to the sands,
About his neck she cast her trembling hands.
"And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife!"
She said, and to the neighbouring mole she strode
(Rais'd there to break th' incursions of the flood):
Headlong from hence to plunge herself she springs,
But shoots along supported on her wings;
A bird new-made about the banks she plies,
Nor far from shore, and short excursions tries;
Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise,
Content to skim the surface of the seas;
Her bill, though slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice:
Now lighting where the bloodless body lies,
She with a funeral note renews her cries.
At all her stretch her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead:
Then, flickering to his pallid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love:
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present miracle was shown.
The gods their shapes to winter-birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection still is ty'd,
And still the mournful race is multiply'd;
They bill, they tread; Alcyone compress'd
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest:
A wintery queen: her sire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind:
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smooths the seas.

ÆSACUS transformed into a CORMORANT.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

These some old man sees wanton in the air,
And praises the unhappy constant pair.
Then to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant
The former tale reviving others woes: [shows,
"That sable bird," he cries, "which cuts the flood
With slender legs, was once of royal blood;
His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede
(Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy),
And Priam, hapless prince! who fell with Troy:
Himself was Hector's brother, and (had Fate
But given this hopeful youth a longer date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Though on the mother's side of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
Bare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
He fled the noisy town, and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
And seldom to the city would resort.
Yet he no rustic clownishness profest,
Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast:
The youth had long the nymph Hesperia woo'd,
Oft through the thicket or the mead pursu'd:
Her haply on her father's bank he spy'd,
While fearless she her silver tresses dry'd;
Away she fled: not stags with half such speed,
Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
Pursu'd by hawks, so swift regain the lake.
As fast he follow'd in the hot career:
Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot;
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices shoot:
She fell, and 'scap'd by death his fierce pursuit.
Her lifeless body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cry'd, 'Not this I dreaded, but thy haste:

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O had my love been less, or less thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accursed snake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cause was given by me.
Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you dy'd.'
He spoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging side,
And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he sought deny'd, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the surest remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curst th' unask'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a second fall successless tries:
The downy plume a quick descent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaseless sorrow for th' unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his spirits prey'd.
Still near the sounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came."

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Wholly translated.

Connection to the end of the Eleventh Book.

Æsacus, the son of Priam, loving a country life, forsakes the court: living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who, flying from him, was killed by a serpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himself; but, by the pity of the gods, is turned into a cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summed up, in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual style. Yet the house of Fame, which is here described, is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this poet: and particularly the loves and death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

Priam, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son:
A cenotaph his name and title kept,
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers [wept.
This pious office Paris did not share;
Absent alone, and author of the war,
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
T' avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue.
A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the sea:
Nor had their just resentments found delay,
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way.
At Aulis, with united powers, they meet;
But there, cross winds or calms detain'd the fleet.
Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore;
A boding sign the priests and people see:
A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And, in the leafy summit, spy'd a nest,
Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow press'd.
Eight were the birds unfledg'd; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care; but still in view:
Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood;
Then seiz'd the fluttering dam, and drank her blood.
This dire ostent the fearful people view;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What Heaven decreed: and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
"O Argives, we shall conquer; Troy is ours,
But long delays shall first afflict our powers:
Nine years of labour, the nine birds portend;
The tenth shall in the town's destruction end."
The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held:
But, as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone:
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.
Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd;
Slack were their sails; and Neptune disobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town should be destroy'd,
Whose building had his hands divine employ'd:
Not so the seer: who knew, and known foreshow'd,
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Must first be reconcil'd; the common cause
Prevail'd; and, pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array'd;
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd:
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended power, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath; and stopp'd the coming blow.
A mist before the ministers she cast;
And, in the virgin's room, a hind she plac'd.
Th' oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled Ocean smil'd:
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd the Grecian galleys bore.
Full in the midst of this created space,
Betwixt Heaven, Earth, and Skies, there stands a place
Confining on all three; with triple bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating sound.
The palace of loud Fame; her seat of power;
Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tower;
A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease;
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' insulted shore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crouds, or issuing forth, or entering in:
A thoroughfare of news: where some devise
Things never heard; some mingle truth with lies:
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat;
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Errour sits brooding there; with added train
Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:

Suspicion, with sedition join'd, are near;
And rumours rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panic fear.
Fame sits aloft; and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above; inquiring all around.
The goddess gives th' alarm; and soon is known
The Grecian fleet, descending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand,
Which with expense of blood the Grecians won:
And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's son.
And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.
From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcases, and stain'd with gore:
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain;
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where'er he fought,
Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he sought:
Cygnus he found; on him his force essay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd. [yoke,
His white-man'd steeds, that bow'd beneath the
He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle stroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe:
And, rising, shook his lance, in act to throw.
But first he cry'd, "O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death, enobled by Pelides' spear."
The lance pursued the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,
But pierc'd his cuirass, with such fury sent,
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune; "Goddess-born,
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;
This helm, and heavy buckler, I can spare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the sea to spring:
Thy sire is mortal; mine is ocean's king.
Secure of death, I should contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impassable depart:"
He said, and threw: the trembling weapon pass'd
Through nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
On his broad shield, and stuck within the last.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and sent again
The hostile gift: the hostile gift was vain.
He try'd a third, a touch well-chosen spear;
Th' inviolable body stood sincere,
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But, scornful, offer'd his unshielded side.
Not otherwise th' impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull, encompass'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars: provok'd from far
By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war,
They quit their ground, his bended horns elude,
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursued.
Before to farther fight he would advance,
He stood considering, and survey'd his lance.
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear
Without a point: he look'd, the point was there.
"This is my hand, and this my lance," he said,
"By which so many thousand foes are dead.
O whither is their usual virtue fled?
I had it once; and the Lyrnessian wall,
And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall.
Thy streams, Caïcus, roll'd a crimson flood:
And Thebes ran red with her own natives blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing steel,
To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain:
And that my wonted prowess I retain,
Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain."
He said, and doubtful of his former deeds,
To some new trial of his force proceeds.
He chose Menætes from among the rest;
At him he lanch'd his spear, and pierc'd his breast:
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay supine; and forth the spirit fled.
Then thus the hero: "Neither can I blame
The hand, or javelin; both are still the same.
The same I will employ against this foe;
And wish but with the same success to throw."
So spoke the chief; and while he spoke he threw;
The weapon with unerring fury flew,
At his left shoulder aim'd: nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound
Harmless return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.
Wound there was none; the blood that was in view,
The lance before from slain Menætes drew.
Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in close fight on foot renews the war.
Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows;
Nor shield nor armour can their force oppose;
Huge cantlets of his buckler strew the ground,
And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
But on his flesh no wound or blood is seen;
The sword itself is blunted on the skin.
This vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the son of Neptune, stunn'd
With these repeated buffets, quits his ground;
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night;
Inverted Nature swims before his sight:
Th' insulting victor presses on the more;
And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before,
Nor rest, nor respite gives. A stone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and stopp'd his way:
Achilles took the advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on the ground.
His buckler held him under, while he press'd,
With both his knees above, his panting breast.
Unlac'd his helm: about his chin the twist
He try'd; and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.
With eager haste he went to strip the dead;
The vanquish'd body from his arms was fled.
His sea-god sire, t' immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.
A truce succeeds the labours of this day,
And arms suspended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward;
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard;
The feast approach'd; when to the blue-eyed maid
His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
And to the gods the grateful odour flew:
Heaven had its part in sacrifice; the rest
Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast.
The chief invited guests were set around;
And hunger first assuag'd, the bowls were crown'd,
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours drown'd.
The mellow harp did not their ears employ,
And mute was all the warlike symphony;

Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,
And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night.
The subject, deeds of arms, and valour shown,
Or on the Trojan side, or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame achiev'd,
They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns reliev'd.
What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well?
The last great act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,
Did most the martial audience entertain:
Wondering to find a body, free by fate
From steel, and which could ev'n that steel rebate:
Amaz'd their admiration they renew;
And scarce Pelides could believe it true.
Then Nestor thus; "What once this age has known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
These eyes have seen in Cæneus long before,
Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage, and in strength, excell'd,
And still his Othrys with his fame is fill'd:
But what did most his martial deeds adorn,
(Though since he chang'd his sex) a woman born."
A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
His listening audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common suit:
"O father, first for prudence in repute,
Tell with that eloquence so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus known.
What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal strife
The youth, without a wound, could lose his life?'
Neleides then: "Though tardy age, and time
Have shrunk my sinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.
Of all that arms achiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind
Than aught beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.
"'Twas in my second century, I survey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Thessalian maid:
Cænis the bright was born to high command;
A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy sire, perhaps had sought her bed,
Among the rest; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promise ty'd;
But she to him, and all, alike her love deny'd.
"It was her fortune once to take her way
Along the sandy margin of the sea:
The power of ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by force embrac'd.
So Fame reports. Her virgin treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys the ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the nymph he cry'd:
'Ask what thou wilt, no prayer shall be deny'd.'
This also Fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a god could bear,
This answer, proud, return'd: 'To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompense, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to suffer such a shame;
But change the woman, for a better name;
One gift for all:' she said; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took.
A man she was: and as the godhead swore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
"To this the lover adds, without request:
No force of steel should violate his breast.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes;
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.
"Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's son,
The love of fair Hippodame had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beast,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast:
In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'ershade.
They sate: and, summon'd by the bridegroom, came,
To mix with those, the Lapithæan name:
Nor wanted I: the roofs with joy resound:
And Hymen, lō Hymen, rung around.
Rais'd altars shone with holy fires; the bride,
Lovely herself (and lovely by her side
A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace),
Came glittering like a star, and took her place:
Her heavenly form beheld, all wish'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all employ.
"For one, most brutal of the brutal blood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes
The bride; at once resolv'd to make his prize.
Down went the board; and, fastening on her hair,
He seiz'd with sudden force the frighted fair.
'Twas Eurytus began: his bestial kind
His crime pursued; and each as pleas'd his mind,
Or her, whom chance presented, took: the feast
An image of a taken town express'd.
"The cave resounds with female shrieks; we rise,
Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprise:
And Theseus first; 'What frenzy has possess'd,
O Eurytus,' he cry'd, 'thy brutal breast,
To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?'
"To justify his threat, he thrusts aside
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride;
The monster nought reply'd: for words were vain;
And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain:
But answers with his hand; and forward press'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.
An ample goblet stood, of antique mold,
And rough with figures of the rising gold;
The hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in air,
Full at the front of the foul ravisher:
He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam and brains, and mingled blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing, through the hall,
'Arms, arms,' the double-form'd with fury call,
To wreak their brother's death: a medley flight
Of bowls and jars, at first, supply the fight,
Once instruments of feasts, but now of Fate:
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.
"Bold Amycus, from the robb'd vestry brings
The chalices of Heaven, and holy things
Of precious weight: a sconce that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd, to light the sacristy,
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell; and left
His face of feature and of form bereft:
So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground,
His nose dismantled in his mouth is found,
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd wound.
"This Belates, th' avenger, could not brook;
But, by the foot, a maple-board he took,

And hurl'd at Amycus; his chin is bent
Against his chest, and down the Centaur sent;
Whom sputtering bloody teeth, the second blow
Of his drawn sword dispatch'd to shades below.
" Grineus was near; and cast a furious look
On the side-altar, cens'd with sacred smoke,
And bright with flaming fires. 'The gods,' he cry'd,
'Have with their holy trade our hands supply'd:
Why use we not their gifts?' Then from the floor
An altar-stone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:
Altar and altar's freight together flew
Where thickest throng'd the Lapithæan crew;
And, at once, Broteas and Oryus slew:
Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
Down from her sphere to draw the labouring Moon.
" Exadius cry'd, 'Unpunish'd shall not go
This fact, if arms are found against the foe.'
He look'd about, where on a pine were spread
The votive horns of a stag's branching head:
At Grineus these he throws; so just they fly,
That the sharp antlers stuck in either eye:
Breathless and blind he fell, with blood besmear'd,
His eye-balls, beaten out, hung dangling on his beard.
Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth, a burning brand
Selects, and whirling waves; till from his hand
The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the right
On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight:
The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone
And caught the yellow hair, that shrivel'd while it shone:
Caught, like dry stubble fir'd, or like seerwood;
Yet from the wound ensued no purple flood;
But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood.
His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound,
And hiss'd, like red hot ir'n within the smithy drown'd.
The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
He heaves the threshold-stone; but could not throw;
The weight itself forbad the threaten'd blow;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
Full on Cometes' head, and crush'd his crown.
Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy: but said,
'So by their fellows may our foes be sped!'
Then with redoubled strokes he plies his head:
The burning lever not deludes his pains;
But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.
" Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus pursued:
First, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he slew;
Whose fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,
He cry'd, 'What palm is from a beardless prey?'
Rhætus prevents what more he had to say;
And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hissing in, and chok'd his breath.
At Dryas next he flew; but weary Chance
No longer would the same success advance.
But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas found;
And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon struck: which roaring out with pain
He drew: nor longer durst the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread possess'd;
Thaumas and Medon, wounded in the breast;
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
And Abas maim'd, who boars encountering slew:
And Augur Astylos, whose art in vain
From fight dissuaded the four-footed train,
Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the plain;
But to his fellow cry'd, 'Be safely slow,
Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.'
" Mean time strong Dryas urg'd his chance so well,
That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell;
All one by one, and fighting face to face:
Crenæus fled, to fall with more disgrace:
For, fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore
Betwixt his nose and front the blow before.
Amid the noise and tumult of the fray,
Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.
Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd;
'Take thy next draught with Stygian waters mix'd,
And sleep thy fill,' th' insulting victor cy'd;
Surpriz'd with death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;
The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his soul,
Repass'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.
" I saw Petræus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands,
The trunk was like a sapling in his hands,
And still obey'd the bent: while thus he stood,
Perithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood.
Lycus and Chromys fell, by him oppress'd:
Helops and Dictys added to the rest
A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear.
This Dictys saw; and, seiz'd with sudden fright,
Leapt headlong from the hill of steepy height;
And crush'd an ash beneath, that could not bear his weight.
The shatter'd tree receives his fall, and strikes,
Within his full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd spikes.
Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty stone,
The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
But Theseus, with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke,
And left him maim'd; nor seconded the stroke:
Then leapt on tall Bianor's back, (who bore
No mortal burthen but his own, before)
Press'd with his knees his sides; the double man,
His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks;
His other ply'd him with repeated strokes.
The club hung round his ears and batter'd brows;
He falls; and, lashing up his heels, his rider throws.
" The same Herculean arms Nedymnus wound,
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippasus, whose beard his breast invades;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland shades;
And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to strive,
And from their dens to draw th' indignant beasts alive.
" Demoleon could not bear this hateful sight,
Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight:
But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root stuck fast: the broken trunk he sent
At Theseus: Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To shun (for so he said; and we believ'd it so).
Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was cast,
Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist;

Thy father's squire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom conquer'd in the Delopeian war,
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.
Thy sire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cry'd, 'Not long, lov'd Crantor, shalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge.' At once he said, and threw
His ashen-spear which quiver'd as it flew,
With all his force and all his soul apply'd;
The sharp point enter'd in the Centaur's side:
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the steel behind.
Stuck in his lungs it stood: enrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
His head; his other hand the lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the dust,
He sped the Centaur, with one single thrust.
Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
And two his sword had slain in closer war.
To these was added Dorylas: who spread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With these he push'd; in blood already dy'd:
Him, fearless, I approach'd, and thus defy'd:
'Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear,
Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.'
At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it pass'd, and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,
Which through the navel pierc'd: he reel'd around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground:
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he crush'd:
And to his mother-earth, with empty belly, rush'd.
"Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreshow
Thy fate (if form to monsters men allow):
Just bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look: thy shapes in every part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art,
As far as man extended: where began
The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
Add but a horse's head and neck, and he,
O Castor, was a courser worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the seat;
So rose his brawny chest; so swiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal-black his colour, but like jet it shone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome possess'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confessing love.
For him she dress'd; for him with female care
She comb'd, and set in curls her auburn hair.
Of roses, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegasæan fount,
And in the streams that from the fountain play,
She wash'd her face, and bath'd her twice a day.
The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
Was ermin, or the panther's spotted pride:
Spoils of no common beast: with equal flame
They lov'd: their sylvan pleasures were the same:
All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to some shady cave retir'd.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:
And, side by side, they both engage in war.
"Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was sent, which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with staggering steps, and seeks the ground:
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And strove his wandering spirits to recall:
And, while her hand the streaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she clos'd.
Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries:
At least her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my stunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal sound.
In madness of her grief she seiz'd the dart
New drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare bosom the sharp point apply'd,
And wounded fell, and falling by his side, [dy'd.
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing
"Ev'n still, methinks, I see Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.
Six lions hides, with thongs together fast,
His upper part defended to his waist;
And where man ended, the continued vest
Spread on his back the houss and trappings of a beast.
A stump too heavy for a team to draw
(It seems a fable, though the fact I saw)
He threw at Pholon; the descending blow
Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from nose and mouth, and either ear,
Came issuing out, as through a colendar
The curdled milk: or from the press the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.
"But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I slew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw.
The javelin wounded me (behold the scar).
Then was my time to seek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at least a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphantes how Pyretus fell;
The Centaur by the knight: nor will I stay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:
What honour, with a pointless lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopsus not alone divin'd,
Whose valour equal'd his foreseeing mind.
"Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had slaughter'd five, the boldest of their band:
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus:
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.
"Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race,
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace,
In years retaining still his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interspers'd with white,
Betwixt th' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty boast.

'And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame?
For Cænis still, not Cæneus is thy name:
And still the native softness of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
To change thy sex: to make thee not a maid;
And but a man in show: go, card and spin;
And leave the business of the war to men.'
"While thus the boaster exercis'd his pride,
The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side:
Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether beast and upper man.
The monster, mad with rage, and stung with smart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It struck; but bounded from his harden'd breast;
Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest;
Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
Than a small pebble falling on a drum.
He next his fauchion try'd, in closer fight;
But the keen fauchion had no power to bite.
He thrust; the blunted point return'd again.
'Since downright blows,' he cry'd, 'and thrusts are vain,
I'll prove his side:' in strong embraces held,
He prov'd his side; his side the sword repell'd:
His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock; [broke.
Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers
"Th' impassive knight stood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side:
At length, 'Now, monster, in thy turn,' he cry'd,
'Try thou the strength of Cæneus:' at the word
He thrust; and in his shoulder plung'd the sword.
Then writh'd his hand; and, as he drove it down,
Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one.
"The Centaurs saw, enrag'd, th' unhop'd success;
And rushing on, in crowds, together press;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:
Repuls'd they from his fated body flew.
Amaz'd they stood; till Monychus began,
'O shame! a nation conquer'd by a man!
A woman-man; yet more a man is he,
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves? th' united force,
Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse:
Nor goddess-born, nor of Ixion's seed,
We seem, (a lover built for Juno's bed)
Master'd by this half man. Whole mountains throw
With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choak the soul within, though not to force it out.
Heap weights, instead of wounds:' he chanc'd to see
Where southern storms had rooted up a tree;
This, rais'd from earth, against the foe he threw;
Th' example shown, his fellow brutes pursue.
With forest-loads the warrior they invade;
Othrys and Pelion soon were void of shade;
And spreading groves were naked mountains made.
Press'd with the burthen, Cæneus pants for breath;
And on his shoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave th' intolerable weight he tries;
At length it rose above his mouth and eyes;
Yet still he heaves, and, struggling with despair,
Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air:
A short relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits; and then respires again:
At last, the burthen only nods above,
As when an earthquake stirs th' Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he suffocated seem'd
To most; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd.
Who said, he saw a yellow bird arise
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid skies:
I saw it too: with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld so strange a sight.
Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions rattling sound,
'All hail,' he cry'd, 'thy country's grace and love;
Once first of men below, now first of birds above.'
Its author to the story gave belief;
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Asham'd to see a single man, pursu'd
With odds, to sink beneath a multitude,
We push'd the foe, and forc'd to shameful fight;
Part fell; and part escap'd by favour of the night."
This tale, by Nestor told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his father say,
That he himself was present at the fray;
And more than shar'd the glories of the day.
"Old Chronicle," he said, "among the rest,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
Is he not worth your praise?" The Pylian prince
Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud defence.
"My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have lost; but you renew the wound:
Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The cause I have your mighty sire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky;
(Which, oh, I wish, with truth, I could deny)!
We praise not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praise a foe.
"He, your great father, level'd to the ground
Messenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylas; that a neighbouring state,
And this my own: both guiltless of their fate.
"To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promise, had they liv'd;
By him they perish'd: I alone surviv'd.
The rest were easy conquest: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.
To him our common grandsire of the main
Had given to change his form, and, chang'd, resume again.
Vary'd at pleasure, every shape he try'd;
And in all beasts Alcides still defy'd:
Vanquish'd on Earth, at length he soar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new-dissembled eagle, now endu'd
With beak and pounces, Hercules pursu'd,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe,
But, bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the sinew hung
The point; and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight sustain:
For while one gather'd wind, one, unsupply'd,
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other side.
He fell: the shaft, that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd
Drove through his neck, aslant; he spurns the ground,
And the soul issues through the weazon's wound.

" Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
What praise is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my slain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee."
Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke:
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke:
At length, with weariness and wine oppress'd,
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.
The sire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Mean time, laments his son, in battle slain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before):
Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus bespoke the god that guides the year.
" Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine to raise the wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall;
Dost thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain,
And the defenders of our city slain?
To pass the rest, could noble Hector die
Unpity'd, dragg'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murderer lives: himself by far
A greater plague, than all the wasteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost!
O, could I meet him! But I wish too late;
To prove my trident, is not in his fate.
But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part."
Apollo bows to the superior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then, in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris lurking where he stood,
And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the god confess'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus address'd:
" Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim, and, with one arrow, end the war."
He said; and show'd from far the blazing shield
And sword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he mov'd a god and mow'd the standing field.
The deity himself directs aright
Th' envenom'd shaft; and wings the fatal flight.
Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name;
And he, the base adulterer, boasts the fame.
A spectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been
The lance and double ax of the fair warrior queen.
And now, the terrour of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd:
The god, that arm'd him first, consum'd at last,
Of all the mighty man, the small remains
A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives;
And, equal to himself, himself survives.
His buckler owns its former lord; and brings
New cause of strife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthiest, after him, his sword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.
Ev'n Diomede sate mute, with down-cast eyes;
Conscious of wonted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose: Laertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cherish'd each with equal love,
And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cause.

THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The chiefs were set, the soldiers crown'd the field:
To these the master of the sevenfold shield
Upstarted fierce, and, kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian galleys haul'd a-ground.
Then stretching out his hands, " O Jove," he cry'd,
" Must then our cause before the fleet be try'd?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish, than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit.
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see;
The Sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars and conscious Moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less.
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were mine own valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My sire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd;
And who before, with Jason, sent from Greece,
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece:
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below; where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy stone).
Just Æacus the king of gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless, Achilles, it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock, and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed.
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,
While he, long lurking, was to war betray'd:
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare,
(Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into war.

Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he, who shunn'd all honours, gain the best;
And let me stand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd in fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame,
The less his counsell'd crime, which brands the Grecian name;
Nor Philoctetes had been left enclos'd
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans,
His sufferings and our baseness he bemoans;
And wishes (so may Heaven his wish fulfil)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's destruction sworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with wounds,
To find him food and clothing, must employ
Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of Troy.
Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free,
Because he left Ulysses' company:
Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid
Rather to have been left, than so to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal spite,
Who sham'd him out of madness into fight:
Nor, daring otherwise to vent his hate;
Accus'd him first of treason to the state;
And then for proof produc'd the golden store
Himself had hidden in his tent before:
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our host,
By exile one, and one by treason lost.
Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends:
Great, for what greatness is in words and sound:
Ev'n faithful Nestor less in both is found:
But that he might without a rival reign,
He left his faithful Nestor on the plain;
Forsook his friend ev'n at his utmost need,
Who, tir'd and tardy, with his wounded steed,
Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But Cowardice has neither ears nor shame:
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyssean lie,
I vouch ev'n Diomede, who, though his friend,
Cannot that act excuse, much less defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.
"The gods with equal eyes on mortals look;
He justly was forsaken, who forsook:
Wanted that succour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow such another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe,
(Ev'n the shield trembling as he lay below)
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good Heaven forgive me for so bad a deed!
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
First let him give me back his forfeit life:
Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting shield;
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quivering heart confess his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of Fate;
And let him plead his cause in that estate:
And yet, when snatch'd from Death, when from below
My lifted shield I loos'd and let him go, [bound
Good Heavens, how light he rose, with what a
He sprung from Earth, forgetful of his wound:
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the gods along;
Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong:
Each Greek was an Ulysses; such a dread
Th' approach, and ev'n the sound, of Hector bred:
Him, fleshed with slaughter, and with conquest crown'd,
I met, and over-turn'd him to the ground.
When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our host to single fight.
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wish'd alone: [yield;
Your vows were heard; we fought, and neither
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' insulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour that sav'd you from the sword?
Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save?
The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield?
Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem
These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
Or, I with them an equal honour share;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his flight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign:
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain,
Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain;
A priest made prisoner, Pallas made a prey:
But none of all these actions done by day:
Nor aught of these was done and Diomede away.
If on such petty merits you confer
So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
Make a just dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.
But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance;
Much less the left that ampler shield advance,
Ponderous with precious weight, and rough with cost
Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he stole the shield;
Which should your errour on the wretch bestow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why asks he, what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haste.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-shield,
Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field.

Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of service, must forsake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds, let action speak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
And let him wear who wins them in the field."
He said: a murmur from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensued:
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down awhile, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
"If Heaven, my lords, had heard our common prayer,
These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd.
But since hard Fate, and Heaven's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew)
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which Heaven to him denies:
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd:
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime where Nature made it none;
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long-descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My sire, Laertes, was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter:
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the gods ally'd;
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert,
Or that my sire from parricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the best; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause, by laws of honour try'd:
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood.
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right, yet he
Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.
"Then, since the cause on pure desert is plac'd,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
I not presume on every act to dwell,
But take these few, in order as they fell.
"Thetis, who knew the Fates, apply'd her care
To keep Achilles in disguise from war;
And, till the threatening influence were past,
A woman's habit on the hero cast,
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest,
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not discover'd by her mien or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
'O goddess-born! resist not Heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee;'
Then, seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe,
Lesbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla: not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnesus and strong Chrysa fell:
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.
"When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
Affection, interest, fame, his heart assail'd;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
As angry with the gods, as they with him,
No subject could sustain their sovereign's look,
Till this hard enterprize I undertook:
I only durst th' imperial power control,
And undermin'd the parent in his soul;
Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge against himself decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, sham'd him to consent.
"'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy task was I design'd:
Reasons against her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.
"Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
Glittering with steel and crouded with resort:
There in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,
Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawless crew [stood
Scarce held their hands, and lifted swords: but
In act to quench their impious thirst of blood:

This Menelaus knows; expos'd to share
With me the rough preludium of the war.
" Endless it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counsel, since the siege begun:
The first encounters past, the foe repell'd,
They skulk'd within the town, we kept the field,
War seem'd asleep for nine long years; at length,
Both sides resolv'd to push, we try'd our strength,
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambush'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms;
Secur'd the ships, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the rebel-train,
Provided forage, our spent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common cause pursued.
" The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What subject durst arraign the power supreme,
Producing Jove to justify his dream?
Ajax might wish the soldiers to retain
From shameful flight, but wishes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of course his thundering tongue affords.
But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their stay?
None, none of these, but ran himself away.
I saw him run, and was asham'd to see;
Who ply'd his feet so fast to get aboard as he?
Then, speeding through the place, I made a stand,
And loudly cry'd, ' O base degenerate band,
To leave a town already in your hand,
After so long expense of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual shame!'
These words, or what I have forgotten since,
(For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crowded port,
And to their late forsaken camp resort;
Dismay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Thersites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide-opening mouth with blows I seal'd.
Then, rising, I excite their souls to fame,
And kindle sleeping virtue into flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is justly mine who drew him back from flight.
" Which of the Grecian chiefs consorts with thee?
But Diomede desires my company,
And still communicates his praise with me.
As guided by a god, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes:
And sure no little merit I may boast,
Whom such a man selects from such an host;
Unforc'd by lots, I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the same errand sent, we met the spy
Of Hector, double-tongued, and us'd to lie;
Him I dispatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him first to tell what treacherous Troy design'd:
My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd,
But, not content with this, to greater praise aspir'd;
Invaded Rhœsus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own strength, I slew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat:
Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds
Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right
When all his days out-balance this one night.
" Nor fought I darkling still: the Sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the field;
You saw and counted, as I pass'd along,
Alastor, Cromius, Ceranos the strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charops, and Ennomus,
Choon, Chersidamus; and five beside,
Men of obscure descent, but courage try'd:
All these this hand laid breathless on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honest, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see."
At this he bar'd his breast, and show'd his scars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
" Nor is this part unexercis'd," said he;
" That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avails me not; our boaster strove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To save the fleet: this I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any man his due)
But thus assuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your share will fall,
He did the best indeed, but did not all.
Patrocles in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he seem'd, with equal ardour fought;
Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.
" But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat sought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;
He, but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only Fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boast th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.
" Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away!
I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave soul was fled: full of my friend,
I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
The ponderous ruins of so great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endued with a more grateful mind.
" Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
These arms thus labour'd for her son prepare,
That Ajax after him the heavenly gift should wear?
For that dull soul to stare with stupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
Heaven's planets, Earth, and Ocean's watery field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; less and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in seas; Orion's angry star;
Two differing cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot understand?
" Beside, what wise objections he prepares
Against my late accession to the wars!
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force against Achilles bent?
For if dissembling be so great a crime,
The fault is common, and the same in him e

And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is less, who sooner came away.
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her son; and me, my pious wife.
To them the blossoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with so great a man my guilt I share:
My wit to war the matchless hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.
" Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you:
If Palamede unjustly fell by me,
Your honour suffer'd in th' unjust decree;
I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was false; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifest; the bribe reveal'd.
" That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your justice, for the fact's your own:
'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that staying there
He might his weary limbs with rest repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.
He took th' counsel, and he lives at least;
Th' event declares I counsell'd for the best:
Though faith is all, in ministers of state;
For who can promise to be fortunate?
Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak address, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus shall run backward; Ida stand
A leafless mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counsels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.
" Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen
Against thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curse my devoted head, above the rest,
And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast:
Yet I the dangerous task will undertake,
And either die myself, or bring thee back.
" Nor doubt the same success, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heaven's dark decrees and answers to display,
And how to take the town, and where the secret lay:
Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid:
That work was mine; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while she was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd?
A noisy nothing, and an empty wind.
If he be what he promises in show,
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boasting champion thought the task not light
To pass the guards, commit himself to night:
Not only through a hostile town to pass,
But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place;
With wandering steps to search the citadel,
And from the priests their patroness to steal:
Then through surrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monstrous bulk, his sevenfold shield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be said,
When Troy was liable to conquest made.
" Why point'st thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy share
In all my toil and praise; but when thy might
Our ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well assur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than strength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at least Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with sword and spear:
All these had been my rivals in the shield,
And yet all these to my pretensions yield.
Thy boisterous hands are then of use, when I
With this directing head those hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foresees, provides, administers the war:
Thy province is to fight, but when shall be
The time to fight, the king consults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ship of safety owes
To him who steers, than him that only rows;
By how much more the captain merits praise
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By so much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canst but execute what I design.
What gain'st thou, brutal man, if I confess
Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole desert
From the mind's vigour, and th' immortal part.
" But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in so long a space,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering towers,
And by their taken gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther task remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;
If yet some desperate action rests behind,
That asks high conduct, and a dauntless mind;
If ought be wanting to th' Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
Award those arms I ask, by your decree:
Or give to this what you refuse to me."
He ceas'd: and ceasing with respect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal statue show'd.
Heaven, air, and ocean rung, with loud applause,
And by the general vote he gain'd his cause.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE DEATH OF AJAX.

He who could often, and alone, withstand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain;
Then snatching out his fauchion, " Thou," said he,
" Art mine; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.

O often try'd, and ever trusty sword,
Now do thy last kind office to thy lord:
'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
None but himself, himself could overthrow."
He said, and, with so good a will to die,
Did to his breast the fatal point apply,
It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own:
No hands could force it thence, so fixt it stood,
Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting blood.
The fruitful blood produc'd a flower, which grew
On a green stem; and of a purple hue:
Like his, whom, unaware, Apollo slew:
Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
But those express the grief, and these the name.

THE STORY OF

ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Acis, the lovely youth, whose loss I mourn,
From Faunus, and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents pleasure; but to me
Was all that Love could make a lover be.
The gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had seen;
And doubtful down began to shade his chin:
When Polyphemus first disturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Ask not which passion in my soul was higher,
My last aversion, or my first desire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
Both were alike, for both were in excess.
Thee, Venus, thee both Heaven and Earth obey;
Immense thy power, and boundless is thy sway.
The Cyclops, who defy'd th' etherial throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,
The terrour of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are,
Th' inhuman host, who made his bloody feasts
On mangled members of his butcher'd guests,
Yet felt the force of love and fierce desire,
And burnt for me, with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Assum'd the softness of a lover's air;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks,
And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks:
Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
His simagres, and rolls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost;
And ships securely sail along the coast.
The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Etna's summits to the seas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of every bird that flew,
And sure presages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.
The giant, with a scornful grin, reply'd,
"Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesy'd;
Already Love his flaming brand has tost;
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost."
Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy steps; and, weary, sought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas:
On either side, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant-lover chose;
Here on the midst he sate; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.
A pine, so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships requir'd it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide:
But laid it by, his whistle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth:
Which, when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;
On Acis' bosom I my head reclin'd:
And still preserve the poem in my mind.
"O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows and rising lilies are;
More flowery than the meads, as crystal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin
Than orient shells, that on the shores are seen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleasing, as winter suns, or summer shade:
More grateful to the sight, than goodly plains;
And softer to the touch, than down of swans,
Or curds new turn'd; and sweeter to the taste,
Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste:
More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray
Through garden plots, but ah! more swift than they.
"Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke:
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak:
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold;
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping, than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fix'd in thy disdain:
Rough, as these rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent, than is the rising flood:
And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud:
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
And more outrageous than a mother-bear:
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a trodden snake;
In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.
"Yet if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wish'd embraces run:
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay;
And much repent of your unwise delay.
"My palace, in the living rock, is made
By Nature's hand; a spacious pleasing shade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue:
And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:

Not those of common kinds; but such alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
And yours shall be the product of the year.
" The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide,
And those that folded in the caves abide.
Ask not the numbers of my growing store;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight:
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie,
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these household dainties all my store:
The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar.
All sorts of venison; and of birds the best;
A pair of turtles taken from the nest:
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left them on the naked ground;
So like, that no distinction could be seen;
So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
And so they shall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
" O raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it in the watery glass,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering stature, and my size:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread:
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deform'd: what fouler sight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
Foul is the steed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers and their train.
Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of Heaven, the radiant Sun,
Is Nature's eye; and she's content with one.
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family.
I make you his, in making you my own:
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his faded thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, Heavens! I cannot bear.
But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor;
The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
The a giant limbs endu'd with giant might:
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and Fate shall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain
Augments at once my passion and my pain.
Translated Etna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart."
Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions; and confus'd his talk:
Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.
Thus far unseen I saw: when, fatal Chance
His looks directing, with a sudden glance,
Acis and I were to his sight betray'd:
Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast;
" I see, I see, but this shall be your last."
A roar so loud made Etna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound.
Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, " Help," he cry'd,
" Help, Galatea, help, my parent gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes."
The Cyclops follow'd; but he sent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To crush all Acis; 'twas too late to save,
But what the Fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage should return,
And roll, among the river gods, his urn.
Straight issued from the stone a stream of blood;
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
The stone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclos'd
A sound like water in its course oppos'd:
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood,
Up starts a youth, and navel-high he stood.
Horns from his temples rise; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his stature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might pass:
And Acis chang'd into a stream he was.
But, mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF THE

PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus: the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digression to the

moral and natural philosophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the most learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoses.

A KING is sought, to guide the glowing state,
One able to support the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had sate.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent
To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
Of Nature, and explore their hidden cause:
Urg'd by this care, his country he forsook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.
Arriv'd, he first inquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony: and whence he came.
Then thus a senior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities)
" 'Tis said, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
He sought himself some hospitable house:
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest,
While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.
The hero, thence departing, bless'd the place;
'And here,' he said, 'in Time's revolving race,
A rising town shall take its name from thee;'
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Myscelos, the justest man on Earth,
Alemon's son, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'ershadow'd in a dream, and thus bespoke;
'Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode
Where Æsaris rolls down his rapid flood;'
He said; and sleep forsook him, and the god.
Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart;
His country laws forbad him to depart:
What should he do? 'Twas death to go away;
And the god menac'd if he dar'd to stay:
All day he doubted; and when night came on,
Sleep, and the same forewarning dream, begun:
Once more the god stood threatening o'er his head;
With added curses if he disobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he study'd flight; but would convey,
At once, his person and his wealth away:
Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard;
A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
Witness there needed none of his offence,
Against himself the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he suffered, thus he pray'd:
'O power, who hast deserv'd in Heaven a throne
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.'
" A custom was of old, and still remains,
Which life or death by suffrages ordains;
White stones and black within an urn are cast,
The first absolve, but fate is in the last:
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the sable signs of death;
The box receives all black; but, pour'd from thence,
The stones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alimonides his safety won,
Preserv'd from death by Alcumena's son:
Then to his kinsman god his vows he pays,
And cuts with prosperous gales th' Ionian seas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temises, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that stand
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The mouth of Æsaris, and promis'd ground:
Then saw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood:
Here, by the god's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
Thus Fame, from time to time, delivers down
The sure tradition of th' Italian town."
Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but servile souls will wear:
He, though from Heaven remote, to Heaven could move,
With strength of mind, and tread th' abyss above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Those upper depths, which Nature hid from sight:
And what he had observ'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.
The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their god's command;
While he discours'd of Heaven's mysterious laws,
The World's original, and Nature's cause;
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
What shook the stedfast Earth, and whence began
The dance of planets round the radiant Sun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above:
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his speech.
He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.
" O mortals! from your fellows blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulse by Nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring;
While Earth not only can your needs supply,
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please.
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren fill,
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browz, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom Heaven endued with principles of blood,
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feasts delight.
" O impious use! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother Earth provides
The stores of all she shows, and all she hides,

If men with fleshy morsels must be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread;
What else is this but to devour our guests,
And barbarously renew Cyclopean feasts!
We, by destroying life, our life sustain;
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.
" Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove,
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd first our food's simplicity;
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man;
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justify'd by Nature's laws,
And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power;
But not th' extended licence, to devour.
" Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that she dy'd.
The goat came next in order, to be try'd:
The goat had crept the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.
Here was, at least, some shadow of offence:
The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unresisting innocence.
A patient, useful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.
" How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou destroy'st thy labouring steer, who till'd,
And plow'd, with pains, thy else ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the surly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began!
Nor this alone! but Heaven itself to bribe,
We to the gods our impious acts ascribe:
First recompense with death their creatures toil,
Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil:
The fairest victim must the powers appease:
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
But understands not 'tis his doom he hears:
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast
(The fruit and product of his labours past);
And in the water views perhaps the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
Then broken up alive, his entrails sees
Torn out, for priests t' inspect th' gods decrees.
" From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
And, when you eat the well-deserving beast,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feast!
" Now since the god inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring power, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight:
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,
And wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!
" Those I would teach; and by right reason bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.
" Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former shield.
" Then death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a vary'd vest:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossest,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast;
Or hunts without, 'till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toss'd;
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:
And as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
This face assumes, and that impression leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same:
So death, so call'd, can but the form deface,
Th' immortal soul flies out in empty space;
To seek her fortune in some other place.
" Then let not piety be put to flight,
To please the taste of glutton appetite;
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their seats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.
" And since, like Tiphys, parting from the shore
In ample seas I sail, and depths untry'd before,
This let me further add, that Nature knows
No stedfast station; but, or ebbs, or flows:
Ever in motion; she destroys her old,
And casts new figures in another mould.
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux; and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For Time, no more than streams, is at a stay:
The flying hour is ever on her way;

And as the fountain still supplies her store,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are set aside, like abdicated kings:
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.
Darkness we see emerges into light,
And shining suns descend to sable night;
Ev'n Heaven itself receives another die,
When weary'd animals in slumbers lie
Of midnight ease; another, when the gray
Of morn preludes the splendour of the day.
The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the same suffusion red;
But mounted high in his meridian race
All bright he shines, and with a better face:
For there, pure particles of ether flow,
Far from th' infection of the world below.
"Nor equal light th' unequal Moon adorns,
Or in her waxing, or her waning horns.
For every day she wanes, her face is less,
But, gathering into globe, she fattens at increase.
"Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in every shape they wear?
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flowerets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around,
But no substantial nourishment receives,
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.
"Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in men, is most replete
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.
"Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.
"Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His scalp if not dishonour'd quite of hair, [bare.
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than
"Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were;
Nor the whole same to morrow will appear.
"Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began,
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a man;
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to shape the soft, coagulated mass;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
His stifled breath, and draw the living air;
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but downward press'd
On four feet imitates his brother beast:
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horseman now become,
He rides a stick, and travels round the room:
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
Strong-bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of years,
He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his strength, and spares his age.
Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
And, though 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
Contemplating his former feet and hands;
And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.
"So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wondering what charms her ravishers could spy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!
"Thy teeth, devouring Time, thine, envious Age,
On things below still exercise your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at lingering meals, the morsels eat.
"Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd;
For this eternal world is said of old
But four prolific principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to Heaven ascend,
And other two down to the centre tend:
Fire first with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
Then air, because unclog'd in empty space,
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides, [sides.
Lies on the lap of Earth, and mother Earth sub-
"All things are mixt with these, which all con-
And into these are all resolv'd again: [tain,
Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more
The subtil dew in air begins to soar;
Spreads as she flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates still, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew;
And dew, condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.
"Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.
"Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead some other bodies make:
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
But death on deathless substance has no force.
"That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing
Continue in the figure it began: [can
The golden age to silver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at last.
"The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is solid earth, that once was sea:
Seas in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;

And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn,
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling still descend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands;
And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown;
Wondering to drink of waters not her own.
Here Nature living fountains opes; and there
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring
Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.
So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Erasinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth,
Starts up in Argos meads, and shakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Mysus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now disdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
And the proud title of Caïcus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands;
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.

"Anigros once did wholesome draughts afford,
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as Fame resounds,
The Centaurs in his current wash'd their wounds,
The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
But brackish lose their taste they had before.
Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in seas were pent,
Once isles, but now increase the continent;
While the Leucadian coast, main-land before,
By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in disdain pour'd in the conquering sea.

"Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk and drown'd;
And boatsmen through the crystal water show,
To wondering passengers, the walls below.

"Near Trœzen stands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (strange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Labouring with colic pangs, and close confin'd,
In vain sought issue from the rumbling wind:
Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still
Enlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the skins
Of goats are blown t' enclose the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.

"Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd
Endued at seasons, and at seasons lost?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning Moon.
The Thracians have a stream, if any try
The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to stones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.

"Grathis, and Sibaris her sister flood,
That slide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber die the shining hair,
And thither youth resort; (for who would not be fair?)

"But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,
Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
Whose waters into women soften men?
Of Ethiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain?
Clytorean streams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abstemious well)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken god;
Or that Melampus (so have some assur'd)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charms and simples cast
Into the sober spring, where still their virtues last.

"Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate use,
Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight:
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholesome beverage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.

"Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,
Now of these virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all things Time and Fate obey)
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea;
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd
Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd;
They swam where now they sit; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.
Nor Etna vomiting sulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire
(The veins exhausted of the liquid store); [more.
Time was she cast no flames; in time will cast no

"For whether Earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits; she still requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;
When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she makes:
Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
And subtil spirits find that way oppos'd,
They toss up flints in air; the flints that hide
The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
Kindling the sulphur, till, the fuel spent,
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on
Its unctuous parts, till, all the matter gone,
The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
That food, by length of time consum'd, the fire,
Famish'd for want of fuel, must expire.

"A race of men there are, as Fame has told,
Who shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked sides they take.
'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

"But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;

Who, like their parents, haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey-harvest home, and hope another spring.
The warlike steed is multiply'd, we find,
To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide
And shoot his sting, his tail in circles toss'd
Refers the limbs his backward father lost.
And worms, that stretch on leaves their filthy loom,
Crawl from their bags and butterflies become.
Ev'n slime begets the frog's loquacious race:
Short of their feet at first; in little space
With arms and legs endued, long leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
And waves repel: for Nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.
" The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
The mother licks them into shape, and gives
As much of form as she herself receives.
" The grubs from their sexangular abode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs; till Time at leisure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.
" The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove:
And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose
(But that from sight, the surest sense, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white arose?
" There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.
" All these receive their birth from other things;
But from himself the phenix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same:
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of cassia, cynamon, and stems of nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his funeral bed is
Funeral and bridal both; and all around [rear'd:
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd:
On this incumbent; till etherial flame
First catches, then consumes, the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies:
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
" An infant phenix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews.
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the Sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burthen in the porch.
" A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th' hyena shows it, of a double kind,
Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin cameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
" India, when conquer'd, on the conquering god
For planted vines the sharp-ey'd lynx bestow'd,
Whose urine, shed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, soft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
" All changing species should my song recite,
Before I ceas'd, would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expense of blood:
Now, for thick streets it shows an empty space,
Or, only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.
Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vanish'd out of substance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise,
On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the skies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way,
Ev'n now she meditates imperial sway:
Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle strives
To fill her infant horns; an hour shall come
When the round world shall be contain'd in Rome.
" For thus old saws foretel, and Helenus
Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a sinking state,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
'O goddess-born, with thy hard fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.
Thy passage thou shalt free through fire and sword,
And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.
In happier fields a rising town I see,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be:
And Heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city shall extend, extended shall adorn:
But from Iulus he must draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd Earth:
Whom Heaven will lend mankind on Earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.'
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er since in other mold
My soul was cloth'd; and now rejoice to view
My country's walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loss to gain;
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
" 'Tis time my hard-mouth'd coursers to control,
Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal:
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or tills the skies,
All suffer change, and we, that are of soul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our sires, or grandsires shall forsake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beast,

Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of these, yet there's a man within:
O spare to make a Thyestean meal
T' enclose his body, and his soul expel.
" Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in sin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf, that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life;
Deaf to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he stop, who feeds with household bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy steers; that when they lose their breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter-cold thy sides defend;
But neither springes, nets, nor snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free as in air, let birds on Earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave them twinkling up in air.
" Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save;
This only just prerogative we have:
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood."
These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, sent by Heaven to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain:
Himself a saint, a goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside."

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S EPISTLES.

PREFACE CONCERNING OVID'S EPISTLES.

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language before the translation of his Metamorphoses, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys' undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was designed to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that profession, for this of poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cause of his banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason than what was pretended by Augustus, which was, the lasciviousness of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. It is true, they are not to be excused in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more philosophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a certain epigram, which is ascribed to him, relating to the first civil war betwixt himself and Marc Anthony the triumvir, which is more fulsome than any passage I have met with in our poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when she was not only married, but with child by her husband then living. But deeds, it seems, may be justified by arbitrary power, when words are questioned in a poet. There is another guess of the grammarians, as far from truth as the first from reason: they will have him banished for some favours which, they say, he received from Julia the daughter of Augustus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies: but he who will observe the verses, which are made to that mistress, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why should our poet make his petition to Isis, for her safe delivery, and afterwards condole her miscarriage; which, for aught he knew, might be by her own husband? Or, indeed, how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a person of Agrippa's rank? Or, if it were before her marriage, he would sure have been more discreet, than to have published an accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion, is, that Ovid himself complains, that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her: which, if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned; and, besides, an immediate punishment must have followed. He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses;

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to somewhat, which had procured him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied, that this was the incest of the emperor with his own daughter: for

Augustus was of a nature too vindictive, to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment; but would certainly have secured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have historians given us any sight into such an action of this emperor: nor would he (the greatest politician of his time), in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath: for the words

Sine veste Dianam

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chastity, than with either of the Julias, who were both noted of incontinency. The first verses, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly according to the custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna: his banishment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it: nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of errour only, not of wickedness; and in the same paper of verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, though it be left so obscure to after-ages.

But to leave conjectures on a subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more authentic of this poet: that he frequented the court of Augustus, and was well received in it, is most undoubted: all his poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *cavalierement*: add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his letters in his banishment, are addressed to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous poets of his age, than with the noble men and ladies. He tells you himself, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the business of a poet, I know no author, who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers: for, all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partiality in his behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of his wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit: so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: for why else should he complain, that his Metamorphoses was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the rest: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which, I suppose, would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch friends the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him;

Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well; but, continually varying the same sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another place what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloys his readers instead of satisfying them; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censure cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though at the same time he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing which he does becomes him; and if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried: for if his Elegies be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that

those poets seldom designed before they writ: and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus & alter
Assuitur pannus,

as Horace says: though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is Epistolæ Heroidum, The Letters of the Heroines. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, Epistles; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the masters of their learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word Heroidum, because it is used by Ovid in his Art of Love:

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.

But, sure, he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's Letters,

(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus)

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this subject; save only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars; first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in Oenone and Hero, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life; though perhaps he has Romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being written from ladies who were forsaken by their lovers: which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers letters: but of the general character of women, which is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care; for his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a blush.

Thus much concerning the poet: it remains that I should say somewhat of poetical translations in general, and give my opinion, with submission to better judgments, which way of version seems to be the most proper.

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads.

First, that of metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace's Art of Poetry translated by Ben Johnson.

The second way is that of paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's translation of Virgil's fourth Æneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and, taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English."

Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres——

Nor word for word too faithfully translate,

as the earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of sir John Denham to sir Richard Fanshaw, on his version of the Pastor Fido;

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too:
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

It is almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time: for the Latin (a most severe and compendious language) often expresses that in one word, which the barbarity, or the narrowness, of modern tongues cannot supply in more. It is frequent also, that the conceit is couched in some expression, which will be lost in English,

Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.

What poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit, or almost sense, out of it?

In short, the verbal copier is encumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider at the same time the thought of his author and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language: and, besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can shun a fall, by using caution; but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected: and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: nay Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek poet:

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio:

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these rocks in his translation of the three first lines of Homer's Odyssey, which he has contracted into two,

Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.

Muse, speak the man, who since the siege of Troy,
So many towns, such change of manners saw. ROSCOMMON.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted:

[Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη.]

The consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, sir John Denham and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different; though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an endeavour of a later poet to write like one who has written before him on the

same subject: that is, not to translate his words, or to be confined to his sense; but only to set him as a pattern, and to write, as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my definition reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes, the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved. But I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar; because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refused his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connection, (I mean as to our understanding) to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a poet cannot be translated literally; his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and Samson like he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors, be thus used, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original: but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design; though Virgil must be still excepted, when that *perhaps* takes place. Yet he who is inquisitive to know an author's thoughts will be disappointed in his expectation. And it is not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To state it fairly: imitation of an author is the most advantageous way for a translator to show himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who advised more liberty than he took himself) gives his reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the translation of the second Æneid. "Poetry is of so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and, if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a caput mortuum." I confess this argument holds good against a literal translation: but who defends it? Imitation and verbal version are in my opinion the two extremes, which ought to be avoided: and therefore, when I have proposed the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating poetry, who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language and of his own; nor must we understand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate, him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they should be changed: but since every language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words. It is enough if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the spirit of an author may be transfused, and yet not lost: and thus it is plain, that the reason alleged by sir John Denham has no farther force than to expression: for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehension (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen, as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native lustre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expression; neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a translator has no such right. When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: perhaps the face which he has drawn would be more exact, if the eyes or nose were altered; but it is his business to make it resemble the original. In two cases

only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial or dishonest: but the same answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated:

——— Et quæ
Desperes tractata niteseere posse, relinquas.

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it seems to me, that the true reason, why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense; but because there are so few, who have all the talents which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise, and so small encouragement, for so considerable a part of learning.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S EPISTLES.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, son and daughter to Æolus, god of the winds, loved each other incestuously: Canace was delivered of a son, and committed him to her nurse, to be secretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedness of his children, commanded the babe to be exposed to wild beasts on the mountains; and withal, sent a sword to Canace, with this message, That her crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this sword she slew herself: but before she died, she writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken sanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

If streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain;
One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this posture thou beholdst me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he present, that his eyes and hands
Might see, and urge, the death which he commands:
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would see.
Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy throne,
His people's temper is so like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blast,
Are underneath his wide dominion cast:
Those he can rule; but his tempestuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove?
What help will all my heavenly friends afford,
When to my breast I lift the pointed sword?
That hour, which join'd us, came before its time:
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than sister's love?
For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my wound,
A secret pleasure in thy kisses found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boast,
My food grew loathsome, and my strength I lost:
Still ere I spoke, a sigh would stop my tongue;
Short were my slumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love these griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurse by long experience found,
And first discover'd to my soul its wound. [eyes,
"'Tis love," said she; and then my down-cast
And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprise.
Forc'd at the last, my shameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!
When, half denying, more than half content,
Embraces warm'd me to a full consent.
Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
And guilt that made them anxious made them great.
But now my swelling womb heav'd up my breast,
And rising weight my sinking limbs opprest.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurse produce,
To make abortion by their powerful juice?
What med'cines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
Our first crime common; this was mine alone.
But the strong child, secure in his dark cell,
With Nature's vigour did our arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd empress of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 'twas my labour, I complain
Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
Which with her hand the conscious nurse suppress'd.
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
With inward struggling I restrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in sight, Lucina gave no aid;
And ev'n my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'st, and in thy countenance sate despair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet, feigning comfort, which thou couldst not give,
(Prest in thy arms, and whispering me to live):
"For both our sakes," saidst thou, "preserve thy life;
Live, my dear sister, and my dearer wife." [life;
Rais'd by that name, with my last pangs I strove:
Such power have words, when spoke by those we love.
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,
With hasty joy sprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one storm?
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of state,
The king with his tempestuous council sate.
Through this large room our only passage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurse bore him out,
With olive-branches cover'd round about;

And, muttering prayers, as holy rites she meant,
Through the divided crowd unquestion'd went.
Just at the door, th' unhappy infant cry'd:
The grandsire heard him, and the theft he spy'd.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurse he flies,
And deafs his stormy subjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the self-discover'd infant lay.
The noise reach'd me, and my presaging mind
Too soon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ships at sea with winds are shaken more,
Nor seas themselves, when angry tempests roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my stain;
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only answer'd him with silent tears;
They flow'd; my tongue was frozen up with fears.
His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and every bird of prey.
The babe cry'd out, as if he understood,
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
By what expressions can my grief be shown?
(Yet you may guess my anguish by your own:)
To see my bowels, and, what yet was worse,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to such a curse!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breasts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the messenger of Death;
Sad were his looks, and scarce he drew his breath,
To say, "Your father sends you"—(with that word
His trembling hands presented me a sword):
"Your father sends you this; and lets you know,
That your own crimes the use of it will show."
Too well I know the sense those words impart:
His present shall be treasur'd in my heart.
Are these the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dower a father gives?
Thou god of marriage, shun thy own disgrace,
And take thy torch from this detested place:
Instead of that, let Furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my sisters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pretend?
How could thy infant innocence offend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou suffer'st for a sin that was not thine.
Thy mother's grief and crime! but just enjoy'd,
Shown to my sight, and born to be destroy'd!
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy unoffending life I could not save,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave:
Nor on thy tomb could offer my shorn hair:
Nor show the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou shalt not from my arms be lost;
For soon I will o'ertake thy infant ghost.
But thou, my love, and now my love's despair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care.
His scatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breast thou dropp'st a tear,
Think for whose sake my breast that wound did bear;
And faithfully my last desires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN TO PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received an epistle from Paris, returns the following answer: wherein she seems at first to chide him for his presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herself to be sensible of the passion, which he had expressed for her, though she much suspected his constancy; and at last discovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter showing the extreme artifice of womankind.

When loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
She half consents, who silently denies.
How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
Marriage and hospitable rights profane?
Was it for this, your fleet did shelter find
From swelling seas, and every faithless wind?
(For though a distant country brought you forth,
Your usage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
Did you come here a stranger or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my just disdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my honour still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Because a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame.
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted so.
Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.
Did he repent, that Paris might succeed?
Sure 'tis some Fate that sets me above wrongs,
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
I'll not complain; for who's displeas'd with love,
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you base,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your sex is subject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the best:
But why should I not shine above the rest?
Fair Leda's story seems at first to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
And under harmless feathers felt a rape.
If I should yield, what reason could I use?
By what mistake the loving crime excuse?
Her fault was in her powerful lover lost;
But of what Jupiter have I to boast?

Though you to heroes and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but useless prove
To one, that comes herself from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
Which I would show I valued, if I durst;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confess;
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant call,
Gives expectation such an ample field,
As would move goddesses themselves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause:
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that so fair a present I despise;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too)
A thousand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts would shine.
Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardour press my hand;
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass:
When oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And blushing sate for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to myself, "He 'll for my sake
Do any thing;" I hope 'twas no mistake.
Oft I have read within this pleasing grove,
Under my name, those charming words, *I love*.
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the same.
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this.
For oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms?
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May some blest maid possess with innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is sought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, so others are not blind.
Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
My virgin-love when thousand rivals sought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice;
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice:
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is master of my fate.
More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo.
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill;
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
One right you claim, since naked to your eyes
Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour; t' other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause, who smiling promis'd me.
But first I am not of belief so light,
To think such nymphs would show you such a sight:
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard;
To think that Venus made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praise;
A goddess's applause would envy raise.
But be it as you say; for, 'tis confest,
The men, who flatter highest, please us best.
That I suspect it, ought not to displease;
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but must by this be won?
And yet bear witness, O you powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of Love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen.
Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made!
I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprise.
For now the rumour spreads among the crowd,
At court in whispers, but in town aloud:
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear them say:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet if you will dissemble it, you may.
Love secretly: the absence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay;
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go, or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could:
Then, kissing me, he said, "I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend."
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, "You shall be obey'd."
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence.
Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame's my burthen; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd.
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest:
Great beauty through great danger is possest.
To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you 're too pressing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you should force em-
A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy. [ploy:
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said? for both of us 't were best,
Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
And, like themselves, their wand'ring passions range.

Hypsipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both by trusting of their guests betray'd.
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair Oenone leave?
But lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I assign the night,
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight:
Some bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan court,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:
Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my shame.
In Asia what reception shall I find?
And what dishonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modest matrons say?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct justly may suspect,
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I from your rage a strumpet's name shall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me first be laid!
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jason's flattery won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan land.
To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who lost their cause, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue.
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouse,
And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy;
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex.
But Time and you may bolder thoughts inspire;
And I perhaps may yield to your desire.
You last demand a private conference;
These are your words, but I can guess your sense.
Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you understand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the destruction of Troy, saved his gods, his father, and son Ascanius, from the fire, put to sea with twenty sail of ships; and, having been long tost with tempests, was at last cast upon the shore of Libya, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell passionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the last favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promised him by the gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.

So, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your lost affection to regain:
But, having lost whate'er was worth my care,
Why should I fear to lose a dying prayer?
'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with loosen'd sails and vows, prepare
To seek a land, that flies the searcher's care.
Nor can my rising towers your flight restrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppose you landed where your wish design'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is so void of common sense,
To vote succession from a native prince?
Yet there new sceptres and new loves you seek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your towers the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes discern such crowds below?
If such a town and subjects you could see,
Still would you want a wife, who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incense bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he 's ungrateful and obdurate still:
Fool that I am to place my heart so ill!
Myself I cannot to myself restore:
Still I complain, and still I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At least thou art from some fierce tigress come;
Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the Winds and in a tempest born.

Like that which now thy trembling sailors fear;
Like that whose rage should still detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juster side.
To winter weather and a stormy sea
I 'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deserv'st from Heaven's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cause.
To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate.
Stay but a little, till the tempest cease,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconstant prove!
And so it will, if there be power in love.
Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the main?
Which were it smooth, were every wave asleep,
Ten thousand forms of Death are in the deep.
In that abyss the gods their vengeance store,
For broken vows of those who falsely swore.
There winged storms on sea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the justice of her state.
Thus I to thee the means of safety show;
And, lost myself, would still preserve my foe.
False as thou art, I not thy death design:
O rather live, to be the cause of mine!
Should some avenging storm thy vessel tear,
(But Heaven forbid my words should omen bear)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy eye.
With threatening looks think thou behold'st me stare,
Gasping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, should fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What could'st thou say, but I deserv'd 'em all?
Lest this should happen, make not haste away;
To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.
Have pity on thy son, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy gods deserv'd,
To sink in seas, who were from fires preserv'd?
But neither gods nor parent didst thou bear;
Smooth stories all to please a woman's ear,
False as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy first deluded wife:
Left to pursuing foes Creüsa stay'd,
By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender heart,
That such requital follow'd such desert.
Nor doubt I but the gods, for crimes like these,
Seven winters kept thee wandering on the seas.
Thy starv'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour strangers, succour the distrest,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the rest!
Curst be the cave which first my ruin brought,
Where, from the storm, we common shelter sought!
A dreadful howling echo'd round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought so then, but now too late I know
The Furies yell'd my funerals from below.
O Chastity and violated Fame,
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!
By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love; [stands,
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his statue
The pious monument of artful hands.
Last night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cry'd, "Dido, come."
She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith mi.led.
His goddess mother, and his aged sire
Borne on his back, did to my fall conspire.
Oh! such he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.
But cruel stars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it must end.
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.
Friendless, and follow'd by the murderer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a suppliant, from the natives' hands
I bought the ground on which my city stands,
With all the coast that stretches to the sea;
Ev'n to the friendly port that shelter'd thee:
Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours' wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My scarce-establish'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
An helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my person would my crown defend:
Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that must follow, if thou goest away.)
Or to my husband's murderer leave my life,
That to the husband he may add the wife.
Go then, since no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy gods behind.
Touch not those gods, by whom thou art forsworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn must perish by thy hate,
And perish guiltless in his mother's fate.
Some god, thou say'st, thy voyage does command; [land!
Would the same god had barr'd thee from my
The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers,
Who kept thee out at sea so many years;
While thy long labours were a price so great,
As thou to purchase Troy would'st not repeat.
But Tyber now thou seek'st, to be at best,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious guest.
Yet it deludes thy search: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.
A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring,
And, without conquering, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'st transfer thy Troy:
Here young Ascanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live secure in soft repose,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes,
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, stay;
By all the gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live still, and with no future fortune strive;
So may thy youthful son old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:
As thou hast pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.

I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents against Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By some inferior name admit my love.
To be secur'd of still possessing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!
Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know,
When free from tempests passengers may go:
But now with northern blasts the billows roar,
And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.
Leave to my care the time to sail away;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
Thy weary men would be with ease content;
Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'st my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo;
And give me time to struggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not suffer long;
My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
Death holds my pen and dictates what I say,
While cross my lap the Trojan sword I lay.
My tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my sorrows that must drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my bosom I display:
The sword but enters where Love made the way.
But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold ashes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast,
I lost that title, when my fame I lost.
This short inscription only let it bear:
"Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
The cause of death, and sword by which she dy'd,
Æneas gave: the rest her arm supply'd."

TRANSLATION FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF *OVID'S ART OF LOVE.*

IN Cupid's school whoe'er would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments by reading me.
Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move;
Art guides the chariot: Art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule;
But I am master in Love's mighty school.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn god; but yet the god's a child:
Easy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:
That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The silver strings of his melodious lyre:
So Love's fair goddess does my soul inspire,
To teach her softer arts; to sooth the mind,
And smooth the rugged breasts of human-kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles each with scorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddess-born.
The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burthen draws;
The horse receives the bit within his jaws;
And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
Though struggling oft he strives to disobey.
He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
The more he teaches to revenge the spite.
I boast no aid the Delphian god affords,
Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio nor her sisters have I seen;
As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth so try'd
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence, ye vestals, be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.
I sing the brothels loose and unconfin'd,
Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name,
First seek an object worthy of your flame;
Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And last, provide your love may long remain.
On these three precepts all my work shall move:
These are the rules and principles of Love.
Before your youth with marriage is opprest,
Make choice of one who suits your humour best:
And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
She must be sought for with a curious eye.
The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntsman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
Th' assembly where his quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
These rules shall put him in the ready way.
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Perseus or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
As all the world can hardly show thee more.
The face of Heaven with fewer stars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning sweetness in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.

Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight
(An age that knows to give and take delight);
Millions of matrons of the graver sort,
In common prudence, will not balk the sport.
In summer heats thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whose turrets near the bawdy suburb rise:
Or to that other portico, where stands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegrooms breast:
Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.
Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul drove,
On sabbaths, rest from every thing but love:
Nor Isis' temple; for that sacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove she was before.
And if the hall itself be not bely'd,
Ev'n there the cause of Love is often try'd;
Near it at least, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noisy combatants are heard.
The crafty counsellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cause, but lose their own.
There eloquence is nonplust in the suit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles,
To see them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave senators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But, above all, the play-house is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chase.
There take thy stand, and sharply looking out,
Soon may'st thou find a mistress in the rout,
For length of time, or for a single bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng,
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voice:
There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice:
To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.
From Romulus the rise of plays began,
To his new subjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
Took care the commonwealth should multiply:
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
His play-house not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade,
The stage with rushes or with leaves they strew'd:
No scenes in prospect, no machining god.
On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree.
There, while they sat in rustic majesty,
Each lover had his mistress in his eye;
And whom he saw most suiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haste;
But, ere the dances and the song were past,
The monarch gave the signal from his throne;
And, rising, bade his merry men fall on
The marshal crew, like soldiers ready prest,
Just at the word (the word too was, The best)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair;
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb despair.
Her absent mother one invokes in vain;
One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
The nimbler trust their feet, the slow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and blushing, to the genial bed.
She who too long resisted, or deny'd,
The lusty lover made by force a bride;
And with superior strength, compelled her to his side.
Then sooth'd her thus:—"My soul's far better part,
Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass."
Thus Romulus became so popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for such a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did first improve;
And theatres are still the scenes of love:
Nor shun the chariot's and the courser's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
But boldly next the fair your seat provide,
Close as you can to hers, and side by side.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crowding sit:
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse;
Inquire, whose chariot this, and whose that horse?
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
Like what she likes; from thence your court begin;
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.
But when the statues of the deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand,
Brush both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
And still to touch her lap make some pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,
Who knows but you may see her naked thighs!
Observe, who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his encroaching knee should press the fair.
Light service takes light minds: for some can tell
Of favours won, by laying cushions well:
By fanning faces some their fortune meet;
And some by laying footstools for their feet.
These overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives:
For there the son of Venus fights his prize;
And deepest wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,
Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the spectacle is made a part.
Cæsar would represent a naval fight,
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.
From either sea the youths and maidens come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
In this vast concourse, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining east to Rome will add.

Rejoice, ye Roman soldiers, in your urn;
Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return;
And the slain Crassi shall no longer mourn.
A youth is sent those trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unseen;
In childhood all of Cæsar's race are men.
Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press,
And in his cradle did his sire confess.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early spoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight,
And thus shall vanquish in your father's right.
These rudiments to you your lineage owe;
Born to increase your titles, as you grow,
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent and your own,
Redeem your country, and restore his throne.
Your enemies assert an impious cause;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cause they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæsar join,
To give a prosperous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one shall be divine.
I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome:
My verse shall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I sing the Parthians overthrow;
Their shot averse sent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by Heaven design'd,
When thou, the best and fairest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses shalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight;
O glorious object, O surprising sight,
O day of public joy; too good to end in night!
On such a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see:
If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,
Answer to all thou know'st; and, if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably: no matter for the truth.
In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound;
More pleasure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian goddess there her ambush lays;
And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays;
Desires increase at every swelling draught;
Brisk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He shakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the spirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
Bold truths it speaks; and spoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old simplicity again.
Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But sober, and by day, thy suit advance.
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the fairest did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid or lessen'd in her dark disguise.
The Sun's fair light each errour will confess,
In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.
Why name I every place where youths abound?
'Tis loss of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ships at anchor ride,
And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are less healthful than they thought.
Or Dian's fane, which near the suburb lies,
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden goddess is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his subjects undergo.
Thus far the sportful muse with myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely lasses may be found.
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend:
And all you vulgar of my school attend.
First then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In summer season, or the birds in spring;
Than women can resist your flattering skill:
Ev'n she will yield, who swears she never will.
To secret pleasure both the sexes move;
But women most, who most dissemble love.
'Twere best for us, if they would first declare,
Avow their passion, and submit to prayer.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game.
Man is more temperate in his lust than they,
And, more than women, can his passion sway.
Biblis, we know, did first her love declare,
And had recourse to death in her despair.
Her brother she, her father Myrrha sought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree she stills her odorous tears,
Which yet the name of her who shed them bears.
In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the snow, the fairest of the herd;
A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envy'd every leap he gave the herd.
A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast,
And hated every heifer he caress'd.
A story known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
She cut him grass (so much can *Love* command);
She strok'd, she fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in pastures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Cease, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows;
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glass compose thy looks and eyes:
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:

Yet trust thy mirrour, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wouldst thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.
If Minos please, no lover seek to find;
If not, at least seek one of human kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forsakes;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curses every beauteous cow she sees;
"Ah, why dost thou my lord and master please!
And think'st, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With frisking awkwardly, to gain his heart!"
She said, and straight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeserving, to the yoke;
Or feigns some holy rites of sacrifice,
And sees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
Then, when the bloody priest has done his part,
Pleas'd in her hand she holds the beating heart;
Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce refrain;
"Go, fool, and strive to please my love again."
Now she would be Europa, Io now
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow).
Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd;
Fill'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire;
Till by his form the son betray'd the sire.
If Atreus' wife to incest had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His coursers Phœbus had not driven away,
To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Nisus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At sea and land Atrides sav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adulterous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea sought,
When the slain offspring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
These crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an easy victory:
Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men should woo:
She who complains, and she who will not do.
Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canst thou miss, since womankind
Is frail and vain, and still to change inclin'd?
Old husbands and stale gallants they despise;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from swelling udders yield.
First gain the maid: by her thou shalt be sure
A free access and easy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue,
Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and prayers:
For her good word goes far in love affairs.
The time and fit occasion leave to her,
When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry mood;
When all things at her wish and pleasure move:
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
Troy stood the siege, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
Instruct the damsel while she combs her hair,
To raise the choler of that injur'd fair;
And, sighing, make her mistress understand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
Then, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer;
And swear thou languishest and dy'st for her.
Then let her lose no time, but push at all:
For women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.
Give their first fury leisure to relent,
They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy suit advance?
'Tis a hard question, and a doubtful chance.
One maid, corrupted, bawds the better for't;
Another for herself would keep the sport.
Thy business may be further'd or delay'd:
But by my counsel, let alone the maid:
Ev'n though she should consent to do the feat;
The profit's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, safe, and broad.
Yet, if thou find'st her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend:
Let the fair mistress have thy first embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.
But this I will advise, and mark my words;
For 'tis the best advice my skill affords:
If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin,
Before th' attempt is made, make sure to win:
For then the secret better will be kept;
And she can tell no tales when once she's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's interest to beware,
The bird entangled should not 'scape the snare.
The fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
And spoils the sport of all the neighbouring brook.
But, if the wench be thine, she makes thy way,
And, for thy sake, her mistress will betray;
Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say.
Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy:
So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.
All things the stations of their seasons keep;
And certain times there are to sow and reap.
Ploughmen and sailors for the season stay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the sea:
So should the lover wait the lucky day.
Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design;
But think, another hour she may be thine.
And when she celebrates her birth at home,
Or when she views the public shows of Rome,
Know, all thy visits then are troublesome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,
For that's a boding and a stormy day.
Else take thy time, and, when thou canst, begin:
To break a Jewish sabbath, think no sin:
Nor ev'n on superstitious days abstain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia slain.
Ill omens in her frowns are understood;
When she's in humour, every day is good.
But than her birth-day seldom comes a worse;
When bribes and presents must be sent of course;
And that's a bloody day, that costs thy purse.
Be stanch; yet parsimony will be vain:
The craving sex will still the lover drain.
No skill can shift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who shall before thy face his wares display.
To choose for her she craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
But when she has her purchase in her eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.

"'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you."
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at sight;
Now curse the time when thou wert taught to write.
She keeps her birth-day; you must send the cheer;
And she 'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies she dribs thee into cost;
That ear-ring dropt a stone, that ring is lost.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied ere I told a part.
By letters, not by words, thy love begin;
And ford the dangerous passage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'st to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry god invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch;
For ev'n the poor in promise may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her still believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to give.
Ev'n barren lands fair promises afford;
But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it gratis; and she 'll give thee more,
For fear of losing what she gave before.
The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,
Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herself into a marriage-vow
(And every cheat in love the gods allow).
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
Sweet words the people and the senate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to simple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar style your thoughts convey,
And write such things as present you would say;
Such words as from the heart may seem to move:
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
In time the steer will to the yoke submit;
In time the restiff horse will bear the bit.
Ev'n the hard plough-share use will wear away;
And stubborn steel in length of time decay.
Water is soft, and marble hard; and yet
We see soft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
For she, who reads, in time will answer too;
Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain,
And sharply bids you not to write again:
What she requires, she fears you should accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.

Meantime, if she be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not seem to know she's there.
Speak softly to delude the standers-by;
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
If sauntering in the portico she walk,
Move slowly too; for that's a time for talk:
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go side by side.
Nor in the play-house let her sit alone:
For she 's the play-house and the play in one.
There thou may'st ogle, or by signs advance
Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her sweet sake the loss of time despise;
Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave those effeminate and useless toys
To eunuchs, who can give no solid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theseus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care:
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean:
And wear well-fashion'd clothes, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a skilful barber cut your hair.
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard.
Cure your unsavory breath, gargle your throat;
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dress not, in short, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who would not follow, when a god invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
Forsaken now; and Theseus lov'd no more:
Loose was her gown, dishevell'd was her hair;
Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the water's brink she stood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No posture could that heavenly form disgrace.
She beat her breast: "The traitor's gone," said she;
"What shall become of poor forsaken me?
What shall become"—she had not time for more,
The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore.
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her stood;
And scudding Satyrs ran before their god.
Silenus on his ass did next appear,
And held upon the mane (the god was clear);
The drunken sire pursues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken sire.
At last he topples over on the plain;
The Satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again.
And now the god of wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn.
Her colour, voice, and sense, forsook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests blow,
Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.

To whom the god: "Compose thy fearful mind;
In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
With Heaven I will endow thee, and thy star
Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
And guide on seas the doubtful mariner."
He said, and, from his chariot leaping light,
Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waist he threw
(For gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do)
And swiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep.
But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side;
Invoke the god, and all the mighty powers,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer,
Which she may know were all addrest to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires).
Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the cup;
And, where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
When she to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy service ev'n her husband must attend
(A husband is a most convenient friend).
Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he says, be seconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendship's name:
But, common though it be, 'tis still to blame:
Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
And to themselves their masters' gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware;
Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.
Eurytion justly fell, by wine opprest,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feast.
Sing, if you have a voice; and show your parts
In dancing, if endued with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power to please;
Nay, ev'n affect a seeming drunkenness;
Clip every word; and if by chance you speak
Too home, or if too broad a jest you break,
In your excuse the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
True drunkenness is subject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
Then safely may you praise her beauteous face,
And call him happy, who is in her grace.
Her husband thinks himself the man design'd;
But curse the cuckold in your secret mind.
When all are risen, and prepare to go,
Mix with the croud, and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court;
For now she's in the vein, and fit for sport.
Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by;
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
On Fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
Only begin, and trust the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover; let thy speech abound
In dying words, that represent thy wound:
Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd;
All women think they merit to be lov'd.
Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
And, after, feels the torment he profest.
For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet:
Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.
Such praises ev'n the chaste are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.
Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
And still they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train:
Be silent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race;
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
And, if need be, call every god to hear.
Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile.
He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forsworn, he dares not an example make,
Or punish falsehood for his own dear sake.
'Tis for our interest that the gods should be;
Let us believe them: I believe, they see,
And both reward and punish equally.
Not that they live above, like lazy drones,
Or kings below, supine upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as present in their sight;
Be just in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.
But 'tis a venial sin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conscience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.
'Tis said, that Ægypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor Heaven did rain supply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king, [bring.
That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture
The king reply'd: "On thee the lot shall fall;
Be thou, my guest, the sacrifice for all."
Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
And made him season first the brazen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of Nature cry,
'Tis the artificers of death should die.
Thus justly women suffer by deceit;
Their practice authorises us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids and seem at least to cry.
Kiss, if you can: resistance if she make,
And will not give you kisses, let her take.
"Fy, fy, you naughty man!" are words of course;
She struggles but to be subdued by force.
Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.
If once she kiss, her meaning is exprest;
There wants but little pushing for the rest:
Which if thou dost not gain, by strength or art,
The name of clown then suits with thy desert;
'Tis downright dulness, and a shameful part.
Perhaps, she calls it force; but, if she 'scape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.

The sex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd even to their own desires.
They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast sight;
But in their souls confess you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curse you with their heart.
Fair Phœbe and her sister did prefer
To their dull mates the nobler ravisher.
What Deidamio did in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the just judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When she with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause:
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What! means Æacides to spin and sew?
With spear and sword in field thy valour shew;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
Which is more worthy to sustain the shield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The same the Fates for Hector's thread assign?
Brandish thy falchion in thy powerful hand,
Which can alone the ponderous lance command.
In the same room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex betray'd,
Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtship he began;
But, to her cost she found it was a man.
'Tis thought she struggled; but withal 'tis thought,
Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.
For when, disclos'd, and hastening to the field,
He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.
She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part:
And now 'tis nature what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
This is the sex; they will not first begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin.
Is there, who thinks that women first should woo?
Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to speak his mind;
They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
Ask, that thou may'st enjoy; she waits for this;
And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.
Ev'n Jove himself was forc'd to sue for love;
None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove.
But if you find your prayers increase her pride,
Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we pursue; but make delay,
And, when they see you slacken, they will stay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourself her lover, but her friend.
How many skittish girls have thus been caught!
He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
Sailors by sun and wind are swarthy made;
A tann'd complexion best becomes their trade.
'Tis a disgrace for ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who seeks an olive crown,
Is sun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
That colour from the fair compassion draws:
She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
His paleness did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghastly visage argu'd hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail:
Read long by night, and study to be pale:
Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest;
Be miserable, that you may be blest.
Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most?
Faith, truth, and friendship, in the world are lost;
A little and an empty name they boast.
Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise;
If he believe, thou may'st a rival raise.
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
Ev'n Phædra to Pirithous still was chaste.
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Those rare examples of a faithful mind.
The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow;
Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
We sin with gust, we love by fraud to gain;
And find a pleasure in our fellows pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:
Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
But from your bosom-friend your cares begin.
Here I had ended, but experience finds,
That sundry women are of sundry minds;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to please:
They therefore must be caught by various ways.
All things are not produc'd in any soil;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 'tis in men, but more in womankind:
Different in face, in manners, and in mind:
But wise men shift their sails with every wind,
As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his shape,
And did in sundry forms and figures 'scape;
A running stream, a standing tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fish with harpoons, some with darts are struck,
Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook:
So turn thyself; and, imitating them,
Try several tricks, and change thy stratagem.
One rule will not for different ages hold;
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid;
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ignorant girl of learning speak;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
And hence 'tis often seen, the simple shun
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
Part of my task is done, and part to do:
But here 'tis time to rest myself and you.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.

THE FIRST BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryses, priest of Apollo, brings presents to the Grecian princes, to ransom his daughter Chryseis, who was prisoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whose captive and mistress the young lady was, refuses to deliver, threatens the venerable old man, and dismisses him with contumely. The priest craves vengeance of his god; who sends a plague among the Greeks: which occasions Achilles, their great champion, to summon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the reason, why the gods were so much incensed against them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: then, emboldened by the hero, he accuses the general as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refusing the presents offered for her ransom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against his will, to restore Chryseis, with gifts, that he might appease the wrath of Phœbus; but, at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensible of his injustice. At the same time, he retires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her suit. Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her husband for his grant; till Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and sends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' son, O Muse, resound;
Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were sent, in early youth, to shades of night:
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
So was the sovereign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when strife begun,
Betwixt Atrides' great, and Thetis' god-like son.

What power provok'd, and for what cause relate,
Sow'd, in their breasts, the seeds of stern debate:
Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
In vengeance of his violated priest,
Against the king of men; who, swoln with pride,
Refus'd his presents, and his prayers deny'd.
For this the god a swift contagion spread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.
For venerable Chryses came to buy, [berty.
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's li-
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood;
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god:
Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his sceptre of command.
His suit was common; but above the rest,
To both the brother-princes thus address'd:
"Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers,
So may the gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
Succeed your siege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take;
So, by their happy conduct, may you come
With conquest back to your sweet native home;
As you receive the ransom which I bring
(Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting king),
And break my daughter's bonds, at my desire;
And glad with her return her grieving sire."
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
The king of men alone with fury burn'd:
And, haughty, these opprobrious words return'd:
"Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my sight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight:
Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
Lest not that idle sceptre in thy hand, [stand.
Nor thy god's crown, my vow'd revenge with-
Hence, on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
Whom not for price or prayers I will resign:
Mine she shall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her prime.
Till then my royal bed she shall attend;
And, having first adorn'd it, late ascend:
This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
And homely household-task, shall be her doom,
Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her sweet native home."
He said: the helpless priest reply'd no more,
But sped his steps along the hoarse resounding shore;
Silent he fled; secure at length he stood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his god;
"O source of sacred light, attend my prayer,
God with the silver bow and golden hair;

Whom Crysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And who se broad eye their happy soil surveys;
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy shrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid,
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy shafts attest
How much thy power is injur'd in thy priest."
He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urg'd his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
Black as a stormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and sumpters sent:
Th' essay of rage, on faithful dogs the next;
And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The god nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the queen's command,
Who bears Heaven's awful sceptre in her hand,
A council summon'd; for the goddess griev'd
Her favour'd host should perish unreliev'd.
The kings assembled, soon their chief enclose;
Then from his seat the goddess-born arose,
And thus undaunted spoke: "What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watery plains,
And, wandering homeward, seek our safety hence,
In flight at least, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompass us about,
The plague within the camp, the sword without.
Consult, O king, the prophets of th' event:
And whence these ills, and what the gods intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove are sent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incense,
To deal his deadly shafts? What may remove
His settled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our spoils."
Thus to the king of men the hero spoke,
Then Calchas the desir'd occasion took:
Calchas the sacred seer, who had in view
Things present and the past; and things to come foreknew:
Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian powers to Troy's destruction brought.
Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes,
The reverend priest in graceful act arose:
And thus bespoke Pelides: "Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all th' immortal powers above;
Wouldst thou the seeds deep-sown of mischief know,
And why provok'd Apollo bends his bow? [know,
Plight first thy faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those ills, that may ensue.
For I shall tell ungrateful truths to those
Whose boundless powers of life and death dispose.
And sovereigns, ever jealous of their state,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n though th' offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breast,
Bursts forth in flames; whose unresisted power
Will seize th' unwary wretch, and soon devour.
Such, and no less is he, on whom depends
The sum of things; and whom my tongue of force offends.
Secure me then from his foreseen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may prevent."
To this the stern Achilles made reply:
"Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To speak what Phœbus has inspir'd thy soul
For common good; and speak without control.
His godhead I invoke, by him I swear,
That while my nostrils draw this vital air,
None shall presume to violate those bands;
Or touch thy person with unhallow'd hands:
Ev'n not the king of men that all commands."
At this, resuming heart, the prophet said:
"Nor hecatomb unslain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer king;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares resist,
Affronts the godhead in his injur'd priest:
He keeps the damsel captive in his chain,
And presents are refus'd, and prayers preferr'd in vain.
For this th' avenging power employs his darts,
And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus will persist, relentless in his ire,
Till the fair slave be render'd to her sire:
And ransom-free restor'd to his abode,
With sacrifice to reconcile the god:
Then he, perhaps, aton'd by prayer, may cease
His vengeance justly vow'd, and give the peace."
Thus having said, he sate: thus answer'd then,
Upstarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breast with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
Which, rolling round, he shot in sparkles on the sire:
"Augur of ill, whose tongue was never found
Without a priestly curse, or boding sound;
For not one bless'd event foretold to me
Pass'd through that mouth, or pass'd unwillingly.
And now thou dost with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy slandering trade.
Obtending Heaven, for whate'er ills befal;
And sputtering under specious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his priest profan'd, and I the cause:
Since I detain a slave, my sovereign prize;
And sacred gold, your idol-god, despise.
I love her well: and well her merits claim,
To stand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytemnestra's self in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better ply'd the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
With every household-grace adorn'd, to bless my nuptial bower.
Yet shall she be restor'd; since public good
For private interest ought not to be withstood,
To save th' effusion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I resign my own,
I should not suffer for your sakes alone;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common suffrage have obtain'd.
The slave without a ransom shall be sent:
It rests for you to make th' equivalent."
To this the fierce Thessalian prince reply'd:
"O first in power, but passing all in pride,
Griping, and still tenacious of thy hold,
Wouldst thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely soul'd,
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
And with their loss thy sacrilege restore?
Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot:

Which to resume, were both unjust and base;
Not to be borne but by a servile race.
But this we can: if Saturn's son bestows
The sack of Troy, which he by promise owes;
Then shall the conquering Greeks thy loss restore,
And with large interest make th' advantage more."
To this Atrides answer'd: "Though thy boast
Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Control'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'st Briseis in thy bands,
By priestly glossing on the god's commands?
Resolve on this, (a short alternative)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
Else I, assure thy soul, by sovereign right
Will seize thy captive in thy own despight.
Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
What other prize my fancy shall prefer:
Then softly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us pass.
A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare;
Proud in her trim: and put on board the fair,
With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of prayer.
The crew well chosen, the command shall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I please in thee:
Most fit thyself to see perform'd th' intent
For which my prisoner from my sight is sent;
(Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may
relent."
At this Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king askant; and thus replies:
"O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whose thoughts are center'd on thyself alone,
Advanc'd to sovereign sway, for better ends
Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor such enforc'd respect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote could I sustain,
To leave my fruitful soil and happy reign,
And plough the surges of the stormy main?
Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph: ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on
the throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redress
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'st with unjust decree,
To punish thy affronting Heaven, on me.
To seize the prize which I so dearly bought;
By common suffrage given, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for still above the rest
Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best.
Though mine are first in fight, to force the prey;
And last sustain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give;
Nor murmuring take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who would'st engross
The whole, insatiate, envy'st as thy loss.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here sustain the public
scorn."
The king, whose brows with shining gold were
bound,
Who saw his throne with scepter'd slaves en-
compass'd round,
Thus answer'd stern: "Go, at thy pleasure, go:
We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.
There will not want to follow me in fight:
Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art least at my command, and most my foe.
Debates, dissensions, uproars, are thy joy;
Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy.
Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone;
At least 'tis lent from Heaven; and not thy own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born myrmidons command.
But mark this menace; since I must resign
My black-ey'd maid, to please the powers divine:
(A well-rigg'd vessel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)
The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode,
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-shooting god.
This thus dispatch'd, I owe myself the care,
My fame and injur'd honour to repair:
From thy own tent, proud man, in thy despight,
This hand shall ravish thy pretended right.
Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see,
What odds of awful power I have on thee:
That others at thy cost may learn the difference
of degree."
At this th' impatient hero sourly smil'd:
His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd,
And, justled by two tides of equal sway,
Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.
Betwixt his reason, and his rage untam'd;
One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
That only counsel'd to the safer side;
This to the sword, his ready hand apply'd.
Unpunish'd to support th' affront was hard:
Nor easy was th' attempt to force the guard.
But soon the thirst of vengeance fir'd his blood:
Half shone his falchion, and half sheath'd it
stood.
In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commission'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
Descended swift (the white-arm'd queen was loath
The fight should follow; for she favour'd both):
Just as in act he stood, in clouds enshrin'd,
Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind:
Then backward by his yellow curls she drew;
To him, and him alone, confess'd in view.
Tam'd by superior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with surprise:
But by her sparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus bespoke:
"Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs?"
Thus he. The blue-ey'd goddess thus rejoin'd:
"I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If Reason will resume her sovereign sway,
And, sent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal she loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian gods their due respect;
And cease contention; be thy words severe,
Sharp as he merits: but the sword forbear.
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront shall dearly pay:
When the proud king shall sue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain.
But thou, secure of my unfailing word,
Compose thy swelling soul, and sheath the sword."

The youth thus answer'd mild: "Auspicious maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The gods are just, and when, subduing sense,
We serve their powers, provide the recompense."
He said; with surly faith believ'd her word,
And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword.
Her message done, she mounts the bless'd abodes,
And mix'd among the senate of the gods.
At her departure his disdain return'd;
The fire she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
"Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent:
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight;
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled prease,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul;
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to control.
Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary power,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
These, traitor, are thy talents; safer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldst thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their souls as abject as their state.
But, by this sceptre, solemnly I swear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch shall bear,
Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to those
Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift shall bribe it, and no prayer persuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conquering arms, with corps to strow the field,
Then shalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confess
My wrong repented, when 'tis past redress."
He said: and with disdain, in open view,
Against the ground his golden sceptre threw;
Then sate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.
But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,
With reasoning mild, their madness to compose:
Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd;
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; still in council great.
"What worse," he said, "can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than these distemper'd heats? If both the lights
Of Greece their private interest disunites!
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let these youthful passions be repress'd:
I flourish'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men
Than these dim eyes shall e'er behold again.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With these I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide, their fame to share.
Nor idle stood with unassisting hands,
When salvage beasts, and men's more salvage bands,
Their virtuous toil subdu'd: yet those I sway'd,
With powerful speech: I spoke, and they obey'd.
If such as those my counsels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd name
Shall lose of lustre, by subjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, stretch not thy sovereign sway
Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey:
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Achiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
Before whose throne, ev'n kings their lower'd sceptres bend.
The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchless thy force; but mightier his command.
Thou first, O king, release the rights of sway;
Power, self-restrain'd, the people best obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
Command thyself, whom no commands can force.
The son of Thetis, rampire of our host,
Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my prayers be lost."
Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke.
"Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial sway.
Controling kings, and trampling on our state,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The gods have given him strength: but whence the style
Of lawless power assum'd, or licence to revile?"
Achilles cut him short; and thus reply'd:
"My worth, allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.
For who but a poltron, possess'd with fear,
Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?
Command thy slaves: my freeborn soul disdains
A tyrant's curb; and restiff breaks the reins.
Take this along; that no dispute shall rise
(Though mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:
But she excepted, as unworthy strife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch aught of mine beside, by lot my due,
But stand aloof, and think profane to view:
This falchion, else, not hitherto withstood,
These hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood."
He said; and rose the first: the council broke;
And all their grave consults dissolv'd in smoke.
The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.
Meantime, the king with gifts a vessel stores;
Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars:
And next, to reconcile the shooter god,
Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he stow'd:
Chryseis last was set on board; whose hand
Ulysses took, intrusted with command:
They plow the liquid seas, and leave the lessening land.
Atrides then, his outwa'd zeal to boast,
Bade purify the sin-polluted host.
With perfect hecatombs the god they grac'd;
Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
Black bulls and bearded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of savory stench involve the sky.
These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
For show; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy Malice, longing for a vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust,
He call'd, and thus bespoke: "Haste hence your way:
And from the goddess-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive: if deny'd,
The king (so tell him) shall chastise his pride;
And with arm'd multitudes in person come,
To vindicate his power, and justify his doom."
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren shore pursue their way,
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Thessalians lay.

Their sovereign seated on his chair, they find;
His pensive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
With gloomy looks he saw them entering in
Without salute: nor durst they first begin,
Fearful of rash offence and death foreseen.
He soon, the cause divining, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of speech allow.
"Interpreters of gods and men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontrol'd,
Howe'er unpleasing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
But you, authentic witnesses I bring,
Before the gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifest: that never more
This hand shall combat on the crooked shore:
No, let the Grecian powers, oppress'd in fight,
Unpity'd perish in their tyrant's sight.
Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head:
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his insulted camp from foes defend."
He said; and soon obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent;
Then to th' intrusted messengers resign'd:
She wept, and often cast her eyes behind:
Forc'd from the man she lov'd: they led her thence,
Along the shore, a prisoner to their prince.
Sole on the barren sands the suffering chief
Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief.
Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus bespoke:
"Unhappy parent of a short-liv'd son,
Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with shame?
Suffering his king of men to force my slave,
Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians gave."
Set by old Ocean's side the goddess heard;
Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd:
Rose like a morning-mist; and thus begun
To sooth the sorrows of her plaintive son:
"Why cries my Care, and why conceals his smart?
Let thy afflicted parent share her part."
Then, sighing from the bottom of his breast,
To the sea-goddess thus the goddess-born address'd:
"Thou know'st my pain, which telling but recals:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;
The ransack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden spoils;
Equal we shar'd them; but before the rest,
The proud Prerogative had seiz'd the best.
Chryseis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryseis rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
Her sire, Apollo's priest, arriv'd to buy,
With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood,
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god:
Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his sceptre of command.
His suit was common, but above the rest
To both the brother-princes was address'd.
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to set the prisoner free.
Not so the tyrant, who with scorn the priest
Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words dismiss'd.
The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
For vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd:
The godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held so dear;
In an ill hour his piercing shafts he sped;
And heaps on heaps of slaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd: at length arose
A seer who well divin'd; and durst disclose
The source of all our ills: I took the word;
And urg'd the sacred slave to be restor'd,
The god appeas'd: the swelling monarch storm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he since perform'd:
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal priest his daughter sent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And seiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
By common suffrage given; but, thou, be won,
If in thy power, t' avenge thy injur'd son:
Ascend the skies; and supplicating move
Thy just complaints, to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed hast wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that: for often hast thou said
Thy power was once not useless in his aid,
When he, who high above the highest reigns,
Surpriz'd by traitor gods, was bound in chains,
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the seas conspir'd,
Thou freed'st the sovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in Heaven, but mortal men below
By his terrestrial name Ægeon know:
Twice stronger than his sire, who sat above
Assessor to the throne of thundering Jove.)
The gods, dismay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durst their unaccomplish'd crime pursue,
That action to his grateful mind recal;
Embrace his knees, and at his footstool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp enclos:
Ours beaten to the shore, the siege forsake;
And what their king deserves, with him partake.
That the proud tyrant, at his proper cost,
May learn the value of the man he lost."
To whom the mother-goddess thus reply'd,
Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke she cry'd:
"Ah, wretched me! by Fates averse, decreed,
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious Heaven not otherwise ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ships thou shouldst remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.
But now thy planet sheds his poisonous rays,
And short, and full of sorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to Heaven I will ascend,
And at the Thunderer's throne thy suit commend.
Till then, secure in ships, abstain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy spight.
For yesterday the court of Heaven with Jove
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the gods their solemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameless Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to Heaven my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and suppliant to the sire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy desire."
She said: and parting left him on the place,
Swoln with disdain, resenting his disgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.

Meantime with prosperous gales Ulysses brought
The slave, and ship with sacrifices fraught,
To Chrysa's port: where entering with the tide
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he ply'd.
Furl'd every sail, and drawing down the mast,
His vessel moor'd; and made with haulsers fast.
Descending on the plain, ashore they bring
The hecatomb to please the shooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulysses led; and thus bespoke her sire:
" Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy god ador'd:
The king of men thy daughter has restor'd;
And sent by me with presents and with prayer;
He recommends him to thy pious care.
That Phœbus at thy suit his wrath may cease,
And give the penitent offenders peace."
He said, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile bands.
This done, in order they, with sober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
Then wash'd, and took the cakes; while Chryses stood
With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his god:
" God of the silver bow, whose eyes survey
The sacred Cilla, thou whose awful sway
Chrysa the bless'd, and Tenedos obey:
Now hear, as thou before my prayer hast heard,
Against the Grecians and their prince preferr'd:
Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again
Thy priest; nor let his second vows be vain.
But from th' afflicted host and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and cease thy pestilence."
Apollo heard, and, conquering his disdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece respir'd again.
Now when the solemn rites of prayer were past,
Their salted cakes on crackling flames they cast.
Then, turning back, the sacrifice they sped:
The fatted oxen slew, and flea'd the dead.
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with skewers prick'd
About the sides; imbibing what they deck'd.
The priest with holy hands was seen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and as it burn'd,
On five sharp broachers rank'd, the roast they turn'd;
These morsels stay'd their stomachs; then the rest
They cut in legs and fillets for the feast;
Which drawn and serv'd, their hunger they appease
With savory meet, and set their minds at ease.
Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.
The first libations to the gods they pour:
And then with songs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring,
With hymns and pæans to the bowyer king.
At sun-set to their ship they make return,
And snore secure on decks, till rosy morn.
The skies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with labouring oars they leave the shore:
The power appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the sail,
The bellying canvass strutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with surly pride,
And press against the sides, and, beaten off, divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
Then hauling on the strand their galley moor,
And pitch their tents along the crooked shore.

Meantime the goddess-born in secret pin'd;
Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But, keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:
And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear the dying sounds.
Now, when twelve days complete had run their race,
The gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.
Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
A shoal of puny powers attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Pursued their track; and waken'd from his rest,
Before the sovereign stood a morning guest.
Him in the circle, but apart, she found:
The rest at awful distance stood around.
She bow'd, and ere she durst her suit begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one prop'd his chin.
Then thus: " If I, celestial sire, in ought
Have serv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,
One glimpse of glory to my issue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands:
His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my son's defence,
Assume thy power, assert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid
With doubled honours; and redeem'd his aid."
She ceas'd, but the considering god was mute,
Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her suit:
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
" Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face,
That I, of all the gods, am least in grace.
This I can bear." The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And, sighing first, this answer he return'd:
" Know'st thou what clamours will disturb my reign,
What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain?
In council she gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now she will my partial power upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When, nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:
The sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come:
The stamp of Heaven, and seal of Fate." He said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head.
With terrour trembled Heaven's subsiding hill:
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.
The goddess goes exulting from his sight,
And seeks the seas profound; and leaves the realms of light.
He moves into his hall: the powers resort,
Each from his house to fill the sovereign's court.
Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the god.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But sullen Discontent sate lowering on her face.
With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,
Whispering with Jove, the silver-footed queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her silence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke:
" Author of ills, and close contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what prostitute of Love,

Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old service done, some new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your special care,
The consort never must the council share.
One gracious word is for a wife too much; [such."
Such is a marriage-vow, and Jove's own faith is
Then thus the sire of gods, and men below,
"What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
Ev'n goddesses are women: and no wife
Has power to regulate her husband's life:
Counsel she may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
What I transact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor press too near the throne."
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
"What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies!
When did I search the secrets of thy reign,
Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou do'st, to hide from common sight
Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the silver-footed dame,
Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,
To grace her issue, at the Grecians' cost,
And for one peevish man destroy an host."
To whom the thunderer made this stern reply;
"My household curse, my lawful plague, the spy
Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye!
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be master still, and Juno fail.
Should thy suspicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'st more odious to my sight,
For this attempt: uneasy life to me,
Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worse for thee.
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
The gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To lift a hand against Omnipotence." [fear:
This heard, th' imperious queen sate mute with
Nor further durst incense the gloomy thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke:
Nor could the gods, abash'd, sustain their sovereign's look.
The limping smith observ'd the sadden'd feast,
And hopping here and there, (himself a jest)
Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend.
"What end in Heaven will be of civil war,
If gods of pleasure will for mortals jar?
Such discord but disturbs our jovial feast;
One grain of bad, embitters all the best.
Mother, though wise yourself, my counsel weigh;
'Tis much unsafe my sire to disobey.
Not only you provoke him to your cost,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good cheer is lost.
Tempt hot his heavy hand; for he has power
To throw you headlong from his heavenly tower.
But one submissive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good humour with us all."
He said no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand; and thus pursu'd:
"This cursed quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still;
Though griev'd, yet subject to her husband's will.
I would not see you beaten; yet, afraid
Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, since that hapless hour
When I and all the gods employ'd our power
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er Heaven's battlements with fury threw.
All day I fell: my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting sun.
Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Receiv'd my batter'd skull, the Sinthians heal'd my wound."
At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother smil'd,
And smiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which empty'd, the rude skinker still restor'd.
Loud fits of laughter seiz'd the guests, to see
The limping god so deft at his new ministry.
The feast continued till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas night.
Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muses sung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart,
Each to his house; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect: the thundering god
Ev'n he withdrew to rest, and had his load.
His swimming head to needful sleep apply'd;
And Juno lay unheeded by his side.

THE LAST PARTING OF

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand in hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

Thus having said, brave Hector went to see
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home; for she was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant son,
To climb the steepy tower of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
The bloody business of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And sought the lord of her desires in vain.
But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of every one,
Which way she took, and whither she was gone;
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long procession to Minerva's fane?
The servants answer'd, "Neither to the court,
Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort,
Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;
But, more solicitous for him alone,
Than all their safety, to the tower was gone,
There to survey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly she pass'd, with fear and fury wild;
The nurse went lagging after with the child."
This heard, the noble Hector made no stay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
He pass'd through every street, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.

His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dower Cilicia's crown,
And, in herself, a greater dower alone:
Aetion's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathless she flew, with joy and passion wild;
The nurse came lagging after with her child.
The royal babe upon her breast was laid;
Who, like the morning star, his beams display'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Astyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.
Hector beheld him with a silent smile:
His tender wife stood weeping by the while:
Press'd in her own, his warlike hand she took,
Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke:
"Thy dauntless heart (which I foresee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor dost thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppress thy single might:
Better it were for miserable me
To die, before the fate which I foresee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?
"Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By stern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father slew;
He slew Aetion, but despoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Enclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.
"My seven brave brothers in one fatal day
To Death's dark mansions took the mournful way;
Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep.
My mother, who the royal sceptre sway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for soon Diana's dart
In an unhappy chase transfix'd her heart.
"But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the dusty plain;
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and son are in thy ruin lost:
This is a husband's and a father's post.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marshal all thy soldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
And thither all their powers are daily bent:
The two Ajaces have I often seen,
And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan queen:
With him his greater brother; and with these
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury or chance,
But by this easy rise they all advance;
Guard well that pass, secure of all beside."
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd.
"That and the rest are in my daily care;
But should I shun the dangers of the war,
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains.
The Grecian swords and lances I can bear:
But loss of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belie his courage, and forsake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And still have been the foremost in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage,
That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I must fall;
And universal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itself, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whose valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
Not these, nor all their fates which I foresee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I see, I see thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power;
Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living stream to take,
And on thy weary shoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy shame.
This when they say, thy sorrows will increase
With anxious thoughts of former happiness;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress.
But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more."
He said—
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurse's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father shunning with affright,
And looking back on so uncouth a sight;
Daunted to see a face with steel o'er-spread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His sire and mother smil'd with silent joy;
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy;
Dismiss'd his burnish'd helm, that shone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
Th' illustrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke:
"Parent of gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you bright synod of the powers above;
On this my son your gracious gifts bestow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To shield the people, and assert the crown:
That, when hereafter he from war shall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May say, the son in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at these words his mother may rejoice,
And add her suffrage to the public voice."

Thus having said,
He first with suppliant hands the gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child restor'd:
With tears and smiles she took her son, and press'd
Th' illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her sorrows with this last relief.
"My wife and mistress, drive thy fears away,
Nor give so bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable doom of Destiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There task thy maids, and exercise the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and most of all to me."
At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But lac'd his crested helm, and strode away.
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And looking often back in silence mourn'd:
Home when she came, her secret woe she vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
Those loud laments her echoing maids restore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS, AND HORACE.

PREFACE

CONCERNING MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATIONS.

For this last half-year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of translation: the cold prose fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in the history of the League; the hot, which succeeded them, in verse miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm; never suspecting but the humour would have wasted itself in two or three pastorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible. It was my lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse; which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in poetry is, like a seeming demonstration in the mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commission: for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discovered some beauty yet undiscovered by those pedants, which none but a poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English. And where I have enlarged them, I desire the false critics would not always think, that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life: where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the out-lines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me,

or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcase would be to his living body. There are many, who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust, which he contracted while he was laying-in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains a harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification, of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely), that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable: who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar a part to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalæphas, or cutting-off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil, though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalæphas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him:

for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself: for, where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous, of any translation of the Æneid: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Besides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a translator has not; he is confined by the sense of the inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it: so that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a translator cannot render without circumlocutions. In short, they who have called him the torture of grammarians, might also have called him the plague of translators; for he seems to have studied not to be translated. I own, that, endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able, I have performed that episode too literally; that, giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that version, which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself, is only, that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. By considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty: nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his (I must once again say) is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the hastiness of my performance, would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense: but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be, I understand him better: at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse: they are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press; the second is this:

When Lausus died, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinced, for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the

best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success in those four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneid. The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has most laboured; and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him; and using a magisterial authority while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our poet and philosopher of Malmesbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before-hand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this too with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his system of nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolves before-hand not to live morally. But, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate. So that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, and there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the prosopopeia of Nature,

who is brought in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

"I have not here designed to rob the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translations are very different. He follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he used my method in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obscure in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman shall quickly be dispatched, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming a pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes. He shows his art and learning, by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is between Tasso's Aminta and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the philosophy of Epicurus and Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts. But Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid; he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess in her country russet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spenser has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Kalendar; but neither will it succeed in English: for which reason I have forebore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my translations to our ladies, who neither understand, nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be considered in his three different talents, as he was a critic, a satirist, and a writer of odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for, let his Dutch commentators say what they will, his philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of gods and Providence only to serve a turn in poetry. But since neither his criticism, which are the most instructive of any that are written in this art, nor his satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, if to laugh and rally is to be preferred to railing and declaiming, are no part of my present undertaking, I confine myself wholly to his odes. These are also of several sorts: some of them are panegyrical, others moral, the rest jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his subject, with almost imperceptible connections, that Theban poet is his master. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of verse, or stanza, in every ode. That which will distinguish his style from all other poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing so delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or (to speak English) in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil's; but there seems to be a greater spirit in them. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in Petronius is called curiosa felicitas, and which I suppose he had from the feliciter audere

of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be his briskness, his jollity, and his good-humour: and those I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confess, are above my imitation. One ode, which infinitely pleased me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindaric verse; it is that which is inscribed to the present earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my master-piece in English: for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread: but it has not been considered enough to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom (to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so short a time. But, if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of the English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more lyrical verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's Paradise Lost is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats against his elevations, when it is evident he creeps along sometimes for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry. Since Pindar was the prince of lyric poets, let me have leave to say, that in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric verse can never be complete: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explained myself as to be understood; but if I have not; quod nequeo dicere & sentio tantùm must be my excuse. There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a noble sort of poetry so happily restored by one man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise in another age, may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

> —— Fungar vice cotis, acutum
> Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This, I grant, is no excuse: for it may be reasonably urged, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not, (which was certainly my case) why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable; but, in part of recompense, let me assure the reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an author's present sense, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguised. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment, in these incorrect essays, and consequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS

AMARYLLIS:

OR,

THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

TO Amaryllis Love compels my way,
My browzing goats upon the mountains stray:
O Tityrus, tend them well, and see them fed
In pastures fresh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head.
Ah, beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
The conscious grottos, and the shady grove;
Where stretch'd at ease your tender limbs were laid,
Your nameless beauties nakedly display'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
With kisses such as set my soul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same;
My heart maintains for both a double flame;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn:
So faithful I, and you so much forsworn!
I die, and death will finish all my pain;
Yet, ere I die, behold me once again:
Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?
What partial judges are our love and hate!
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear;
How ruddy, like your lips, their streaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmost branch (the tree was high):
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reserv'd.
Look on me kindly, and some pity show,
Or give me leave at least to look on you.
Some god transform me by his heavenly power
Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bower,
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded fern that your fair forehead shade.
Now to my cost the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on human-kind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taste of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah, nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the sufferings of your slaves your sport!
Unheeded ruin! treacheous delight!
O polish'd hardness soften'd to the sight!
Whose radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight those, and these like break of morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your charms;
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not ask to live another day,
Might I but sweetly kiss my soul away.
Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kisses are but empty when compar'd.
I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
The garland, which I wove for you to wear,
Of parsly, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a rosy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!
Since I must die, why is my fate deferr'd!
I strip my body of my shepherd's frock:
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,
Where yon old fisher views the waves from high?
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shore,
But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, seeking my success in love to know,
I try'd th' infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And which was worse, if any worse could prove,
The withering leaf foreshow'd your withering love.
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My last recourse I had to sieve and sheers;
And told the witch Agreo my disease:
Agreo, that in harvest us'd to lease:
But harvest done, to chare-work did aspire;
Meat, drink, and two-pence, was her daily hire.
To work she went, her charms she mutter'd o'er,
And yet the resty sieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the testy beldame swore,
And, foaming with her god, foretold my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white kids ran frisking by my side,
For which the nut-brown lass, Erithasis,
Full often offer'd many a savoury kiss.
Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price:
What madman would o'erstand his market twice!
My right eye itches, some good-luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll set up such a note as she shall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice would move:
She must be flint, if she refuse my love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife
To win his lady, or to lose his life,
(What shifts some men will make to get a wife!)
Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haste she could not choose but stay:
Renown said, "Run;" the glittering bribe cry'd, "Hold;"
The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed)
That stopt the fatal fury of her speed:

She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble feet refuse
Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose.
A prophet some, and some a poet cry,
(No matter which, so neither of them lie)
From steepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
If such another wager should be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, when Love extended finds
His power on high, and in celestial minds;
Venus the shepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd something else besides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How blest was fair Endymion with his Moon,
Who sleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jason from Medea's love possest,
You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.
My aking head can scarce support the pain;
This cursed love will surely turn my brain:
Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy sweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron sleep:
I lay me down to gasp my latest breath,
The wolves will get a breakfast by my death;
Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
For Love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE EPITHALAMIUM
OF
HELEN AND MENELAUS.

FROM THE EIGHTEENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did resort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed, [bespread.
With curious needles wrought, and painted flowers
Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must be,
And Jove himself was less a god than he:
For this their artful hands instruct the lute to sound, [ground.
Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the
This was their song: "Why, happy bridegroom,
Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky, [why,
Ere twilight shades, or evening dews are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to bed?
Has Somnus brush'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous god?
If gentle slumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to sleep)
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowsy drone,
Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play,
At sports more harmless till the break of day:
Give us this evening; thou hast morn and night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd,
Of rival princes, Cupid sneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen sent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan shore.
Of all our heroes thou canst boast alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee son:
Betwixt two sheets thou shalt enjoy her pure,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare,
So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl like her must be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelvescore viragoes of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurotu's banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend,
When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
So, when the night and winter disappear,
The purple morning, rising with the year,
Salutes the spring, as her celestial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the skies:
So beauteous Helen shines among the rest,
Tall, slender, straight, with all the graces blest.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
Or as Thessalian steeds the race adorn;
So rosy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beside.
Like her no nymph can willing osiers bend
In basket-works, which painted streaks commend:
With Pallas in the loom she may contend.
But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute strings with vocal souls inspire;
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaste Diana bathing in the stream:
None can record their heavenly praise so well
As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand Cupids dwell,
O fair, O graceful! yet with maids enroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's Sun a matron shall behold!
Yet ere to-morrow's Sun shall show his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all shall weep and wish for thy return,
As bleating lambs their absent mother mourn.
Our noblest maids shall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauty's due,
High on a plane-tree shall be hung to view:
On the smooth rind the passenger shall see
Thy name engrav'd, and worship Helen's tree:
Balm, from a silver-box distill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the sacred ground.
The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, son-in-law to Jove!
With fruitful joys Latona bless your love;
Let Venus furnish you with full desires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires:
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy store,
Give much to you, and to his grandsons more.
From generous loins a generous race will spring,
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.
Now sleep, if sleep you can; but while you rest,
Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to breast:
Rise in the morn; but oh! before you rise,
Forget not to perform your morning sacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd flock.
Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in battle won."

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

With inauspicious love, a wretched swain
Pursued the fairest nymph of all the plain;
Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair:
Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His person hated, and his gifts despis'd;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts;
But either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.
No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping boy;
No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.
But, as a hunted panther casts about [scout,
Her glaring eyes and pricks her listening ears to
So she, to shun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd. [frown,
Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to
Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown:
Her sallow cheeks her envious mind did shew,
And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of a shrew.
Yet could not he his obvious fate escape: [shrew.
His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape;
And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief:
With tears so tender as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood;
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke:
"Ah nymph, more cruel than of human race!
Thy tigress heart belies thy angel face:
Too well thou show'dst thy pedigree from stone:
Thy granddame's was the first by Pyrrha thrown:
Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd;
But so my love, and so my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the last that I can give.
This friendly cord shall soon decide the strife
Betwixt my lingering love and loathsome life:
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.
Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go
Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.
I go th' extremest remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love:
There happily to lose my long desires:
But ah! what draught so deep to quench my fires?
Farewell, ye never-opening gates, ye stones,
And threshold guilty of my midnight moans.
What I have suffer'd here, ye know too well;
What I shall do, the gods and I can tell.
The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And whiter snow in minutes melts away:
Such is your blooming youth, and withering so:
The time will come, it will, when you shall know
The rage of love; your haughty heart shall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh! hear at least
My dying prayers, and grant my last request.
When first you ope your doors, and, passing by,
The sad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay;
The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey:
Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
I wish (but oh! my wish is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear:
Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
And spread your mantle o'er my grizly face;
Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss:
O envy not the dead; they feel not bliss!
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath;
Ev'n you are not more pityless than Death.
Then for my corpse a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public scorn may hide.
Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breast,
And hail me thrice to everlasting rest:
Last let my tomb this sad inscription bear:
"A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried here;
O passengers, Aminta's eyes beware."
Thus having said, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to move
A weighty stone (the labour of a team)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighbouring beam:
Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose:
Then spurning backward took a swing, till Death
Crept up, and stopt the passage of his breath.
The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful fair
Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his quivering feet in air;
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless by:
And, as she past, her chance or fate was such,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was sacred to the god of love;
Whose injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatening from a pedestal on high:
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling crush'd th' ungrateful nymph below:
Her gushing blood the pavement all besmear'd;
And this her last expiring voice was heard;
"Lovers farewell, revenge has reach'd my scorn;
Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love return."

TRANSLATIONS FROM LUCRETIUS.

THE

BEGINNING OF THE FIRST-BOOK OF *LUCRETIUS.*

DELIGHT of human-kinds, and gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious queen of love,
Whose vital power, air, earth, and sea supplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling skies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear:
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flowers is drest;
For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast; [is blest.
And Heaven itself with more serene and purer light
For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of Nature stands display'd,
When teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess,
Then savage beasts bound o'er their slighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea:
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain,
The leafy forest, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundless reign.
Through all the living regions dost thou move,
And scatter'st, where thou go'st, the kindly seeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power; since nothing new can spring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of Heaven and Earth, and every where thy wondrous power display:
To Memmius under thy sweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.
The rather then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing verses worthy him and thee. [cease,
Meantime on land and sea let barbarous discord
And lull the listening world in universal peace.
To thee mankind their soft repose must owe;
For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;
Because the brutal business of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful servant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleasing pains of thy eternal love;
And, panting on thy breast, supinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd eyes:
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auspicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world restore.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF

LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shore,
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war:
But much more sweet thy labouring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human-kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For wit and power; their last endeavours bend
T' outshine each other, waste their time and health
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Enclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span; and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires, with more than Nature needs!
For Nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight:
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural desires,
That, wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.
If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
To light the costly suppers and the balls;
If the proud palace shines not with the state
Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;

If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
By the cool stream, our careless limbs are lay'd;
With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm spring with gaudy flowers is drest.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of state:
But the poor patient will as soon be found
On the hard mattress, or the mother ground.
Then since our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or power, or Fortune's wealthy store,
'Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind:
Unless we could suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshal'd legions moving to the fight
Could, with their sound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death
But, since the supposition vain appears, [away.
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of pomp pursue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to purple, or to gold;
Why should not we these pageantries despise,
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
For life is all in wandering errours led;
And just as children are surpris'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so riper years
Ev'n in broad day-light are possess'd with fears;
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
As those which in the breasts of children reign.
These bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
But Nature and right Reason must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the darksome soul to day.

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF

LUCRETIUS.

Tum porrò puer, &c.

Thus, like a sailor, by a tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true presages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurse to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blasts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treasure grants,
And Nature's lavish hand supplies their common wants.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

THE THIRD ODE

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF

HORACE.

Inscribed to the earl of Roscommon, on his intended voyage to Ireland.

So may th' auspicious queen of love,
And the twin stars, the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muse commends,
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore;
And land him safely on the shore;
And save the better part of me,
From perishing with him at sea.
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
In harde'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side;
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.

What form of Death could him affright,
Who unconcerned, with stedfast sight,
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep!
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships and men prophane
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences over-leap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship, can restrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from Heaven the seeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,
The robber's blazing track pursue:
Fierce Famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms th' offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground:
And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dædalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in air:
To Hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
Nay scarce the gods, or heavenly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

THE NINTH ODE

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF

HORACE.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the labouring woods below:
And streams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly wit and love inspires:
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toss and turn the world below;
At his command the storms invade;
The winds by his commission blow;
Till with a nod he bids them cease,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fortune's power:
Nor love, nor love's delights disdain;
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day, is gain.
Secure those golden early joys,
That youth unsour'd with sorrow bears,
Ere withering Time the taste destroys,
With sickness and unwieldly years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possest;
The best is but in season best.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE

OF THE THIRD BOOK OF

HORACE.

Paraphras'd in Pindaric verse, and inscribed to the Right Hon. Laurence earl of Rochester.

Descended of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;
The rosy wreath is ready made;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, "Come away!"
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care:
No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.

Leave for a while thy costly country seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great:
Make haste and come:
Come, and forsake thy cloying store;
Thy turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome;
And all the busy pageantry
That wise men scorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich, to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
A savory dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Syrian star,
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the Heavens above us fry.
The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their shades retire,

Those very shades and streams new shades and
streams require, [raging fire.
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the

Thou, what befits the new lord mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has, wisely, hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state;
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne,
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd
honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say, [day;
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of Fate are
mine,
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my
hour.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless:
Still various and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away: [sign'd:
The little or the much she gave, is quietly re-
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And, running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek:
And see the storm ashore.

THE SECOND EPODE OF *HORACE.*

How happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
And from the griping scrivener free!
Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plow'd with oxen of their own
Their small paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets summon him to war,
Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court, and state, he wisely shuns,
Nor, brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To servile salutations runs;
But either to the clasping vine
Does the supporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook disjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their stead.
Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or sheers his overburthen'd sheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or in the now-declining year,
When bounteous autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And clustering grapes with purple spread.
The fairest of his fruit he serves,
Priapus, thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deserves,
Whose care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted grass, he lies;
No god of sleep he need invoke;
The stream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
The wind that whistles through the sprays
Maintains the concert of the song;
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden sleep prolong.
But, when the blast of winter blows,
And hoary frost inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And seeks the tusky boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed spear!
Or spreads his subtle nets from sight
With twinkling glasses, to betray
The larks that in the meshes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidst his harmless easy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaste and pleasing wife,
To ease the business of his life,

Divides with him his household care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and swarthy though she be,
Will fire for winter-nights provide,
And without noise will oversee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If she in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy store,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
My sober appetite would wish,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fish
That rolling tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly dish.
Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
Which Phasis or Ionia yields,
More pleasing morsels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than shards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the loosen'd body sound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the just guardian of my ground.
Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
The jolly shepherd smiles to see
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his oxen sweating smoke,
Bear on their necks the loosen'd yoke:
To look upon his menial crew,
That sit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft said within himself,
Resolv'd to leave the wicked town:
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon split him on the former shelf,
He put it out again.

THE

POEMS

OF

EDMUND SMITH.

THE

LIFE OF SMITH.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

EDMUND SMITH is one of those lucky writers, who have, without much labour, attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence rather for the possession than the exertion of uncommon abilities.

Of his life little is known; and that little claims no praise but what can be given to intellectual excellence, seldom employed to any virtuous purpose. His character, as given by Mr. Oldisworth with all the partiality of friendship, which is said by Dr. Burton to show "what fine things one man of parts can say of another," and which, however, comprises great part of what can be known of Mr. Smith, it is better to transcribe at once than to take by pieces. I shall subjoin such little memorials as accident has enabled me to collect.

MR. EDMUND SMITH was the only son of an eminent merchant, one Mr. Neale, by a daughter of the famous baron Lechmere. Some misfortunes of his father, which were soon followed by his death, were the occasion of the son's being left very young in the hands of a near relation, (one who married Mr. Neale's sister) whose name was Smith.

This gentleman and his lady treated him as their own child, and put him to Westminster-school under the care of Dr. Busby; whence, after the loss of his faithful and generous guardian (whose name he assumed and retained), he was removed to Christ-church in Oxford, and there by his aunt handsomely maintained till her death; after which he continued a member of that learned and ingenious society till within five years of his own; though, some time before his leaving Christ-church, he was sent for by his mother to Worcester, and owned and acknowledged as her legitimate son; which had not been mentioned, but to wipe off the aspersions that were ignorantly cast by some on his birth. It is to be remembered, for our author's honour, that, when at Westminster election he stood a candidate for one of the universities, he so signally distinguished himself by his conspicuous performances, that there arose no small contention between the representative electors of Trinity College in Cambridge and Christ-church in Oxon, which of those two royal societies should adopt him as their own. But the electors of Trinity College having the preference of choice that year, they resolutely elected him; who yet, being invited at the same time to Christ-church, chose to accept of a studentship there.

Mr. Smith's perfections, as well natural as acquired, seem to have been formed upon Horace's plan, who says, in his Art of Poetry:

> — Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
> Nec rude quid profit video ingenium; alterius sic
> Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.

He was endowed by nature with all those excellent and necessary qualifications which are previous to the accomplishment of a great man. His memory was large and tenacious, yet by a *curious felicity chiefly* susceptible of the finest impressions it received from the best authors he read, which it always preserved in their primitive strength and amiable order.

He had a quickness of apprehension, and vivacity of understanding, which easily took-in and surmounted the most subtle and knotty parts of mathematics and metaphysics. His wit was prompt and flowing, yet solid and piercing; his taste delicate, his head clear, and his way of expressing his thoughts perspicuous and engaging. I shall say nothing of his person, which yet was so well *turned*, that no neglect of himself in his dress could render it disagreeable; insomuch that the fair sex, who observed and esteemed him, at once commended and reproved him by the name of the *handsome* sloven. An eager but generous and noble emulation grew up with him; which (as it were a rational sort of instinct) pushed him upon striving to excel in every art and science that could make him a credit to his college, and that college the ornament of the most learned and polite university; and it was his happiness to have several contemporaries and fellow-students, who exercised and excited this virtue in themselves and others, thereby becoming so deservedly in favour with this age, and so good a proof of its nice discernment. His judgment, naturally good, soon ripened into an exquisite fineness and distinguishing sagacity, which as it was active and busy, so it was vigorous and manly, keeping even paces with a rich and strong imagination, always upon the wing, and never tired with aspiring. Hence it was, that, though he writ as young as Cowley, he had no puerilities; and his earliest productions were so far from having any thing in them mean and trifling, that, like the junior compositions of Mr. Stepney, they may make grey authors blush. There are many of his first essays in oratory, in epigram, elegy, and epique, still handed about the university in manuscript, which show a masterly hand; and, though maimed and injured by frequent transcribing, make their way into our most celebrated miscellanies, where they shine with uncommon lustre. Besides those verses in the Oxford books which he could not help setting his name to, several of his compositions came abroad under other names, which his own singular modesty, and faithful silence, strove in vain to conceal. The Encænia and public Collections of the University upon State Subjects were never in such esteem, either for elegy and congratulation, as when he contributed most largely to them; and it was natural for those who knew his peculiar way of writing, to turn to his share in the work, as by far the most relishing part of the entertainment. As his parts were extraordinary, so he well knew how to improve them; and not only to polish the diamond, but enchase it in the most solid and durable metal. Though he was an academic the greatest part of his life, yet he contracted no sourness of temper, no spice of pedantry, no itch of disputation or obstinate contention for the old or new philosophy, no assuming way of dictating to others, which are faults (though excusable) which some are insensibly led into, who are constrained to dwell long within the walls of a private college. His conversation was pleasant and instructive; and what Horace said of Plotius, Varius, and Virgil, might justly be applied to him:

> Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico. Sat. v. l. 1.

As correct a writer as he was in his most elaborate pieces, he read the works of others with candour, and reserved his greatest severity for his own compositions; being readier to cherish and advance, than damp or depress, a rising genius, and as patient of being excelled himself (if any could excel him) as industrious to excel others.

'Twere to be wished he had confined himself to a particular profession, who was capable of surpassing in any; but, in this, his want of application was in a great measure owing to his want of due encouragement.

He passed through the exercises of the college and university with unusual applause; and though he often suffered his friends to call him off from his retirements, and to lengthen out those jovial avocations, yet his return to his studies were so much the more passionate, and his intention upon those refined pleasures of reading and thinking so vehement, (to which his facetious and unbended intervals bore no proportion) that the habit grew upon him, and the series of meditation and reflection being kept up whole weeks together, he could better sort his ideas, and take in the sundry parts of a science at one view, without interruption or confusion. Some indeed of his acquaintance, who were pleased to distinguish between the wit and the scholar, extolled him altogether on the account of these titles; but others, who knew him better, could not forbear doing him justice as a prodigy in both kinds. He had signalized himself, in the schools, as a philosopher and polemic of extensive knowledge and deep penetration; and went through all the courses with a wise regard to the dignity and importance of each science. I remember him in the Divinity-school responding and disputing with a perspicuous energy, a ready exactness, and commanding force of argument, when Dr. Jane worthily presided in the chair; whose condescending and disinterested commendation of him gave him such a reputation, as silenced the envious malice of his enemies, who durst not contradict the approbation of so profound a master in theology. None of those self-sufficient creatures, who have either trifled with philosophy, by attempting to ridicule it, or have encumbered it with novel terms and burthensome explanations, understood its real weight and purity half so well as Mr. Smith. He was too discerning to allow of the character of unprofitable, rugged, and abstruse, which some superficial sciolists, (so very smooth and polite as to admit of no impression) either out of an unthinking indolence, or an ill-grounded prejudice, had affixed to this sort of studies. He knew the thorny terms of philosophy served well to fence-in the true doctrines of religion; and looked upon school-divinity as upon a rough but well-wrought army, which might at once adorn and defend the Christian hero, and equip him for the combat.

Mr. Smith had a long and perfect intimacy with all the Greek and Latin classics; with whom he had carefully compared whatever was worth perusing in the French, Spanish, and Italian, (to which languages he was no stranger) and in all the celebrated writers of his own country. But then, according to the curious observation of the late earl of Shaftesbury, he kept the poet in awe by regular criticism; and, as it were, married the two arts for their mutual support and improvement. There was not a tract of credit, upon that subject, which he had not diligently examined, from Aristotle down to Hedelin and Bossu; so that, having each rule constantly before him, he could carry the art through every poem, and at once point out the graces and deformities. By this means he seemed to read with a design to correct, as well as imitate.

Being thus prepared, he could not but taste every little delicacy that was set before him; though it was impossible for him at the same time to be fed and nourished with any thing but what was substantial and lasting. He considered the ancients and moderns

not as parties or rivals for fame, but as architects upon one and the same plan, the art of poetry; according to which he judged, approved, and blamed, without flattery or detraction. If he did not always commend the compositions of others, it was not ill-nature (which was not in his temper) but strict justice, that would not let him call a few flowers set in ranks, a glib measure, and so many couplets, by the name of poetry: he was of Ben Jonson's opinion, who could not admire

> —'Verses as smooth and soft as cream,
> In which there was neither depth nor stream.

And therefore, though his want of complaisance for some men's overbearing vanity made him enemies, yet the better part of mankind were obliged by the freedom of his reflections.

His Bodleian speech, though taken from a remote and imperfect copy, hath shown the world how great a master he was of the Ciceronian eloquence, mixed with the conciseness and force of Demosthenes, the elegant and moving turns of Pliny, and the acute and wise reflections of Tacitus.

Since Temple and Roscommon, no man understood Horace better, especially as to his happy diction, rolling numbers, beautiful imagery, and alternate mixture of the soft and the sublime. This endeared Dr. Hannes's odes to him, the finest genius for Latin lyric since the Augustan age. His friend Mr. Philips's ode to Mr. St. John, (late lord Bolingbroke) after the manner of Horace's Lusory or Amatorian Odes, is certainly a master-piece; but Mr. Smith's Pocockius is of the sublimer kind, though, like Waller's writings upon Oliver Cromwell, it wants not the most delicate and surprising turns peculiar to the person praised. I do not remember to have seen any thing like it in Dr. Bathurst[1], who had made some attempts this way with applause. He was an excellent judge of humanity; and so good an historian, that in familiar discourse he would talk over the most memorable facts in antiquity, the lives, actions, and characters, of celebrated men, with amazing facility and accuracy. As he had thoroughly read and digested Thuanus's works, so he was able to copy after him; and his talent in this kind was so well known and allowed, that he had been singled out by some great men to write a history; which it was for their interest to have done with the utmost art and dexterity. I shall not mention for what reasons this design was dropped, though they are very much to Mr. Smith's honour. The truth is, and I speak it before living witnesses, whilst an agreeable company could fix him upon a subject of useful literature, nobody shone to greater advantage; he seemed to be that Memmius whom Lucretius speaks of:

> —Quem tu, Dea, tempore in omni
> Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

His works are not many, and those scattered up and down in Miscellanies and Collections, being wrested from him by his friends with great difficulty and reluctance. All of them together make but a small part of that much greater body, which lies dispersed in the possession of numerous acquaintance; and cannot perhaps be made entire, without great injustice to him, because few of them had his last hand, and the transcriber was often obliged to take the liberties of a friend. His eulogium for the death of Mr. Philips is full of the noblest beauties, and hath done justice to the ashes of that second

[1] Dr. Ralph Bathurst, whose life and literary remains were published in 1761, by Mr. Thomas Warton. *C.*

Milton, whose writings will last as long as the English language, generosity, and valour. For him Mr. Smith had contracted a perfect friendship; a passion he was most susceptible of, and whose laws he looked upon as sacred and inviolable.

Every subject that passed under his pen had all the life, proportion, and embellishments bestowed on it, which an exquisite skill, a warm imagination, and a cool judgment, possibly could bestow on it. The epique, lyric, elegiac, every sort of poetry he touched upon (and he had touched upon a great variety) was raised to its proper height, and the differences between each of them observed with a judicious accuracy. We saw the old rules and new beauties placed in admirable order by each other; and there was a predominant fancy and spirit of his own infused, superior to what some draw off from the ancients, or from poesies here and there culled out of the moderns, by a painful industry and servile imitation. His contrivances were adroit and magnificent; his images lively and adequate; his sentiments charming and majestic; his expressions natural and bold; his numbers various and sounding; and that enameled mixture of classical wit, which, without redundance and affectation, sparkled through his writings, and were no less pertinent and agreeable.

His Phædra is a consummate tragedy, and the success of it was as great as the most sanguine expectations of his friends could promise or foresee. The number of nights, and the common method of filling the house, are not always the surest marks of judging what encouragement a play meets with: but the generosity of all the persons of a refined taste about town was remarkable on this occasion; and it must not be forgotten how zealously Mr. Addison espoused his interest, with all the elegant judgement and diffusive good-nature for which that accomplished gentleman and author is so justly valued by mankind. But as to Phædra, she has certainly made a finer figure under Mr. Smith's conduct, upon the English stage, than either in Rome or Athens; and if she excels the Greek and Latin Phædra, I need not say she surpasses the French one, though embellished with whatever regular beauties and moving softness Racine himself could give her.

No man had a juster notion of the difficulty of composing than Mr. Smith; and he sometimes would create greater difficulties than he had reason to apprehend. Writing with ease, what (as Mr. Wycherley speaks) may be easily written, moved his indignation. When he was writing upon a subject, he would seriously consider what Demosthenes, Homer, Virgil, or Horace, if alive, would say upon that occasion, which whetted him to exceed himself as well as others. Nevertheless, he could not, or would not, finish several subjects he undertook; which may be imputed either to the briskness of his fancy, still hunting after new matter, or to an occasional indolence, which spleen and lassitude brought upon him, which, of all his foibles, the world was least inclined to forgive. That this was not owing to conceit or vanity, or a fulness of himself, (a frailty which has been imputed to no less men than Shakspeare and Jonson) is clear from hence; because he left his works to the entire disposal of his friends, whose most rigorous censures he even courted and solicited, submitting to their animadversions, and the freedom they took with them, with an unreserved and prudent resignation.

I have seen sketches and rough draughts of some poems he designed, set out analytically; wherein the fable, structure, and connection, the images, incidents, moral, episodes, and a great variety of ornaments, were so finely laid out, so well fitted to the rules of art, and squared so exactly to the precedents of the ancients, that I have often looked on these poetical elements with the same concern, with which curious men are affected at the sight of the most entertaining remains and ruins of an antique figure or

building. Those fragments of the learned, which some men have been so proud of their pains in collecting, are useless rarities, without form and without life, when compared with these embryos, which wanted not spirit enough to preserve them; so that I cannot help thinking, that, if some of them were to come abroad, they would be as highly valued by the poets, as the sketches of Julio and Titian are by the painters; though there is nothing in them but a few outlines, as to the design and proportion.

It must be confessed, that Mr. Smith had some defects in his conduct, which those are most apt to remember, who could imitate him in nothing else. His freedom with himself drew severer acknowledgements from him than all the malice he ever provoked was capable of advancing, and he did not scruple to give even his misfortunes the hard name of faults; but, if the world had half his good-nature, all the shady parts would be entirely struck out of his character.

A man who, under poverty, calamities, and disappointments, could make so many friends, and those so truly valuable, must have just and noble ideas of the passion of friendship, in the success of which consisted the greatest, if not the only, happiness of his life. He knew very well what was due to his birth, though fortune threw him short of it in every other circumstance of life. He avoided making any, though perhaps reasonable, complaints of her dispensations, under which he had honour enough to be easy, without touching the favours she flung in his way when offered to him at a price of a more durable reputation. He took care to have no dealings with mankind, in which he could not be just; and he desired to be at no other expense in his pretensions than that of intrinsic merit, which was the only burthen and reproach he ever brought upon his friends. He could say, as Horace did of himself, what I never yet saw translated:

Meo sum pauper in ære.

At his coming to town, no man was more surrounded by all those who really had or pretended to wit, or more courted by the great men, who had then a power and opportunity of encouraging arts and sciences, and gave proofs of their fondness for the name of patron in many instances, which will ever be remembered to their glory. Mr. Smith's character grew upon his friends by intimacy, and out-went the strongest prepossessions which had been conceived in his favour. Whatever quarrel a few sour creatures, whose obscurity is their happiness, may possibly have to the age; yet amidst a studied neglect, and total disuse of all those ceremonial attendances, fashionable equipments, and external recommendation, which are thought necessary introductions into the *grande monde*, this gentleman was so happy as still to please; and whilst the rich, the gay, the noble, and honourable, saw how much he excelled in wit and learning, they easily forgave him all other differences. Hence it was that both his acquaintance and retirements were his own free choice. What Mr. Prior observes upon a very great character was true of him, *that most of his faults brought their excuse with them.*

Those who blamed him most understood him least, it being the custom of the vulgar to charge an excess upon the most complaisant, and to form a character by the morals of a few, who have sometimes spoiled an hour or two in good company. Where only fortune is wanting to make a great name, that single exception can never pass upon the best judges and most equitable observers of mankind; and when the time comes for the world to spare their pity, we may justly enlarge our demands upon them for their admiration.

Some few years before his death, he had engaged himself in several considerable un-

dertakings; in all which he had prepared the world to expect mighty things from him. I have seen about ten sheets of his English Pindar, which exceeded any thing of that kind I could ever hope for in our own language. He had drawn out a plan of a tragedy of the Lady Jane Grey, and had gone through several scenes of it. But he could not well have bequeathed that work to better hands than where, I hear, it is at present lodged; and the bare mention of two such names may justify the largest expectations, and is sufficient to make the town an agreeable invitation.

His greatest and noblest undertaking was Longinus. He had finished an entire translation of the Sublime, which he sent to the reverend Mr. Richard Parker, a friend of his, late of Merton College, an exact critic in the Greek tongue, from whom it came to my hands. The French version of Monsieur Boileau, though truly valuable, was far short of it. He proposed a large addition to this work, of notes and observations of his own, with an entire system of the Art of Poetry, in three books, under the titles of *Thought*, *Diction*, and *Figure*. I saw the last of these perfect, and in a fair copy, in which he showed prodigious judgement and reading: and particularly had reformed the art of rhetoric, by reducing that vast and confused heap of terms, with which a long succession of pedants had encumbered the world, to a very narrow compass, comprehending all that was useful and ornamental in poetry. Under each head and chapter, he intended to make remarks upon all the ancients and moderns, the Greek, Latin, English, French, Spanish, and Italian poets, and to note their several beauties and defects.

What remains of his works is left, as I am informed, in the hands of men of worth and judgement, who loved him. It cannot be supposed they would suppress any thing that was his, but out of respect to his memory, and for want of proper hands to finish what so great a genius had begun.

SUCH is the declamation of Oldisworth, written while his admiration was yet fresh, and his kindness warm; and therefore such as, without any criminal purpose of deceiving, shows a strong desire to make the most of all favourable truth. I cannot much commend the performance. The praise is often indistinct, and the sentences are loaded with words of more pomp than use. There is little, however, that can be contradicted, even when a plainer tale comes to be told.

EDMUND NEALE, known by the name of Smith, was born at Handley, the seat of the Lechmeres, in Worcestershire. The year of his birth is uncertain.[1]

He was educated at Westminster. It is known to have been the practice of Dr. Busby to detain those youth long at school, of whom he had formed the highest expectations. Smith took his master's degree on the 8th of July, 1696; he therefore was probably admitted into the university in 1689, when we may suppose him twenty years old.

His reputation for literature in his college was such as has been told; but the indecency and licentiousness of his behaviour drew upon him, Dec. 24, 1694, while he was yet only bachelor, a public admonition, entered upon record in order to his expulsion. Of this reproof the effect is not known. He was probably less notorious. At Oxford, as we all know, much will be forgiven to literary merit; and

[1] By his epitaph he appears to have been 42 years old when he died. He was consequently born in the year 1668. *R.*

of that he had exhibited sufficient evidence by his excellent ode on the death of the great orientalist, Dr. Pocock, who died in 1691, and whose praise must have been written by Smith when he had been but two years in the university.

This ode, which closed the second volume of the Musæ Anglicanæ, though perhaps some objections may be made to its Latinity, is by far the best lyric composition in that collection: nor do I know where to find it equalled among the modern writers. It expresses, with great felicity, images not classical in classical diction: its digressions and returns have been deservedly recommended by Trapp as models for imitation.

He had several imitations from Cowley:

Testitur hinc tot sermo coloribus
Quot tu, Pococki, dissimilis tui
Orator effers, quot vicissim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.

I will not commend the figure which makes the orator *pronounce the colours*, or give to *colours memory* and *delight*. I quote it, however, as an imitation of these lines:

So many languages he had in store,
That only Fame shall speak of him in more.

The simile, by which an old man, retaining the fire of his youth, is compared to Etna flaming through the snow, which Smith has used with great pomp, is stolen from Cowley, however little worth the labour of conveyance.

He proceeded to take his degree of master of arts, July 8, 1696. Of the exercises which he performed on that occasion, I have not heard any thing memorable.

As his years advanced, he advanced in reputation; for he continued to cultivate his mind, though he did not amend his irregularities: by which he gave so much offence, that, April 24, 1700, the dean and chapter declared "the place of Mr. Smith void, he having been convicted of riotous behaviour in the house of Mr. Cole, an apothecary: but it was referred to the dean when and upon what occasion the sentence should be put in execution."

Thus tenderly was he treated: the governors of his college could hardly keep him, and yet wished that he would not force them to drive him away.

Some time afterwards he assumed an appearance of decency: in his own phrase, he *whitened* himself, having a desire to obtain the censorship, an office of honour and some profit in the college; but, when the election came, the preference was given to Mr. Foulkes, his junior: the same, I suppose, that joined with Freind in an edition of part of Demosthenes. The censor is a tutor; and it was not thought proper to trust the superintendance of others to a man who took so little care of himself.

From this time Smith employed his malice and his wit against the dean, Dr. Aldrich, whom he considered as the opponent of his claim. Of his lampoon upon him, I once heard a single line too gross to be repeated.

But he was still a genius and a scholar, and Oxford was unwilling to lose him: he was endured, with all his pranks and his vices, two years longer; but on Dec. 20, 1705, at the instance of all the canons, the sentence declared five years before was put in execution.

The execution was, I believe, silent and tender; for one of his friends, from whom I learned much of his life, appeared not to know it.

He was now driven to London, where he associated himself with the Whigs, whether because they were in power, or because the Tories had expelled him, or because he

was a Whig by principle, may perhaps be doubted. He was, however, caressed by men of great abilities, whatever were their party, and was supported by the liberality of those who delighted in his conversation.

There was once a design, hinted at by Oldisworth, to have made him useful. One evening, as he was sitting with a friend at a tavern, he was called down by the waiter; and, having staid some time below, came up thoughtful. After a pause, said he to his friend, "He that wanted me below was Addison, whose business was to tell me, that a history of the Revolution was intended, and to propose that I should undertake it. I said, 'What shall I do with the character of lord Sunderland?' and Addison immediately returned, 'When, Rag, were you drunk last?' and went away."

Captain Rag was a name which he got at Oxford by his negligence of dress.

This story I heard from the late Mr. Clark of Lincoln's Inn, to whom it was told by the friend of Smith.

Such scruples might debar him from some profitable employments; but, as they could not deprive him of any real esteem, they left him many friends; and no man was ever better introduced to the theatre than he, who, in that violent conflict of parties, had a prologue and epilogue from the first wits on either side.

But learning and nature will now and then take different courses. His play pleased the critics, and the critics only. It was, as Addison has recorded, hardly heard the third night. Smith had indeed trusted entirely to his merit, had ensured no band of applauders, nor used any artifice to force success, and found that native excellence was not sufficient for its own support.

The play, however, was bought by Lintot, who advanced the price from fifty guineas, the current rate, to sixty; and Halifax, the general patron, accepted the dedication. Smith's indolence kept him from writing the dedication till Lintot, after fruitless importunity, gave notice that he would publish the play without it. Now, therefore, it was written; and Halifax expected the author, with his book, and had prepared to reward him with a place of three hundred pounds a-year. Smith, by pride, or caprice, or indolence, or bashfulness, neglected to attend him, though doubtless warned and pressed by his friends, and at last missed his reward by not going to solicit it.

Addison has, in the Spectator, mentioned the neglect of Smith's tragedy as disgraceful to the nation, and imputes it to the fondness for operas then prevailing. The authority of Addison is great; yet the voice of the people, when to please the people is the purpose, deserves regard. In this question, I cannot but think the people in the right. The fable is mythological, a story which we are accustomed to reject as false; and the manners are so distant from our own, that we know them not from sympathy, but by study; the ignorant do not understand the action; the learned reject it as a school-boy's tale; *incredulus odi*. What I cannot for a moment believe, I cannot for a moment behold with interest or anxiety. The sentiments thus remote from life are removed yet further by the diction, which is too luxuriant and splendid for dialogue, and envelopes the thoughts rather than displays them. It is a scholar's play, such as may please the reader rather than the spectator; the work of a vigorous and elegant mind, accustomed to please itself with its own conceptions, but of little acquaintance with the course of life.

Dennis tells us, in one of his pieces, that he had once a design to have written the tragedy of Phædra; but was convinced that the action was too mythological.

In 1709, a year after the exhibition of Phædra, died John Philips, the friend and fellow-collegian of Smith, who, on that occasion, wrote a poem, which justice must place among the best elegies which our language can show, an elegant mixture of fondness and admiration, of dignity and softness. There are some passages too ludicrous; but every human performance has its faults.

This elegy it was the mode among his friends to purchase for a guinea; and, as his acquaintance was numerous, it was a very profitable poem.

Of his Pindar mentioned by Oldisworth, I have never otherwise heard. His Longinus he intended to accompany with some illustrations, and had selected his instances of the *false sublime* from the works of Blackmore.

He resolved to try again the fortune of the stage, with the story of Lady Jane Grey. It is not unlikely that his experience of the inefficacy and incredibility of a mythological tale might determine him to choose an action from the English history, at no great distance from our own times, which was to end in a real event, produced by the operation of known characters.

A subject will not easily occur that can give more opportunities of informing the understanding, for which Smith was unquestionably qualified, or for moving the passions, in which I suspect him to have had less power.

Having formed his plan and collected materials, he declared, that a few months would complete his design; and, that he might pursue his work with less frequent avocations, he was, in June, 1710, invited by Mr. George Ducket to his house at Gartham in Wiltshire. Here he found such opportunities of indulgence as did not much forward his studies, and particularly some strong ale, too delicious to be resisted. He ate and drank till he found himself plethoric: and then, resolving to ease himself by evacuation, he wrote to an apothecary in the neighbourhood a prescription of a purge so forcible, that the apothecary thought it his duty to delay it till he had given notice of its danger. Smith, not pleased with the contradiction of a shopman, and boastful of his own knowledge, treated the notice with rude contempt, and swallowed his own medicine, which, in July, 1710, brought him to the grave. He was buried at Gartham.

Many years afterwards, Ducket communicated to Oldmixon, the historian, an account pretended to have been received from Smith, that Clarendon's History was, in its publication, corrupted by Aldrich, Smalridge, and Atterbury; and that Smith was employed to forge and insert the alterations.

This story was published triumphantly by Oldmixon, and may be supposed to have been eagerly received: but its progress was soon checked; for, finding its way into the journal of Trevoux, it fell under the eye of Atterbury, then an exile in France, who immediately denied the charge, with this remarkable particular, that he never in his whole life had once spoken to Smith[3]; his company being, as must be inferred, not accepted by those who attended to their characters.

The charge was afterwards very diligently refuted by Dr. Burton, of Eton, a man eminent for literature; and, though not of the same party with Aldrich and Atterbury, too studious of truth to leave them burthened with a false charge. The testimonies

[3] See Bishop Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, 1799, vol. iii. pp. 126. 133. In the same Work, vol. i. p. 325, it appears that Smith was at one time suspected by Atterbury to have been author of the Tale of a Tub. *N.*

which he has collected have convinced mankind, that either Smith or Ducket was guilty of wilful and malicious falsehood.

This controversy brought into view those parts of Smith's life which, with more honour to his name, might have been concealed.

Of Smith I can yet say a little more. He was a man of such estimation among his companions, that the casual censures or praises which he dropped in conversation were considered, like those of Scaliger, as worthy of preservation.

He had great readiness and exactness of criticism, and by a cursory glance over a new composition would exactly tell all its faults and beauties.

He was remarkable for the power of reading with great rapidity, and of retaining, with great fidelity, what he so easily collected.

He therefore always knew what the present question required; and, when his friends expressed their wonder at his acquisitions, made in a state of apparent negligence and drunkenness, he never discovered his hours of reading or method of study, but involved himself in affected silence, and fed his own vanity with their admiration.

One practice he had, which was easily observed: if any thought or image was presented to his mind that he could use or improve, he did not suffer it to be lost; but, amidst the jollity of a tavern, or in the warmth of conversation, very diligently committed it to paper.

Thus it was that he had gathered two quires of hints for his new tragedy; of which Rowe, when they were put into his hands, could make, as he says, very little use, but which the collector considered as a valuable stock of materials.

When he came to London, his way of life connected him with the licentious and dissolute; and he affected the airs and gaiety of a man of pleasure; but his dress was always deficient; scholastic cloudiness still hung about him; and his merriment was sure to produce the scorn of his companions.

With all his carelessness, and all his vices, he was one of the murmurers of fortune; and wondered why he was suffered to be poor, when Addison was caressed and preferred; nor would a very little have contented him; for he estimated his wants at six hundred pounds a year.

In his course of reading, it was particular, that he had diligently perused, and accurately remembered, the old romances of knight-errantry.

He had a high opinion of his own merit, and was something contemptuous in his treatment of those whom he considered as not qualified to oppose or contradict him. He had many frailties; yet it cannot but be supposed that he had great merit, who could obtain to the same play a prologue from Addison, and an epilogue from Prior; and who could have at once the patronage of Halifax, and the praise of Oldisworth.

For the power of communicating these minute memorials, I am indebted to my conversation with Gilbert Walmsley, late registrar of the ecclesiastical court of Lichfield, who was acquainted both with Smith and Ducket; and declared, that, if the tale concerning Clarendon were forged, he should suspect Ducket of the falsehood; "for Rag was a man of great veracity."

Of Gilbert Walmsley, thus presented to my mind, let me indulge myself in the remembrance. I knew him very early; he was one of the first friends that literature procured me, and I hope that at least my gratitude made me worthy of his notice.

He was of an advanced age, and I was only not a boy; yet he never received my notions with contempt. He was a Whig, with all the virulence and malevolence of his

party; yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honoured him, and he endured me.

He had mingled with the gay world, without exemption from its vices or its follies, but had never neglected the cultivation of his mind; his belief of revelation was unshaken; his learning preserved his principles; he grew first regular, and then pious.

His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great; and what he did not immediately know, he could at least tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning, and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day now passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship.

At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often found, with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened, life; with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered, and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend: but what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

In the library at Oxford is the following ludicrous analysis of Pocockius:

Ex Autographo.

[Sent by the author to Mr. Urry.]

Opusculum hoc, Halberdarie amplissime, in lucem proferre hactenus distuli, judicii tui acumen subveritus magis quam bipennis. Tandem aliquando oden hanc ad te mitto sublimem, teneram, flebilem, suavem, qualem demum divinus (si Musis vacaret) scripsisset Gastrellus: adeo scilicet sublimem ut inter legendum dormire, adeo flebilem ut ridere velis. Cujus elegantiam ut melius inspicias, versuum ordinem & materiam breviter referam. 1^mus versus de duobus præliis decantatis. 2^dus & 3us de Lotharingio, cuniculis subterraneis, saxis, ponto, hostibus, & Asiâ. 4^tus & 5^tus de catenis, sudibus, uncis, draconibus, tigribus & crocodilis. 6us, 7us, 8us, 9us, de Gomorrhâ, de Babylone, Babele, & quodam domi suæ peregrino. 10us, aliquid de quodam Pocockio. 11us, 12us, de Syriâ, Solymâ. 13us, 14us, de Hoseâ, & quercu, & de juvene quodam valde sene. 15us, 16us, de Ætnâ, & quomodo Ætna Pocockio fit valde similis. 17us, 18us, de tubâ, astro, umbrâ, flammis, rotis, Pocockio non neglecto. Cætera de Christianis, Ottomanis, Babyloniis, Arabibus, & gravissimâ agrorum melancholiâ; de Cæsare *Flacco*[4], Nestore, & miserando juvenis cujusdam florentissimi fato, anno ætatis suæ centesimo præmaturè abrepti. Quæ omnia cum accuratè expenderis, necesse est ut oden hanc meam admirandâ planè varietate constare fatearis. Subitò ad Batavos proficiscor, lauro ab illis donandus. Prius verò Pembrochienses voco ad certamen Poeticum. Vale.

Illustrissimâ tuâ deosculor crura.

E. SMITH.

[4] Pro *Flacco*, animo paulo attentiore, scripsissem *Marone*.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,

A TRAGEDY.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

As soon as it was made known that your lordship was not displeased with this play, my friends began to value themselves upon the interest they had taken in its success; I was touched with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing less than the immortality of my work.

And I had sufficiently shown this vanity in inscribing this play to your lordship, did I only consider you as one to whom so many admirable pieces, to whom the praises of Italy, and the best Latin poem since the Æneid, that on the peace of Ryswick, are consecrated. But it had been intolerable presumption to have addressed it to you, my lord, who are the nicest judge of poetry, were you not also the greatest encourager of it; to you who excel all the present age as a poet, did you not surpass all the preceding ones as a patron.

For in the times when the Muses were most encouraged, the best writers were countenanced, but never advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greatest men, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the patron is no where to be read of but in the works of the poets, whereas your lordship's will fill those of the historians.

For what transactions can they write of, which have not been managed by some who were recommended by your lordship? 'Tis by your lordship's means, that the universities have been real nurseries for the state; that the

courts abroad are charmed by the wit and learning, as well as the sagacity, of our ministers; that Germany, Switzerland, Muscovy, and even Turkey itself, begins to relish the politeness of the English; that the poets at home adorn that court which they formerly used only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their predecessor Homer, and with an equipage he could not bestow, even on the heroes he designed to immortalize.

And this, my lord, shows your knowledge of men as well as writings, and your judgment no less than your generosity. You have distinguished between those who by their inclinations or abilities were qualified for the pleasure only, and those that were fit for the service of your country; you made the one easy, and the other useful: you have left the one no occasion to wish for any preferment, and you have obliged the public by the promotion of the others.

And now, my lord, it may seem odd that I should dwell on the topic of your bounty only, when I might enlarge on so many others; when I ought to take notice of that illustrious family from which you are sprung, and yet of the great merit which was necessary to set you on a level with it, and to raise you to that house of peers, which was already filled with your relations: when I ought to consider the brightness of your wit in private conversation, and the solidity of your eloquence in public debates; when I ought to admire in you the politeness of a courtier, and the sincerity of a friend; the openness of behaviour, which charms all who address themselves to you, and yet that hidden reserve, which is necessary for those great affairs in which you are concerned.

To pass over all these great qualities, my lord, and insist only on your generosity, looks as if I solicited it for myself; but to that I quitted all manner of claim when I took notice of your lordship's great judgment in the choice of those you advance; so that all at present my ambition aspires to is, that your lordship would be pleased to pardon this presumption, and permit me to profess myself, with the most profound respect,

your lordship's most humble,

and most obedient servant,

EDM. SMITH.

POEMS

OF

EDMUND SMITH.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Theseus, king of Crete -	Mr. Betterton.
Hippolitus, his son; in love with Ismena - - - - -	Mr. Booth.
Lycon, minister of state, -	Mr. Keen.
Cratander, captain of the guards	Mr. Corey.

WOMEN.

Phædra, Theseus's queen, in love with Hippolitus - -	Mrs. Barry.
Ismena, a captive princess, in love with Hippolitus - -	Mrs. Oldfield.

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS.

[See the Prologue and Epilogue in the Poems of Addison and Prior.]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cratander *and* Lycon.

LYCON.

'TIS strange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
Should still continue resolute in grief,
And obstinately wretched:
That one so gay, so beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court destruction.

CRATANDER.

Is there not cause, when lately join'd in marriage,
To have the king her husband call'd to war?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his absence,
Nor know his fate?

LYCON.

The king may cause her sorrow,
But not by absence. Oft I've seen him hang
With greedy eyes, and languish o'er her beauties;
She from his wide, deceiv'd, desiring arms
Flew tasteless, loathing; whilst dejected Theseus,
With mournful loving eyes pursu'd her flight,
And dropt a silent tear.

CRATANDER.

Ha! this is hatred,
This is aversion, horrour, detestation:
Why did the queen, who might have call'd mankind,
Why did she give her person and her throne
To one she loath'd?

LYCON.

Perhaps she thought it just
That he should wear the crown his valour sav'd.

CRATANDER.

Could she not glut his hopes with wealth and honour,
Reward his valour, yet reject his love?
Why, when a happy mother, queen, and widow;
Why did she wed old Theseus? While his son,
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth,
And equal beauty, might have fill'd her arms.

LYCON.

Hippolitus (in distant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Camilla's son),
Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete;
And sure the queen could wish him still unknown:
She loaths, detests him, flies his hated presence,
And shrinks and trembles at his very name.

CRATANDER.

Well may she hate the prince she needs must fear;
He may dispute the crown with Phædra's son.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful, and belov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the women;
His very sports are war.

LYCON.

O! he's all hero, scorns th' inglorious ease
Of lazy Crete, delights to shine in arms,
To wield the sword, and lanch the pointed spear:
To tame the generous horse, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion:
To join the struggling coursers to his chariot,
To make their stubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, to stop, or stretch along the plain.
Now the queen's sick, there's danger in his courage.—
Be ready with your guards.—I fear Hippolitus.
[*Exit* Crat.
Fear him! for what? poor silly virtuous wretch,
Affecting glory, and contemning power:
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A senseless hero, fit to be a tool
To those whose godlike souls are turn'd for empire.
An open honest fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a slave. I hate him too,

But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the queen live or die, the prince must fall.

Enter Ismena.

What! still attending on the queen, Ismena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can still your goodness conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father, Pallas, slain,
And all his wretched race, by conquering Theseus?
And do you still watch o'er his consort Phædra,
And still repay such cruelty with love?

ISMENA.

Let them be cruel that delight in mischief,
I'm of a softer mould, poor Phædra's sorrows
Pierce through my yielding heart, and wound my soul.

LYCON.

Now thrice the rising Sun has cheer'd the world,
Since she renew'd her strength with due refreshment;
Thrice has the night brought ease to man, to beast,
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her streaming eyes:
She flies all rest, all necessary food,
Resolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

ISMENA.

But now her grief has wrought her into frenzy;
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes she raves for music, light, and air;
Nor air, nor light, nor music, calm her pains;
Then with extatic strength she springs aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.

LYCON.

Then life is on the wing, then most she sinks
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling water
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then most wasting,
When most it swells.

ISMENA.

My lord, now try your art;
Her wild disorder may disclose the secret
Her cooler sense conceal'd; the Pythian goddess
Is dumb and sullen, till with fury fill'd
She spreads, she rises, growing to the sight,
She stares, she foams, she raves; the awful secrets
Burst from her trembling lips, and ease the tortur'd maid.
But Phædra comes, ye gods! how pale, how weak!

Enter Phædra *and* Attendants.

PHÆDRA.

Stay, virgins, stay, I'll rest my weary steps;
My strength forsakes me, and my dazzled eyes
Ake with the flashing light, my loosen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight; support me, Lycon.
Alas! I faint.

LYCON.

Afford her ease, kind Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Why blaze these jewels round my wretched head!
Why all this labour'd elegance of dress!
Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings!
Take, snatch them hence! alas! you all conspire
To heap new sorrows on my tortur'd soul:
All, all conspire to make your queen unhappy!

ISMENA.

This you requir'd, and to the pleasing task
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid them lead you from yon hideous darkness
To the glad cheering day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you sought.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! my Lycon!
Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender, flowery beds, and springing grass,
To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades
Of venerable oaks, to slake my thirst
With the cool nectar of refreshing springs.

LYCON.

I'll sooth her frenzy; come, Phædra, let's away,
Let's to the woods, and lawns, and limpid streams!

PHÆDRA.

Come, let's away, and thou, most bright Diana,
Goddess of woods, immortal, chaste Diana!
Goddess presiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the dusty ring
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory!
See how they mount and shake the flowing reins!
See from the goal the fiery coursers bound,
Now they strain panting up the steepy hill,
Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the vale!
How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
Smoke in the whirl! The circling sand ascends,
And in the noble dust the chariot's lost!

LYCON.

What, madam!

PHÆDRA.

Ah, my Lycon! ah, what said I!
Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy!
My languid eyes are wet with sudden tears,
And on my face unbidden blushes glow.

LYCON.

Blush then, but blush for your destructive silence,
That tears your soul, and weighs you down to death;
Oh! should you die (ye powers forbid her death!)
Who then would shield from wrongs your helpless orphan!
O! he might wander, Phædra's son might wander,
A naked suppliant through the world for aid!
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to shame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus shall mount his throne.

PHÆDRA.

O Heaven!

LYCON.

Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd at this!

PHÆDRA.

Unhappy wretch! what name was that you spoke?

LYCON.

And does his name provoke your just resentments!
Then let it raise your fear, as well as rage:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father wrong'd him!
Think how you drove him hence, a wandering exile
To distant climes! then think what certain vengeance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan!
For his sake then renew your drooping spirits,
Feed, with new oil, the wasting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, just now expiring:
Make haste, preserve your life!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! too long,
Too long have I preserv'd that guilty life.

LYCON.

Guilty! what guilt! has blood, has horrid murder,
Imbrued your hands!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my hands are guiltless:
But, oh! my heart's defil'd!
I've said too much, forbear the rest, my Lycon,
And let me die to save the black confession.

LYCON.

Die, then, but not alone! old faithful Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel silence.
Will you not tell? O lovely, wretched queen!
By all the cares of your first infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal, I've show'd you,
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden sorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you comfort.

PHÆDRA.

What shall I say, malicious, cruel powers!
O where shall I begin! O cruel Venus!
How fatal love has been to all our race!

LYCON.

Forget it, madam; let it die in silence.

PHÆDRA.

O Ariadne! O unhappy sister!

LYCON.

Cease to record your sister's grief and shame.

PHÆDRA.

And since the cruel god of love requires it,
I fall the last, and most undone of all.

LYCON.

Do you then love?

PHÆDRA.

Alas! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the shame, of impious love.

LYCON.

Forbid it, Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Do not upbraid me, Lycon!
I love!—Alas! I shudder at the name,
My blood runs backward, and my faultering tongue
Sticks at the sound!—I love!—O righteous Heaven!
Why was I born with such a sense of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the smallest crime,
And yet a slave to such impetuous guilt!
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your sharpest tortures,
Afflict my soul with any thing but guilt—
And yet that guilt is mine!—I'll think no more.
I'll to the woods among the happier brutes:
Come, let's away! hark the shrill horn resounds,
The jolly huntsmen's cries rend the wide Heavens!
Come, o'er the hills pursue the bounding stag,
Come, chase the lion and the foaming boar,
Come, rouse up all the monsters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me!

LYCON.

Hippolitus!

PHÆDRA.

Who's he that names Hippolitus!
Ah! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt discover'd!
Oh! give me poison, swords—I'll not live, not bear it;
I'll stop my breath!

ISMENA.

I'm lost, but what's that loss!
Hippolitus is lost, or lost to me:
Yet should her charms prevail upon his soul,
Should he be false, I would not wish him ill,
With my last parting breath I'd bless my lord;
Then in some lonely desert place expire,
Whence my unhappy death should never reach him,
Lest it should wound his peace, or damp his joys.
[*Aside.*

LYCON.

Think still the secret in your royal breast,
For by the awful majesty of Jove,
By the all-seeing Sun, by righteous Minos,
By all your kindred gods, we swear, O Phædra,
Safe as our lives, we'll keep the fatal secret.

ISMENA, &c.

We swear, all swear, to keep it ever secret.

PHÆDRA.

Keep it! from whom? why it's already known,
The tale, the whisper of the babbling vulgar!
Oh! can you keep it from yourselves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm so far gone in guilt,
That I can see, can bear the looks, the eyes,
Of one who knows my black detested crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her son?

LYCON.

Unhappy queen! august, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theseus touch this fatal shore?
Why did he save us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worse ruin on us by his love?

PHÆDRA.

His love indeed! for that unhappy hour,
In which the priests join'd Theseus' hand to mine,
Show'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I shook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breast! how from the touch of Theseus
My slack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight!
The god of love, ev'n the whole god, possest me!

LYCON.

At once, at first possest you?

PHÆDRA.

Yes, at first!
That fatal evening we pursued the chase,
When from behind the wood, with rustling sound,
A monstrous boar rush'd forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles
Rose high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tusks, and churning hideous foam:
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
He launch'd the whistling spear; the well-aim'd javelin
Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusks
Plow'd up the crimson earth. But then Hippolitus,
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd me!
When hot and panting from the savage conquest,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely, sparkling eyes shot martial fires:
Oh godlike form! oh extasy and transport!
My breath grew short, my beating heart sprung upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving bosom.
Alas! I'm pleas'd, the horrid story charms me.—
No more.—That night with fear and love I sicken'd.
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming visits;
Then would he talk with such an heavenly grace,
Look with such dear compassion on my pains,
That I could wish to be so sick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poison,
Till I was lost, quite lost in impious love:
And shall I drag an execrable life:
And shall I hoard up guilt, and treasure vengeance?

LYCON.

No; labour, strive, subdue that guilt and live.

PHÆDRA.

Did I not labour, strive, all-seeing powers!
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid?
Burnt clouds of incense on your loaded altars?
Oh! I call'd Heav'n and Earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
And all the honest pride of conscious virtue:
I struggled, rav'd; the new-born passion reign'd
Almighty in his birth.

LYCON.

Did you e'er try
To gain his love?

PHÆDRA.

Avert such crimes, ye powers!
No, to avoid his love, I sought his hatred;
I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from Crete,
I sent him, drove him, from my longing sight:
In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heav'n, were, by my erring tongue,
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to sleep,
Straight to my drowsy eyes my restless fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curst my slumber.

LYCON.

First let me try to melt him into love.

PHÆDRA.

No; did his hapless passion equal mine,
I would refuse the bliss I most desir'd,
Consult my fame, and sacrifice my life.
Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my husband Theseus.

LYCON.

Perhaps that lord, that husband, is no more;
He went from Crete in haste, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Molossians;
Yet though he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your son,

PHÆDRA.

Alas! that shocks me,
O let me see my young one, let me snatch
A hasty farewell, a last dying kiss!
Yet stay, his sight will melt my just resolves;
But oh! I beg with my last sallying breath,
Cherish my babe.

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER.

Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you must know—Your royal husband's dead.

PHÆDRA.

Dead! oh ye powers!

LYCON.

O fortunate event!
Then earth-born Lycon may ascend the throne,
Leave to his happy son the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aside.*] Mourn, mourn, ye Cretans,
Since he is dead, whose valour sav'd your isle,
Whose prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful subjects; as your towering Ida
With spreading oaks, and with descending streams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say, how he dy'd.

MESSENGER.

He dy'd as Theseus ought,
In battle dy'd; Pallotas, now a prisoner,
That, rushing on, fought next his royal person,
That saw his thundering arm beat squadrons down,
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall:
These eyes beheld his well-known steed, beheld
A proud barbarian glittering in his arms,
Encumber'd with the spoil.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead!
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theseus, dead!

And don't I shed one tear upon his urn!
What, not a sigh, a groan, a soft complaint!
Ah! these are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaste matron, and a virtuous wife:
But savage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my sorrows, and usurps my grief.

LYCON.

Dismiss that grief, and give a loose to joy:
He's dead, the bar of all your bliss is dead;
Live then, my queen, forget the wrinkled Theseus,
And take the youthful hero to your arms.

PHÆDRA.

I dare not now admit of such a thought, ...
And bless'd be Heaven, that steel'd my stubborn heart,
That made me shun the bridal bed of Theseus,
And give him empire, but refuse him love.

LYCON,

Then may his happier son be bless'd with both;
Then rouze your soul, and muster all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirst of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with soft allurements.

PHÆDRA.

But should the youth refuse my proffer'd love!
O should he throw me from his loathing arms!
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obstinately good:
When round beset, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with resistless force th' opposing dams,
And bears the mounds along; they're hurried on,
And swell the torrent they were rais'd to stop.
I dare not yet resolve; I'll try to live,
And to the awful gods I'll leave the rest.

LYCON.

Madam, your signet, that your slave may order
What's most convenient for your royal service.

PHÆDRA.

Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra:
And thou, O Venus, aid a suppliant queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy power:
O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy power be known,
And in a lover's cause assert thy own;
Then Crete, as Paphos, shall adore thy shrine;
This nurse of Jove with grateful fires shall shine,
And with thy father's flames shall worship thine.
[*Exit* Phædra, &c.

LYCON *solus.*

If she proposes love, why then as surely
His haughty soul refuses it with scorn.——
Say I confine him!——If she dies, he's safe;
And if she lives, I'll work her raging mind.
A woman scorn'd, with ease I'll work to vengeance:
With humble, fawning, wise, obsequious arts,
I'll rule the whirl and transport of her soul;
Then, what her reason hates, her rage may act.
When barks glide slowly through the lazy main,
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driven by winds, they cut the foamy way,
The rudders govern and the ships obey.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Phædra, Lycon, *and* Ismena.

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER.

MADAM, the Prince Hippolitus attends.

PHÆDRA.

Admit him: Where, where Phædra's now thy soul?
What——Shall I speak? And shall my guilty tongue
Let this insulting victor know his power?
Or shall I still confine within my breast
My restless passions and devouring flames?
But see he comes, the lovely tyrant comes.——
He rushes on me like a blaze of light,
I cannot bear the transport of his presence,
But sink oppress'd with woe. [*Swoons.*

Enter Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Immortal gods!
What have I done to raise such strange abhorrence!
What have I done to shake her shrinking nature
With my approach, and kill her with my sight.

LYCON.

Alas! another grief devours her soul,
And only your assistance can relieve her.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

LYCON.

But promise first, my lord, to keep it secret.

HIPPOLITUS.

Promise! I swear, on this good sword I swear,
This sword, which first gain'd youthful Theseus honour;
Which oft has punish'd perjury and falsehood;
By thundering Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
By the majestic form of godlike heroes,
That shine around, and consecrate the steel;
No racks, no shame, shall ever force it from me.

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus!

HIPPOLITUS.

Yes, 'tis that wretch who begs you to dismiss
This hated object from your eyes for ever;
Begs leave to march against the foes of Theseus,
And to revenge or share his father's fate.

PHÆDRA.

Oh, Hippolitus!
I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you,
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father;
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their suffering hero,
And I (the sad occasion) most of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's soul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant grief

I wrong'd the hero, whom I wish'd to cherish!
Oh! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind,
And own those ills did most deserve your pity,
Which most procur'd your hate.

HIPPOLITUS.

My hate to Phædra?
Ha! could I hate the royal spouse of Theseus,
My queen, my mother?

PHÆDRA.

Why your queen and mother?
More humble titles suit my lost condition.
Alas! the iron hand of Death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,
And with compassion view her helpless orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh, I'll defend him! with my life defend him!
Heavens, dart your judgments on this faithless head,
If I don't pay him all a slave's obedience,
And all a father's love.

PHÆDRA.

A father's love!
Oh doubtful sounds! oh vain deceitful hopes!
My grief's much eas'd by this transcending goodness,
And Theseus' death sits lighter on my soul:
Death? He's not dead! he lives, he breathes, he speaks,
He lives in you, he's present to my eyes,
I see him, speak to him.——My heart! I rave
And all my folly's known.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! glorious folly!
See Theseus, see, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

PHÆDRA.

Love him, indeed! dote, languish, die for him,
Forsake my food, my sleep, all joys for Theseus,
(But not that hoary venerable Theseus)
But Theseus, as he was, when mantling blood
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires; when every grace
Shone in the father, which now crowns the son;
When Theseus was Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Amazement strikes me!
Where will this end?

LYCON.

Is 't difficult to guess?
Does not her flying paleness that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
(Where now succeeds a momentary lustre)
Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wishing looks, her speech, her present silence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you.

HIPPOLITUS.

What do I hear? What, does no lightning flash,
No thunder bellow, when such monstrous crimes
Are own'd, avow'd, confest? All-seeing Sun!
Hide, hide in shameful night thy beamy head,
And cease to view the horrours of thy race.
Alas! I share th' amazing guilt; these eyes,
That first inspir'd the black incestuous flame,
These ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurs'd, and all deserve your thunder.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my lord, believe me not so vile.
No: by thy goddess, by the chaste Diana,
None but my first, my much-lov'd lord Arsamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd, in these unhappy arms.
No! for the love of thee, of those dear charms,
Which now I see are doom'd to be my ruin,
I still deny'd my lord, my husband Theseus,
The chaste, the modest joys of spotless marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to stormy seas,
To rocks and waves less cruel than his Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

If that drove Theseus hence, then that kill'd Theseus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her husband Theseus.

PHÆDRA.

Forbear, rash youth, nor dare to rouze my vengeance;
You need not urge, nor tempt my swelling rage
With black reproaches, scorn, and provocation,
To do a deed my reason would abhor.
Long has the secret struggled in my breast,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd bosom;
But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confusion, tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes,
To murder thee, myself, and all that know it.
As when convulsions cleave the labouring Earth,
Before the dismal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houses crash;
He's safe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that sees its opening bosom, dies. [*Exit.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me take the warning and retire;
I'd rather trust the rough Ionian waves,
Than woman's fiercer rage.
[Ismena *shows herself, listening.*

LYCON.

Alas! my lord,
You must not leave the queen to her despair.

HIPPOLITUS.

Must not? From thee? From that vile upstart Lycon.

LYCON.

Yes: from that Lycon who derives his greatness
From Phædra's race, and now would guard her life.
Then, sir, forbear, and view this royal signet,
And in her faithful slave obey the queen.
[*Enter Guards.*
Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful distance,
With that respect, it may not seem confinement,
But only meant for honour.

HIPPOLITUS.

So, confinement is
The honour Crete bestows on Theseus' son.
Am I confin'd? And is 't so soon forgot,

When fierce Procrustes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom?
When your streets echo'd with the cries of orphans,
Your shrieking maids clung round the hallow'd shrines,
When all your palaces and lofty towers
Smok'd on the earth, when the red sky around
Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful lustre):
Then, then my father flew to your assistance;
Then Theseus sav'd your lives, estates, and honours,
And do you thus reward the hero's toil?
And do you now confine the hero's son?

LYCON.

Take not an easy short confinement ill,
Which your own safety and the queen's requires;
But fear not aught from one that joys to serve you.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, I disdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee,
Nor will I hear of services from Lycon.
Thy very looks are lies, eternal falsehood
Smiles in thy lips and flatters in thy eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,
In every cringing bow and fawning smile:
Why else d'you whisper out your dark suspicions?
Why with malignant elogies increase
The people's fears, and praise me to my ruin?
Why through the troubled streets of frighted Gnossus
Do bucklers, helms, and polish'd armour blaze?
Why sounds the dreadful din of instant war,
Whilst still the foe's unknown?

LYCON.

Then quit thy arts,
Put off the statesman and resume the judge.
Thou Proteus, shift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the god. [*Aside.*—
That foe's too near, [*To* Hipp.
The queen's disease, and your aspiring mind,
Disturb all Crete, and give a loose to war.

HIPPOLITUS.

Gods! Dares he speak thus to a monarch's son?
And must this earth-born slave command in Crete?
Was it for this my god-like father fought?
Did Theseus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the successor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

LYCON.

You may as well provoke
That Jove you worship, as this slave you scorn.
Go seize Alcmæon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of his impious treason.
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls:
For know, on me depends thy instant doom.
Then learn, proud prince, to bend thy haughty soul,
And if thou think'st of life, obey the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then free from fear or guilt I'll wait my doom:
Whate'er 's my fault, no stain shall blot my glory.
I'll guard my honour, you dispose my life;
[*Exeunt* Lyc. *and* Crat.
Since he dares brave my rage, the danger's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous lion
Bay afar off, and tremble in pursuit;
But when he struggles in th' entangling toils,
Insult the dying prey.——'Tis kindly done, Ismena,
[Ism. *enters.*
With all your charms to visit my distress,
Soften my chains, and make confinement easy.
Is it then given me to behold thy beauties;
Those blushing sweets, those lovely loving eyes!
To press, to strain thee to my beating heart,
And grow thus to my love? What's liberty to this?
What's fame or greatness? Take them, take them, Phædra,
Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Enclose me thus for ever.

ISMENA.

O Hippolitus!
O I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wish for aught while I behold my lord;
But yet that wish, that only wish is vain.
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your god-like soul a wretched maid;
Take to your arms (assist me Heaven to speak it)
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Not think of thee?
What! part, for ever part? Unkind Ismena:
Oh! can you think that death is half so dreadful
As it would be to live, and live without thee?
Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to Phædra,
Say, could'st thou bear it? Could thy tender soul
Endure the torment of despairing love,
And see me settled in a rival's arms?

ISMENA.

Think not of me: perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.
Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Ismena
With all her charms o'er-rule your sullen honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Ismena.

HIPPOLITUS.

Speak, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

ISMENA.

Give the queen hopes.

HIPPOLITUS.

No more.——My soul disdains it.
No, should I try, my haughty soul would swell;
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
O! should I stoop to cringe, to lie, forswear?
Deserve the ruin which I strive to shun?

ISMENA.

O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By these sad sighs, by these poor streaming eyes,
By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heaven knows I value much above my own.
What! Not yet mov'd? Are you resolv'd on death?
Then, ere 'tis night, I swear by all the powers,
This steel shall end my fears and life together.

HIPPOLITUS.

You shan't be trusted with a life so precious.
No, to the court I'll publish your design,

Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon shall wrench the dagger from your bosom,
And raving Phædra will preserve Ismena.

ISMENA.

Phædra! Come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra;
I'll tell her all the secrets of our love,
Give to her rage her close destructive rival;
Her rival sure will fall, her love may save you.
Come see me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

What's your design? Ye powers! what means my love?

ISMENA.

She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one she can't preserve.
Yet when you see me pale upon the earth,
This once lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting soul would wish you'd sav'd me.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to save you,
Give up my fame and all my darling honour?
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll say.

ISMENA.

Say, what occasion, chance, or Heaven inspires:
Say, that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say, that you 'll wed her, say that you 'll comply;
Say, to preserve your life, say any thing.
[*Exit* Hip.
Bless him, ye powers! and if it be a crime,
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your justice,
Aim all your vengeance on Ismena's head;
Punish Ismena, but forgive Hippolitus.
He's gone, and now my brave resolves are stagger'd,
Now I repent, like some despairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants, and struggles with the whirling waves,
And catches every slender reed to save him.

CHO.

But should he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, should he wed her?

ISMENA.

Should he wed the queen!
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my request,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

CHO.

Die! does Ismena then resolve to die?

ISMENA.

Can I then live? Can I, who lov'd so well
To part with all my bliss to save my lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And see another revel in his arms?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter Lycon.

LYCON.

What a reverse is this! Perfidious boy,
Is this thy truth? Is this thy boasted honour?
Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honest, and that one deceives me.
[*Aside.*
Ismena here!——
'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is safe
From the sure vengeance of despairing love.
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to soft endearments.
She doats, she dies; and few, but tedious days,
With endless joys will crown the happy pair.

ISMENA.

Does he then wed the queen?

LYCON.

At least I think so.
I, when the prince approach'd, not far retired
Pale with my doubts: he spoke; th' attentive queen
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires: he blushing bow'd,
She trembling, lost in love, with soft confusion
Receiv'd his passion, and return'd her own:
Then smiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous rites of her ensuing nuptials,
Which I must now pursue. Farewell, Ismena. [*Exit.*

ISMENA.

Then I'll retire, and not disturb their joys.

CHO.

Stay and learn more.

ISMENA.

Ah! wherefore should I stay?
What! Shall I stay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him?
To snatch the struggling charmer from her arms?
For could you think that open generous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman?
Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling?
Ah! without doubt his thoughts inspir'd his tongue,
And all his soul receiv'd a real love.
Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps soft pity charm'd his yielding soul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him;
Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm him!

CHO.

Wait the success: it is not yet decided.

ISMENA.

Not yet decided! Did not Lycon tell us
How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd:
How the soft passion languish'd in his eyes?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he clasps her to his panting breast,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now grasps her hands and now he looks, and vows,
The dear false things that charm'd the poor Ismena.
He comes! be still, my heart, the tyrant comes,
Charming though false, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why hangs that cloudy sorrow on your brow?
Why do you sigh? Why flow your swelling eyes,
Those eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?

ISMENA.

My lord, my soul is charm'd with your success;
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and since my death alone
Can make you safe, that soon shall make you happy.
Yet had you brought less love to Phædra's arms,
My soul had parted with a less regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear remembrance.

HIPPOLITUS.

Your death! My love! My marriage! And to Phædra!
Hear me, Ismena.

ISMENA.

No, I dare not hear you.
But though you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Though you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet still my soul o'er-runs with fondness t'wards you;
Yet still I die with joy to save Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Die to save me! Could I outlive Ismena!

ISMENA.

Yes, you 'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms,
And may you there find every blooming pleasure;
Oh, may the gods shower blessings on thy head!
May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conquest,
And all thy peaceful days with sure repose!
May'st thou be blest with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy ease forgot the lost Ismena!
Farewell, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ismena, stay.
Stay, hear me speak, or by th' infernal powers
I'll not survive the minute you depart.

ISMENA.

What would you say? Ah! don't deceive my weakness.

HIPPOLITUS.

Deceive thee! Why, Ismena, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender soul with harsh suspicion!
Oh! by those charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor promis'd
To love, or wed the queen.

ISMENA.

Speak on, my lord,
My honest soul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then thus. I came and spake, but scarce of love;
The easy queen receiv'd my faint address
With eager hope and unsuspicious faith.
Lycon with seeming joy dismiss'd my guards,
My generous soul disdain'd the mean deceit,
But still deceiv'd her to obey Ismena.

ISMENA.

Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh, pardon me,
Pardon the errours of a silly maid,
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealousy;
For still that fear, that jealousy, was love.
Haste then, my lord, and save yourself by flight;
And when you're absent, when your god-like form
Shall cease to cheer forlorn Ismena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
Some kind remembrance of your constant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends
(For sure those friends shall have my tenderest wishes)
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, speak very much, and still speak on.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! thy dear love shall ever be my theme,
Of that alone I'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Tasting the odours of thy fragrant bosom.
Come then to crown me with immortal joys,
Come, be the kind companion of my flight,
Come haste with me to leave this fatal shore.
The bark, before prepar'd for my departure,
Expects its freight, a hundred lusty rowers
Have wav'd their sinewy arms, and call'd Hippolitus;
The loosen'd canvass trembles with the wind,
And the sea whitens with auspicious gales.

ISMENA.

Fly then, my lord, and may the gods protect thee;
Fly, ere insidious Lycon work thy ruin;
Fly, ere my fondness talk thy life away;
Fly from the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

But not from my Ismena.
Why do you force me from your heavenly sight,
With those dear arms that ought to clasp me to thee?

ISMENA.

Oh I could rave for ever at my fate!
And with alternate love and fear possess'd,
Now force thee from my arms, now snatch thee to my breast,
And tremble till you go, but die till you return.
Nay, I could go——Ye gods, if I should go,
What would fame say? If I should fly alone
With a young lovely prince that charm'd my soul?

HIPPOLITUS.

Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
To crown with endless joys the youth that lov'd you.
O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the blest hours I've languish'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

ISMENA.

Hide me, ye powers; I never shall resist.

HIPPOLITUS.

Will you refuse me? Can I leave behind me
All that inspires my soul, and cheers my eyes?
Will you not go? Then here I'll wait my doom.
Come, raving Phædra, bloody Lycon come!

I offer to your rage this worthless life,
Since 'tis no longer my Ismena's care.

ISMENA.

O! haste away, my lord; I go, I fly
Through all the dangers of the boisterous deep.
When the wind whistles through the crackling masts,
When through the yawning ship the foaming sea
Rowls bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
And in transporting love forget my fear.
Oh! I will wander through the Scythian gloom,
O'er ice, and hills of everlasting snow:
There, when the horrid darkness shall enclose us,
When the bleak wind shall chill my shivering limbs,
Thou shalt alone supply the distant Sun,
And cheer my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

HIPPOLITUS.

Come, let's away, and like another Jason
I'll bear my beauteous conquest through the seas:
A greater treasure, and a nobler prize
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, sleep in peace,
Ye monsters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Transporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.
So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung:
Obscure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble sounds.
For, nobler sports he quits the savage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields.

ACT III.

Enter Lycon.

LYCON.

HEAVEN is at last appeas'd: the pitying gods
Have heard our wishes, and auspicious Jove
Smiles on his native isle; for Phædra lives,
Restor'd to Crete, and to herself, she lives;
Joy with fresh strength inspires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a fresh rosy bloom, as kindly springs
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its smiling face with gaudy flowers.
But see she comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter Phædra.

How her eyes sparkle! How their radiant beams
Confess their shining ancestor the Sun!
Your charms to-day will wound despairing crowds,
And give the pains you suffer'd: nay, Hippolitus,
The fierce, the brave, th' insensible Hippolitus
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore——

PHÆDRA.

'Tis flattery all;
Yet when you name the prince, that flattery's pleasing.
You wish it so, poor good old man, you wish it.
The fertile province of Cydonia's thine;
Is there aught else? Has happy Phædra aught,
In the wide circle of her far-stretch'd empire?
Ask, take, my friend, secure of no repulse:
Let spacious Crete through all her hundred cities
Resound her Phædra's joy. Let altars smoke,
And richest gums, and spices, and incense, roll
Their fragrant wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven,
Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons
Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness,
And waste in grief, as did despairing Phædra:
Let them be cheer'd, let the starv'd prisoners riot,
And glow with generous wine.—Let sorrow cease.
Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra's happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal passion
Rewards my flame, and springs into my arms!

Enter Messenger.

Say, where's the prince?

MESSENGER.

He's no where to be found.

PHÆDRA.

Perhaps he hunts.

MESSENGER.

He hunted not to-day.

PHÆDRA.

Ha! Have you search'd the walks, the courts, the temples?

MESSENGER.

Search'd all in vain.

PHÆDRA.

Did he not hunt to-day?
Alas! you told me once before he did not:
My heart misgives me.

LYCON.

So indeed doth mine.

PHÆDRA.

Could he deceive me? Could that god-like youth
Design the ruin of a queen that loves him?
Oh! he's all truth; his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmost thoughts.——He comes!
Ha! Who art thou? Whence com'st thou? Where's Hippolitus?

MESSENGER.

Madam, Hippolitus with fair Ismena
Drove toward the port——

PHÆDRA.

With fair Ismena!
Curs'd be her cruel beauty, curs'd her charms,
Curs'd all her soothing, fatal, false endearments.
That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodness
Could see me tortur'd with despairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monstrous sufferings,
While her base malice plotted my destruction.

LYCON.

A thousand reasons crowd upon my soul,
That evidence their love.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, yes, they love;
Why else should he refuse my proffer'd bed?
Why should one warm'd with youth, and thirst of glory,
Disdain a soul, a form, a crown like mine?

LYCON.

Where, Lycon, where was then thy boasted cunning?
Dull, thoughtless wretch!

PHÆDRA.

O pains unfelt before!
The grief, despair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of distracted love,
Are nought to this.—Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how, did their first passion rise?
Where did they breathe their sighs? What shady groves,
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not; the well-pleas'd Sun
With all his beams survey'd their guiltless flame;
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted sighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the shame of Nature, hid in darkness,
Far from the balmy air and cheering light,
Prest down my sighs, and dry'd my falling tears;
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to grieve.

LYCON.

Now cease that grief, and let your injur'd love
Contrive due vengeance; let majestic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, sacrifice the villain.
Then haste, send forth your ministers of vengeance,
To snatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful presence.

PHÆDRA.

O rightly thought!—Dispatch th' attending guards,
Bid them bring forth their instruments of death;
Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,
And hurl swift vengeance on the perjur'd slave.
Where am I, gods? What is't my rage commands?
Ev'n now he's gone! Ev'n now the well-tim'd oars
With sounding strokes divide the sparkling waves,
And happy gales assist their speedy flight.
Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
Now they expose my weakness and my crimes:
Now to the sporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter Cratander.

CRATANDER.

Sir, as I went to seize the persons order'd,
I met the prince, and with him fair Ismena;
I seiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

PHÆDRA.

Haste, bring him in.

LYCON.

Be quick, and seize Ismena.

Enter Hippolitus.

PHÆDRA.

Couldst thou deceive me? Could a son of Theseus
Stoop to so mean, so base a vice as fraud?
Nay act such monstrous perfidy, yet start
From promis'd love?

HIPPOLITUS.

My soul disdain'd a promise.

PHÆDRA.

But yet your false equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your every motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falsehoods.
Look down, O Theseus, and behold thy son,
As Sciron faithless, as Procrustes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monsters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning Earth:
Behold them all in thy own son reviv'd.

HIPPOLITUS.

Touch not my glory, lest you stain your own;
I still have strove to make my glorious father
Blush, yet rejoice to see himself outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theseus just, and as Camilla chaste.

PHÆDRA.

The godlike Theseus never was thy parent.
No, 'twas some monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the scourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaste Camilla.
Camilla chaste! An Amazon and chaste!
That quits her sex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaste matron mount the neighing steed;
In strict embraces lock the struggling warrior,
And choose the lover in the sturdy foe.

Enter Messenger, *and seems to talk earnestly with* Lycon.

HIPPOLITUS.

No; she refus'd the vows of godlike Theseus,
And chose to stand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermodoon
Heard the huge strokes resound; its frighted waves
Convey'd the rattling din to distant shores,
Whilst she alone supported all his war:
Nor till she sunk beneath his thundering arm,
Beneath which warlike nations bow'd, would yield
To honest wish'd for love.

PHÆDRA.

Not so her son;
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one descended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's person and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The last of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce successive hatred reign'd
Between your sires: in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dy'd the blushing Earth.

HIPPOLITUS.

In vain indeed, since now the war is o'er;
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,
And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for slaughter past.

PHÆDRA.

Your future offspring.
Heavens! What a medley's this? What dark confusion,

Of blood and death, of murder and relation?
What joy 't had been to old disabled Theseus,
When he should take thy offspring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And be upbraided with his grandsire's fate.
Oh barbarous youth!

LYCON.

Too barbarous to fear.
Perhaps even now his faction's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rds the palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder Phædra and her son,
And give the crown to him and his Ismena:
But I'll prevent it. [*Exit* Lycon.

Ismena *brought in.*

PHÆDRA.

What! the kind Ismena
That nurs'd me, watch'd my sickness! Oh she watch'd me,
As ravenous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
Hark! Hark, my little infant cries for justice!
Oh! be appeased, my babe, thou shalt have justice.
Now all the spirits of my god-like race
Enflame my soul, and urge me on to vengeance.
Arsamnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging Sun,
Inspire my fury, and demand my justice.
Oh! ye shall have it; thou, Minos, shalt applaud it;
Yes, thou shalt copy it in their pains below.
Gods of revenge, arise.—He comes! He comes!
And shoots himself through all my kindling blood.
I have it here.—Now base perfidious wretch,
Now sigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your Ismena shall appease my vengeance.
Ismena dies: and thou her pitying lover
Doom'dst her to death.—Thou too shalt see her bleed;
See her convulsive pangs, and hear her dying groans:
Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Ismena,
And laugh at dying Phædra!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh Ismena!

ISMENA.

Alas! My tender soul would shrink at death,
Shake with its fears, and sink beneath its pains,
In any case but this.—But now I'm steel'd,
And the near danger lessens to my sight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
And with an equal joy I'll die to save him.
Yes, for his sake I'll go a willing shade,
And wait his coming in th' Elysian fields,
And there inquire of each descending ghost
Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour.
That dear remembrance will improve the bliss,
Add to th' Elysian joys, and make that Heaven more happy.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh heavenly virgin; [*Aside.*]—O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But spare, oh! spare a guiltless virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think, with what warm compassion she bemoan'd you;
Think, how she serv'd and watch'd you in your sickness!
How ev'ry rising and descending Sun
Saw kind Ismena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, should feel your justice.

ISMENA.

Oh! by those powers, to whom I soon must answer
For all my faults, by that bright arch of Heaven
I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by every female art,
Wrought his disdaining soul to false compliance.
The son of Theseus could not think of fraud,
'Twas woman all.

PHÆDRA.

I see 'twas woman all,
And woman's fraud should meet with woman's vengeance.
But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue shock me;
A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
Oh! had the gods so pleas'd; had bounteous Heaven
Bestow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I stood the shock of angry Fate;
So had I given my life with joy to save him.

HIPPOLITUS.

And can you doom her death? Can Minos' daughter
Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?
Are not you Phædra? Once the boast of fame,
Shame of our sex, and pattern of your own.

PHÆDRA.

Am I that Phædra? No:—Another soul
Informs my alter'd frame. Could else Ismena
Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?
Aid me, ye gods, support my sinking glory,
Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.
Yet, is my rage unjust? Then, why was Phædra
Rescu'd for torment, and preserv'd for pain?
Why did you raise me to the heighth of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

ISMENA.

Was it not time to urge him to compliance?
At least to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
Confin'd his person, and conspir'd his death.

PHÆDRA.

Confin'd and doom'd to death—O cruel Lycon!
Could I have doom'd thy death?—Could these sad eyes,
That lov'd thee living, e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou could'st see me die without concern,
Rather than save a wretched queen from ruin.
Else could you choose to trust the warring winds,
The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands,
And all the raging monsters of the deep!
Oh! think you see me on the naked shore;
Think how I scream and tear my scatter'd hair;
Break from the embraces of my shrieking maids,
And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom:

Then catch with wide-stretch'd arms the empty billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, dismal state! My bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts dissolve in tenderest pity.

PHÆDRA.

If you can pity, O! refuse not love;
But stoop to rule in Crete, the seat of heroes,
And nursery of gods—A hundred cities
Court thee for lord, where the rich busy crowds
Struggle for passage through the spacious streets;
Where thousand ships o'ershade the lessening main,
And tire the labouring wind. The suppliant nations
Bow to its ensigns, and with lower'd sails
Confess the ocean's queen. For thee alone
The winds shall blow, and the vast ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors
From twanging yews shall send their fatal shafts.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me march their leader, not their prince;
And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians,
Brandish this far-fam'd sword of conquering Theseus;
That I may shake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
From Asia's neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing nations may obey your laws,
And your bright ancestor, the Sun, may shine
On nought but Phædra's empire.

PHÆDRA.

Why not thine?
Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd bed,
As to refuse my crown?—O, cruel youth!
By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd soul!
By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me;
O! ease, at least once more delude, my sorrows.
For your dear sake I've lost my darling honour;
For you, but now I gave my soul to death:
For you I'd quit my crown, and stoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife.
With thee I'd climb the steepy Ida's summit,
And in the scorching heat and chilling dews,
O'er hills, o'er vales, pursue the shaggy lion:
Careless of danger and of wasting toil,
Of pinching hunger and impatient thirst,
I'd find all joys in thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why stoops the queen
To ask, entreat, to supplicate and pray,
To prostitute her crown and sex's honour,
To one whose humble thoughts can only rise
To be your slave, not lord?

PHÆDRA.

And is that all?
Gods! Does he deign to force an artful passion?
Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes,
Hard as his native rocks, cold as his sword,
Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth?
He hates the tyrant, and the suppliant scorns.
O Heaven! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
Do ye not blush at my degenerate weakness!
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble passion, fly;
Hence from my soul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever.
And Heaven inspires my thoughts with righteous vengeance.
Thou shalt no more despise my offer'd love;
No more Ismena shall upbraid my weakness.
[*Catches* Hipp. *sword to stab herself.*
Now all ye kindred gods look down and see,
How I'll revenge you, and myself, on Phædra.

Enter Lycon, *and snatches away the sword.*

LYCON.

Horrour on horrour! Theseus is return'd.

PHÆDRA.

Theseus! Then what have I to do with life?
May I be snatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the face of injur'd Theseus.
Now wider still my growing horrours spread,
My fame, my virtue, nay, my frenzy's fled:
Then view thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
Me if your anger spares, your pity should destroy.
[*Runs off.*

LYCON.

This may do service yet.
[*Exit* Lycon, *carries off the sword.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying gods.
Shall I again behold his awful eyes?
Again be folded in his loving arms?
Yet in the midst of joy I fear for Phædra;
I fear his warmth and unrelenting justice.
O! should her raging passion reach his ears,
His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
To burning rage; as soft Cydonian oil,
Whose balmy juice glides o'er th' untasting tongue,
Yet touch'd with fire, with hottest flames will blaze.
But oh, ye powers! I see his godlike form.
O extasy of joy! He comes, he comes!
Is it my lord? My father? Oh! 'tis he:
I see him, touch him, feel his known embraces,
See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter Theseus *with others.*

Where have you been, my lord? What angry demon
Hid you from Crete? From me?—What god has sav'd you?
Did not Philotas see you fall? O answer me!
And then I'll ask a thousand questions more.

THESEUS.

No: but to save my life I feign'd my death;
My horse and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther search. This honest Greek
Conceal'd me in his house, and cur'd my wounds;
Procur'd a vessel; and, to bless me more,
Accompany'd my flight.——
But this at leisure. Let me now indulge
A father's fondness; let me snatch thee thus;
Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, such, was I
[*Embraces* Hippolitus.
When first I saw thy mother, chaste Camilla;
And much she lov'd me.—Oh! Did Phædra view me
With half that fondness!—But she's still unkind;

Else hasty joy had brought her to these arms,
To welcome me to liberty, to life;
And make that life a blessing. Come, my son,
Let us to Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

Pardon me, my lord.

THESEUS.

Forget her former treatment; she's too good
Still to persist in hatred to my son.

HIPPOLITUS.

O! let me fly from Crete,—from you, [*Aside.*
and Phædra.

THESEUS.

My son, what means this turn? this sudden start?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?

HIPPOLITUS.

Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
To follow danger, and acquire renown:
To quell the monsters that escap'd your sword,
And make the world confess me Thesus' son.

THESEUS.

What can this coldness mean? Retire, my son,
[*Exit* Hippolitus.
While I attend the queen.—What shock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown?
Where's now the joy, the extasy, and transport,
That warm'd my soul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
O! had I never lov'd her, I'ad been blest.
Sorrow and joy, in love, alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliss, distracting is the pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful deluge spreads,
And genial heat informs its slimy beds;
Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
There monstrous serpents fright the labouring swain:
A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
And the same floods enrich and curse the land.

ACT IV.

Enter Lycon *solus.*

LYCON.

THIS may gain time till all my wealth's embark'd,
To ward my foes revenge, and finish mine,
And shake that empire which I can't possess.
But then the queen—She dies—Why let her die;
Let wide destruction seize on all together,
So Lycon live.—A safe triumphant exile,
Great in disgrace, and envy'd in his fall.
The queen!—then try thy art, and work her passion.

Enter Phædra *and Attendants.*

Draw her to act what most her soul abhors,
Possess her whole, and speak thyself in Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Off, let me loose; why, cruel barbarous maids,
Why am I barr'd from Death, the common refuge,
That spreads its hospitable arms for all?
Why must I drag th' insufferable load
Of foul dishonour, and despairing love?
Oh! length of pain! Am I so often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I so oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its ease?

LYCON.

Would you now die?
Now quit the field to your insulting foe?
Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted name:
Ages to come, the universe, shall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your soul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your shame, shall sink beneath your faults;
Inherit your disgrace, but not your crown.

PHÆDRA.

Must he too fall, involv'd in my destruction,
And only live to curse the name of Phædra?
Oh dear, unhappy babe! must I bequeath thee
Only a sad inheritance of woe?
Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unless they reach my infant's guiltless head?
Oh lost estate! when life's so sharp a torment,
And death itself can't ease! Assist me, Lycon,
Advise, speak comfort to my troubled soul.

LYCON.

'Tis you must drive that trouble from your soul;
As streams, when dam'd, forget their ancient current,
And wondering at their banks, in other channels flow;
So must you bend your thoughts from hopeless love,
So turn their course to Theseus' happy bosom,
And crown his eager hopes with wish'd enjoyment:
Then with fresh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Display the beauties first inspir'd his soul,
Sooth with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

PHÆDRA.

Impossible! What woo him with these eyes,
Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for Theseus?
This tongue so us'd to sound another name;
What! take him to my arms! Oh awful Juno!
Touch, love, caress him! while my wandering fancy
On other objects strays? A lewd adultress
In the chaste bed? And in the father's arms,
(Oh horrid thought! Oh execrable incest!)
Ev'n in the father's arms embrace the son?

LYCON.

Yet you must see him, lest impatient love
Should urge his temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd absence should disclose your crime.

PHÆDRA.

Could I, when present to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild disorders of my soul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my speech, betray me?
Betray thee, Phædra! then thou 'rt not betray'd!
Live, live secure, adoring Crete conceals thee:
Thy pious love, and most endearing goodness,
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to silence.

Oh wretched Phædra! oh ill-guarded secret!
To foes alone disclos'd!

LYCON.

I needs must fear them,
Spight of their oaths, their vows, their imprecations.

PHÆDRA.

Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail!
I, too, have sworn, ev'n at the altar sworn
Eternal love and endless faith to Theseus;
And yet am false, forsworn: the hallow'd shrine,
That heard me swear, is witness to my falsehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he shall tell the fault himself inspir'd;
The fatal eloquence, that charm'd my soul,
Shall lavish all its arts to my destruction.

LYCON.

Oh he will tell it all!—Destruction seize him!—
With seeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuse your folly;
Fw[illegible] tears shall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful sighs shall heave:
Then Theseus—How will indignation swell
His mighty heart! How his majestic frame
Will shake with rage too fierce, too swift for vent!
How he 'll expose you to the public scorn,
And loathing crowds shall murmur out their horrour!
Then the fierce Scythian—Now methinks I see
His fiery eyes with sullen pleasures glow,
Survey your tortures, and insult your pangs;
I see him, smiling on the pleas'd Ismena,
Point out with scorn the once proud tyrant Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Curst be his name! May infamy attend him!
May swift destruction fall upon his head,
Hurl'd by the hand of those he most adores!

LYCON.

By Heaven, prophetic truth inspires your tongue!
He shall endure the shame he means to give;
And all the torments which he heaps on you,
With just revenge, shall Theseus turn on him.

PHÆDRA.

Is 't possible? Oh Lycon! Oh my refuge!
Oh good old man! thou oracle of wisdom!
Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

LYCON.

Accuse him first.

PHÆDRA.

Oh Heavens! Accuse the guiltless!

LYCON.

Then be accurs'd; let Theseus know your crime;
Let lasting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fame—
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity,
With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
Preserve your glory, and secure your vengeance:
Be yours the fruit, security, and ease;
The guilt, the danger, and the labour, mine.

PHÆDRA.

Heavens! Theseus comes!

Enter Theseus.

LYCON.

Declare your last resolves.

PHÆDRA.

Do you resolve, for Phædra can do nothing.
[*Exit* Phædra.

LYCON.

Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
Now raise his pity, now inflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quash them with despair;
Work his tumultuous passions into frenzy;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

THESEUS.

Was that my queen, my wife, my idol, Phædra?
Does she still shun me? Oh injurious Heaven!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you save me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?

LYCON.

Her hatred! No, she loves you with such fondness,
As none but that of Theseus e'er could equal;
Yet so the gods have doom'd, so Heaven will have it,
She ne'er must view her much-lov'd Theseus more.

THESEUS.

Not see her! By my sufferings but I will,
Though troops embattled should oppose my passage,
And ready death should guard the fatal way.
Not see her! Oh I 'll clasp her in these arms,
Break through the idle bands that yet have held me,
And seize the joys my honest love may claim.

LYCON.

Is this a time for joy? when Phædra's grief—

THESEUS.

Is this a time for grief? Is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then to my thoughts relenting Phædra flew,
With open arms, to welcome my return,
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my rashness,
And made me swear to venture out no more.
Oh! my warm soul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untasted joys;
New pleasures fill'd my mind, all dangers, pains,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were lost.
And does she now avoid my eager love,
Pursue me still with unrelenting hatred,
Invent new pains, detest, loath, shun my sight,
Fly my return, and sorrow for my safety?

LYCON.

O think not so! for, by th' unerring gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd return,
When the lov'd name of Theseus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name she rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and watery eyes, to Heaven,
To bless the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempest of her grief was calm'd;
Her sighs were hush'd, and tears forgot to flow.

THESEUS.

Did my return bring comfort to her sorrow?
Then haste, conduct me to the lovely mourner:
O I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rosy lips the fragrant sighs;
With other sighs her panting breast shall heave,
With other dews her swimming eyes shall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart shall beat,
And all her sorrows shall be lost in love.

LYCON.

Does Theseus burn with such unheard-of passion?
And must not she with out-stretch'd arms receive him,
And with an equal ardour meet his vows,
The vows of one so dear! O righteous gods!
Why must the bleeding heart of Theseus bear
Such torturing pangs? while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with accusing eyes on angry Heaven
Stedfastly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief, and kindred shame,
Fixes her gloomy watry orbs to earth;
Now, burst with swelling anguish, rends the skies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs!

THESEUS.

Wrong'd! Is she wrong'd? and lives he yet who wrong'd her?

LYCON.

He lives, so great, so happy, so belov'd,
That Phædra scarce can hope, scarce wish, revenge.

THESEUS.

Shall Theseus live, and not revenge his Phædra?
Gods! shall this arm, renown'd for righteous vengeance,
For quelling tyrants, and redressing wrongs,
Now fail? now first, when Phædra's injur'd, fail?
Speak, Lycon, haste, declare the secret villain,
The wretch so meanly base to injure Phædra,
So rashly brave to dare the sword of Theseus.

LYCON.

I dare not speak; but sure her wrongs are mighty:
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her sighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me suspect her monstrous grief will end her.

THESEUS.

End her? end Theseus first, and all mankind;
But most that villain, that detested slave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch!

LYCON.

O noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when in the midst of grief,
In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming sorrows,
She, groaning, still invok'd, still call'd on Theseus.

THESEUS.

Did she then name me! Did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theseus?
Oh, that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.
Why then this stay? I come, I fly, oh Phædra!
Lead on—Now, dark disturber of my peace,
If now thou 'rt known, what luxury of vengeance—
Haste, lead, conduct me.

LYCON.

Oh! I beg you stay.

THESEUS.

What? stay when Phædra calls?

LYCON.

Oh! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you stay;
As you respect your peace, your life, your glory:
As Phædra's days are precious to your soul;
By all your love, by all her sorrows, stay.

THESEUS.

Where lies the danger? wherefore should I stay?

LYCON.

Your sudden presence would surprise her soul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her sorrow, indignation, shame;
And all your son would strike her from your eyes.

THESEUS.

My son!——But he's too good, too brave to wrong her.
——Whence then that shocking change, that strong surprise;
That fright that seiz'd him at the name of Phædra!

LYCON.

Was he surpris'd? that show'd at least remorse.

THESEUS.

Remorse! for what? By Heavens, my troubled thoughts
Presage some dire attempt.——Say, what remorse!

LYCON.

I would not——yet I must.——This you command;
This Phædra orders; thrice her faultering tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty scene to Theseus:
Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my speed, and chid my rash obedience,
Lest the unwelcome tale should wound your peace.
At last, with looks serenely sad, she cry'd,
"Go, tell it all;" but in such artful words,
Such tender accents, and such melting sounds,
As may appease his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his son
A grievous fault, but still a fault of love.

THESEUS.

Of love! what strange suspicions rack my soul?
As you regard my peace, declare, what love!

LYCON.

Sworn'd, I must declare; yet, pitying Heaven,
Why must I speak? Why must unwilling Lycon
Accuse the prince of impious love to Phædra?

THESEUS.

Love to his mother! to the wife of Theseus!

LYCON.

Yes, at the first moment he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
His easy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he pres'st her with his passion

THESEUS.

Then 'twas for this she banish'd him from Crete;
I thought it hatred all: O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heaven; forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in secret have condemn'd thy justice.
Oh! 'twas all just, and Theseus shall revenge,
Ev'n on his son, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

LYCON.

What easy tools are these blunt honest heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the statesman's art prepares,
And post to ruin!——Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd justice on thy son,
Next on thyself, and both make way for Lycon.
[*Aside.*

THESEUS.

Ha! am I sure she's wrong'd? perhaps 'tis malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your accusation,
Or treble fury shall revenge my son.

LYCON.

Am I then doubted! and can faithful Lycon
Be thought to forge such execrable falsehoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you suspect her truth? O godlike Theseus!
Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra!
Is this her hop'd-for aid! Go, wretched matron,
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying heavens
With thy vain sorrows, since relentless Theseus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theseus, will not hear thee!

THESEUS.

Not hear my Phædra! Not revenge her wrongs!
Speak, make thy *proofs*, and then his doom 's as fix'd
As when Jove speaks, and high Olympus shakes,
And Fate his voice obeys.

LYCON.

Bear witness, Heaven!
With what reluctance I produce this sword,
This fatal proof against th' unhappy prince,
Lest it should work your justice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force, as well as incest.

THESEUS.

Gods! 't is illusion all! Is this the sword
By which Procrustes, Scyron, Pallas fell?
Is this the weapon which my darling son
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
Thy generous promise. O most injur'd Phædra!
Why did I trust to his deceitful form?
Why blame thy justice, or suspect thy truth?

LYCON.

Had you this morn beheld his ardent eye
Seen his arm lock'd in her dishevel'd hair,
That weapon glittering o'er her trembling bosom,
Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious love,
Entreating death, and rising to the wound.
Oh! had you seen her, when the frighted youth
Retir'd at your approach: had you then seen her,
In the chaste transports of becoming fury,
Seize on the sword to pierce her guiltless bosom,
Had you seen this, you could not doubt her truth.

THESEUS.

Oh impious monster! Oh forgive me, Phædra!
And may the gods inspire my injur'd soul
With equal vengeance that may suit his crimes.

LYCON.

For Phædra's sake, forbear to talk of vengeance;
That with new pains would wound her tender breast:
Send him away from Crete, and by his absence
Give Phædra quiet; and afford him mercy.

THESEUS.

Mercy! for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
Poor Phædra's mercy.——Oh most barbarous traitor!
To wrong such beauty, and insult such goodness.
Mercy! what's that? a virtue coin'd by villains;
Who praise the weakness which supports their crimes.
Be mute, and fly, lest when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyself in vain implore my mercy.

LYCON.

Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou dost,
More than I do the justice thou 'art so fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boast thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon.
[*Exit.*

Enter Hippolitus.

THESEUS.

Yet can it be?——Is this th' incestuous villain?
How great his presence, how erect his look,
How every grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
Oh Neptune! Oh, great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with such a godlike look?
Why wears he not some most detested form,
Baleful to sight, as horrible to thought;
That I might act my justice without grief,
Punish the villain, nor regret the son?

HIPPOLITUS.

May I presume to ask, what secret care
Broods in your breast, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes those angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus, they us'd to cheer?

THESEUS.

Answer me first: when call'd to wait on Phædra,
What sudden fear surpris'd your troubled soul?
Why did your ebbing blood forsake your cheeks?
Why did you hasten from your father's arms,
To shun the queen your duty bids you please?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, to please the queen, I'm forc'd to shun her,
And keep this hated object from her sight.

THESEUS.

Say, what's the cause of her inveterate hatred?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, as yet I never gave her cause.

THESEUS.

Oh were it so! [*Aside.*] When last did you attend her?

HIPPOLITUS.

When last attend her?——Oh unhappy queen!
Your errour's known, yet I disdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a fault myself have caus'd. [*Aside.*
When last attend her?——

THESEUS.

Answer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, this very morn I saw the queen.

THESEUS.

What pass'd?

HIPPOLITUS.

I ask'd permission to retire.

THESEUS.

And was that all?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, I humbly beg,
With the most low submissions, ask no more.

THESEUS.

Yet you don't answer with your low submissions.
Answer, or never hope to see me more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd and lost for ever.
[*Aside.*

THESEUS.

He changes, gods! and faulters at the question:
His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty.
[*Aside.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Why do you frown, my lord? Why turn away,
As from some loathsome monster, not your son?

THESEUS.

Thou art that monster, and no more my son.
Not one of those of the most horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd Earth,
Was half so shocking to my sight as thou.

HIPPOLITUS.

Where am I, gods? Is that my father Theseus?
Am I awake? Am I Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Thou art that fiend——Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art!——Oh fall! Oh fatal stain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee!
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos just!
Sometimes it led me through the maze of war;
There it survey'd thee ranging through the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out destruction:
Sometimes with wholesome laws reforming states,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;
While you——

HIPPOLITUS.

With all my father's soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirst of early honour,
To hunt through bloody fields the chase of glory,
And bless your age with trophies like your own.
Gods! How that warm'd me! How my throbbing heart
Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you should strain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with sobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confess your son!
How did I think my glorious toil o'er-paid?
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,
With more than conquest crown'd? "Go on, Hippolitus,
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practise the strictest and austerest virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
Theseus, thy father Theseus, will reward thee."

THESEUS.

Reward thee?——Yes, as Minos would reward thee.
Was Minos then thy pattern? And did Minos,
The great, the good, the just, the righteous Minos,
The judge of Hell, and oracle of Earth,
Did he inspire adultery, force, and incest?

Ismena *appears.*

ISMENA.

Ha! What's this? [*Aside.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Incest?——

THESEUS.

Incest with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra!

HIPPOLITUS.

This charge so unexpected, so amazing,
So new, so strange, impossible to thought,
Stuns my astonish'd soul, and ties my voice.

THESEUS.

Then let this wake thee, this once glorious sword,
With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
Not for this purpose. Oh abandon'd slave!
Oh early villain! Most detested coward!
With this my instrument of youthful glory!
With this!——Oh noble entrance into arms!
With this t' invade the spotless Phædra's honour?
Phædra! My life! My better half, my queen!
That very Phædra, for whose just defence
The gods would claim thy sword.

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Death!
Heavens! Durst I raise the far-fam'd sword of Theseus
Against his queen, against my mother's bosom.

THESEUS.

Hast thou declare when, where, and how you lost it?
How [illegible] gain'd it? Oh all the gods! He's silent.
Why was it bar'd? Whose bosom was it aim'd at?
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
Thy hand, heart, eyes? Oh villain! monstrous villain!

HIPPOLITUS.

Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
No clue to guide me through this gloomy maze,

To clear my honour, yet preserve my faith?
None! None, ye powers! And must I groan beneath
This execrable load of foul dishonour?
Must Theseus suffer such unheard-of torture!
Theseus, my father! No, I'll break through all;
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,
I give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord!
Hear your wrong'd son. The sword——Oh fatal vow!
Ensnaring oaths; and thou, rash thoughtless fool,
To bind thyself in voluntary chains;
Yet to thy fatal trust continue firm!
Beneath disgrace, though infamous yet honest.
Yet hear me, father, may the righteous gods ...
Shower all their curses on this wretched head.
Oh may they doom me!—

THESEUS.

Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The sword, the sword! Now swear, and call to witness
Heaven, Hell, and Earth. I mark it not from one,
That breathes beneath such complicated guilt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
I sprang to meet you at your wish'd return?
Does this appear like guilt? When thus serene,
With eyes erect, and visage unappall'd,
Fixt on that awful face, I stand the charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing: Say, if I am guilty,
Where are the conscious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the downcast haggard eyes,
Or fix'd on earth, or slowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then sunk again with horrour?

THESEUS.

This is for raw, untaught, unfinish'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom hast reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection:
Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
The beauteous stamp (oh Heavens!) of faultless virtue,
While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed.
Oh harden'd fiend, can't such transcending crimes
Disturb thy soul, or ruffle thy smooth brow?
What, no remorse! No qualms! No pricking pangs!
No feeble struggle of rebelling honour!
O 'twas thy joy! thy secret hoard of bliss,
To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought;
To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing misers
Brood o'er their precious stores of secret gold.

HIPPOLITUS.

Must I not speak! Then say, unerring Heaven
Why was I born with such a thirst of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my dishonour?
Why did not pitying Fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

THESEUS.

Guilty indeed.
Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And such a father (Oh immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory;
When thou should'st rend the skies with clamorous grief,
Beat thy sad breast, and tear thy starting hair;
Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid lust t' insult my yet warm urn;
Make me the scorn of Hell, and sport for fiends!
These are the funeral honours paid to Theseus,
These are the sorrows, these the hallow'd rites,
To which you'd call your father's hovering spirit.

Enter Ismena.

ISMENA.

Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom.
[*Turning to* Theseus.
Hear one that comes to shield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

THESEUS.

Though thou 'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
Though ev'n thy beauty's loathsome to my eyes,
Yet justice bids me hear thee.

ISMENA.

Thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*
Then know, mistaken prince, his honest soul
Could ne'er be sway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles subdued his struggling heart;
For long his duty struggled with his love.

THESEUS.

Speak, is this true? On thy obedience, speak.

HIPPOLITUS.

So charg'd, I own the dangerous truth; I own.
Against her will, I lov'd the fair Ismena.

THESEUS.

Canst thou be only clear'd by disobedience,
And justify'd by crimes?——What! love my foe!
Love one descended from a race of tyrants,
Whose blood yet reeks on my avenging sword!
I'm curst each moment I delay thy fate:
Haste to the shades, and tell the happy Pallas
Ismena's flames, and let him taste such joys
As thou giv'st me; go tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chattering ghosts, and hissing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till Hell sound nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Ismena.

Enter Cratander.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty sword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at least, like Theseus' son.
Take him away, and execute my orders.

HIPPOLITUS.

Heavens! How that strikes me! How it wounds my soul!
To think of your unutterable sorrows,
When you shall find Hippolitus was guiltless!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you shall mourn your son's unhappy fate,
Oh, I beseech you by the love you bore me,
With my last words (my words will then prevail)
Oh, for my sake, forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theseus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys, survive
Fresh in your breast, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which Fate, and not my father, wrought.

Oh! let me dwell for ever in your thoughts;
Let me be honour'd still, but not deplor'd.

THESEUS.

Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
Oh blooming hypocrite! Oh young dissembler!
Well hast thou shown the care thou tak'st of Theseus.
Oh all ye gods! how this inflames my fury!
I scarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, dishonour'd Theseus!
Blot not thy fame with such a monster's blood.
Snatch him away.

HIPPOLITUS.

Lead on. Farewell, Ismena.

ISMENA.

Oh! take me with him, let me share his fate.
Oh awful Theseus! Yet revoke his doom:
See, see the very ministers of Death,
Though bred to blood, yet shrink, and wish to save him.

THESEUS.

Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her arms off.

ISMENA.

Oh! tear me, cut me, till my sever'd limbs
Grow to my lord, and share the pains he suffers.

THESEUS.

Villains, away.

ISMENA.

O Theseus! Hear me, hear me.

THESEUS.

Away, nor taint me with thy loathsome touch.
Off, woman.

ISMENA.

Stay, oh stay! I'll tell you all. [*Exit* Theseus.
Already gone!——Tell it, ye conscious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Resound it, Fame, with all your hundred tongues.
Oh hapless youth! All Heaven conspires against you.
The conscious walls conceal the fatal secret:
Th' untainted winds refuse th' infecting load:
And Fame itself is mute.——Nay, ev'n Ismena,
Thy own Ismena's sworn to thy destruction.
But still, whate'er the cruel gods design,
In the same fate our equal stars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine.

ACT V.

Enter Phædra *and* Lycon.

LYCON.

Accuse yourself? Oh! on my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal message.
Heavens! will you stand the dreaded rage of Theseus?
And brand your fame, and work your own destruction?

PHÆDRA.

By thee I'm branded, and by thee destroy'd;
Thou bosom serpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet shan't you boast the miseries you cause,
Nor 'scape the ruin you have brought on all.

LYCON.

Was it not your command? Has faithful Lycon
E'er spoke, e'er thought, design'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done aught without the queen's consent?

PHÆDRA.

Plead'st thou consent to what thou first inspir'dst?
Was that consent? O senseless politician!
When adverse passions struggled in my breast,
When anger, fear, love, sorrow, guilt, despair,
Drove out my reason, and usurp'd my soul,
Yet this consent you plead, O faithful Lycon!
Oh! only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
And what's my frenzy, will be call'd my crime:
What then is thine? Thou cool, deliberate villain,
Thou wise, fore-thinking, weighing politician!

LYCON.

Oh! 'twas so black, my frighten'd tongue recoil'd
At its own sound, and horrour shook my soul.
Yet still, though pierc'd with such amazing anguish,
Such was my zeal, so much I lov'd my queen,
I broke through all, to save the life of Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

What's life? Oh all ye gods! Can life atone
For all the monstrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live! When thou, oh soul of honour!
Oh early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd.
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the sordid hands of butchering villains;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies—Oh perjur'd traitor!
See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And Nature sallies in unbidden groans;
Now mortal pangs distort his lovely form;
His rosy beauties fade, his starry eyes
Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams;
Now in short gasps his labouring spirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his faultering tongue,
And struggles into sound. Hear, monster, hear,
With his last breath he curses perjur'd Phædra:
He summons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
Thou too shalt there appear; to torture thee,
Whole Hell shall be employ'd, and suffering Phædra
Shall find some ease to see thee still more wretched.

LYCON.

Oh all ye powers! Oh Phædra! Hear me, hear me,
By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
By those unhappy crimes I wrought to serve you,
By these cold wither'd limbs and hoary hairs,
By all my tears!—Oh heavens! She minds me not,
She hears not my complaints. Oh wretched Lycon!
To what art thou reserv'd?

PHÆDRA.

Reserv'd to all
The sharpest, slowest pains that Earth can furnish.
To all I wish——on Phædra——Guards, secure him. [Lycon *carried off.*

Ha! Theseus, gods! My freezing blood congeals,
And all my thoughts, designs, and words are lost.

Enter Theseus.

THESEUS.

Dost thou at last repent? Oh lovely Phædra!
At last with equal ardour meet my vows:
O dear-bought blessing! Yet I'll not complain,
Since now my sharpest grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.—Then haste, my charmer,
Let's feast our famish'd souls with amorous riot,
With fiercest bliss atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we've lost.

PHÆDRA.

Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
Far as the distant skies or deepest centre.

THESEUS.

Amazement! Death! Ye gods who guide the world,
What can this mean? So fierce a detestation,
So strong abhorrence!—Speak, exquisite tormentor!
Was it for this your summons fill'd my soul
With eager raptures, and tumultuous transports?
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliss!
Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
And fly with trembling haste to meet her arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
Was it for this you rouz'd my drowsy soul
From the dull lethargy of hopeless love?
And dost thou only show those beauteous eyes
To wake despair, and blast me with their beams?

PHÆDRA.

Oh! were that all to which the gods have doom'd me;
But angry Heaven has laid in store for Theseus
Such perfect mischief, such transcendent woe,
That the black image shocks my frighted soul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

THESEUS.

Fear not to speak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
And charm the grief it brings.—Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy sight; thus gazing on those eyes,
I can support the utmost spite of Fate,
And stand the rage of Heaven.——Approach, my fair!

PHÆDRA.

Off, or I fly for ever from thy sight:
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Forget the villain, drive him from your soul.

PHÆDRA.

Can I forget, or drive him from my soul?
Oh! he will still be present to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

THESEUS.

And mine and all.—Oh most abandon'd villain!
Oh lasting scandal to our godlike race!
That could contrive a crime so foul as incest.

PHÆDRA.

Incest! Oh name it not!——
The very mention shakes my inmost soul:
The gods are startled in their peaceful mansions,
And Nature sickens at the shocking sound.
Thou brutal wretch! Thou execrable monster!
To break through all the laws that early flow
From untaught reason, and distinguish man;
Mix like the senseless herd with bestial lust,
Mother and son preposterously wicked;
To banish from thy soul the reverence due
To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
And injure one so great, so good as Theseus.

THESEUS.

To injure one so great, so good as Phædra;
Oh slave! to wrong such purity as thine,
Such dazzling brightness, such exalted virtue.

PHÆDRA.

Virtue! All-seeing gods, you know my virtue!
Must I support all this? O righteous Heaven!
Can't I yet speak? Reproach I could have borne,
Pointed his satyrs stings, and edg'd his rage,
But to be prais'd——Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
Stones, furies, wheels, are slight to what I suffer,
And Hell itself's relief.

THESEUS.

What's Hell to thee?
What crimes could'st thou commit? Or what reproaches
Could innocence so pure as Phædra's fear.
Oh, thou 'rt the chastest matron of thy sex;
The fairest pattern of excelling virtue.
Our latest annals shall record thy glory,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
Each skilful artist shall express thy form,
In animated gold.——The threatening sword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy snowy bosom;
Such heavenly beauty on thy face shall bloom,
As shall almost excuse the villain's crime;
But yet that firmness, that unshaken virtue,
As still shall make the monster more detested.
Where-e'er you pass, the crowded way shall sound
With joyful cries, and endless acclamations:
And when aspiring bards, in daring strains,
Shall raise some heavenly matron to the Powers,
They 'll say, she's great, she's true, she's chaste as Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

This might have been.——But now, oh cruel stars!
Now, as I pass, the crowded way shall sound
With hissing scorn, and murmuring detestation:
The latest annals shall record my shame;
And when th' avenging Muse with pointed rage
Would sink some impious woman down to Hell,
She'll say, she's false, she's base, she's foul as Phædra.

THESEUS.

Hadst thou been foul, had horrid violation
Cast any stains on purity like thine,
They 're wash'd already in the villain's blood:
The very sword, his instrument of horrour,
Ere this time drench'd in his incestuous heart,
Has done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER.

Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead!——I saw Cratander
Give him a sword.——I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast,
With steady hands, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die,
And not in battle.——A loud clamour follow'd:
And the surrounding soldiers hid from sight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead?

THESEUS.

Yes, yes, he's dead; and dead by my command;
And in this dreadful act of mournful justice,
I'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

PHÆDRA.

Then thou 'rt renown'd indeed.——Oh happy Theseus!
Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haste then, let's join our well-met hands together;
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To show a pair so eminently wretched.

THESEUS.

Wretched! For what? For what the world must praise me.
For what the nations shall adore my justice,
A villain's death?

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus a villain!
Oh, he was all his godlike sire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hopes of Crete.
Nor did the bravest of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.

THESEUS.

What can this mean? Declare, ambiguous Phædra;
Say, whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage?
Why are thy doubtful speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd?

PHÆDRA.

Canst thou not guess?——
Canst thou not read it in my furious passions?
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Could'st thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring youth to acts of honour?
Could'st thou not find it in the generous truth,
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Could'st not perceive it in the chaste reserve?
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Could'st thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless?

THESEUS.

Guiltless! Oh all ye gods! What can this mean?

PHÆDRA.

Mean! That the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme,
With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son;
And when deny'd, with impious accusation
Sully'd the lustre of his shining honour;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
And with ensnaring wiles destroy'd that virtue
I try'd in vain to shake.

THESEUS.

Is he then guiltless?
Guiltless! Then what art thou? And oh just Heaven!
What a detested parricide is Theseus!

PHÆDRA.

What am I? What indeed, but one more black
Than Earth or Hell e'er bore! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and incest,
Perjury, murder; to arm the erring father
Against the guiltless son. O impious Lycon!
In what a Hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me.

THESEUS.

Lycon! Here, guards!——Oh most abandon'd villain!
Secure him, seize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter Guards.

GUARDS.

Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high displeasure?

THESEUS.

Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon?
Who can inspire such storms of rage, but Lycon?
Where has my sword left one so black, but Lycon?
Where! Wretched Theseus! in thy bed and heart,
The very darling of my soul and eyes!
Oh beauteous fiend! But trust not to thy form.
You too, my son, was fair; your manly beauties
Charm'd every heart (O Heavens!) to your destruction.
You too were good, your virtuous soul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious Phædra!
Incestuous fury! Execrable murth'ress?
Is there revenge on Earth, or pain in Hell,
Can art invent, or boiling rage suggest,
An endless torture which thou shalt not suffer?

PHÆDRA.

And is there aught on Earth I would not suffer?
Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
Thou need'st not claim it, most unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine: T' avenge thy fate,
I'd court the fiercest pains, and sue for tortures;
And Phædra's sufferings should atone for thine:
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

Lycon *brought in.*

THESEUS.

Hast thou escap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,
On thee I'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundless rage.

LYCON.

O! mercy, mercy!

THESEUS.

Such thou shalt find as thy best deeds deserve,
Such as thy guilty soul can hope from Theseus;
Such as thou show'dst to poor Hippolitus.

LYCON.

Oh chain me! whip me! Let me be the scorn
Of sordid rabbles, and insulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life most wretched.

PHÆDRA.

Art thou so base, so spiritless a slave?
Not so the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not so he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

THESEUS.

Oh abject villain! Yet it gives me joy
To see the fears that shake thy guilty soul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
Oh, how thou 'lt howl thy fearful soul away;
While laughing crowds shall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their sport! Haste, hence, away with him,
Drag him to all the torments Earth can furnish;
Let him be rack'd and gash'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monster, fix'd on high,
Grin o'er the shouting crowds, and glut their vengeance.
And is this all? And art thou now appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus!
Oh ungorg'd appetite! Oh ravenous thirst
Of a son's blood! What not a day, a moment!

PHÆDRA.

A day! A moment! Oh! thou should'st have staid
Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch'd the life of that consummate youth.

THESEUS.

And yet with joy I flew to his destruction,
Boasted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs she sighing gave me
The last cold kisses from her trembling lips,
And reach'd her feeble wandering hands to mine;
When her last breath, now quivering at her mouth,
Implor'd my goodness to her lovely son;
To her Hippolitus. He, alas! descends
An early victim to the lazy shades,
(Oh Heaven and Earth!) by Theseus doom'd, descends.

PHÆDRA.

He's doom'd by Theseus, but accus'd by Phædra,
By Phædra's madness, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my frenzy,
And die for thee, my headlong rage destroy'd:
Thee I pursue (oh great ill-fated youth!)
Pursue thee still, but now with chaste desires;
Thee through the dismal waste of gloomy death;
Thee through the glimmering dawn, and purer day,
Through all th' Elysian plains: O righteous Minos!
Elysian plains! There he and his Ismena
Shall sport for ever, shall for ever drink
Immortal love; while I far off shall howl
In lonely plains; while all the blackest ghosts
Shrink from the baleful sight of one more monstrous,
And more accurs'd than they.

THESEUS.

I too must go;
I too must once more see the burning shore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will release me now.

PHÆDRA.

Then why this stay? Come on, let's plunge together:
See Hell sets wide its adamantine gates,
See through the sable gates the black Cocytus
In smoky circles rowls its fiery waves:
Hear, hear the stunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of clashing whips,
Of groans, of loud complaints, of piercing shrieks,
That wide through all its gloomy world resound.
How huge Mægara stalks! what streaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what serpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiss around her head!
Now, now she drags me to the bar of Minos.
See how the awful judges of the dead
Look stedfast hate, and horrible dismay!
See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage choaks his struggling words: the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand: O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here! Oh execrable villain!
Then am I still on Earth? By Hell I am,
A fury now, a scourge preserv'd for Lycon!
See, the just beings offer to my vengeance
That impious slave. Now, Lycon, for revenge;
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here.——I'll steal it to his heart.

[*Mistaking* Theseus *for* Lycon, *offers to stab him.*

GUARDS.

Heavens! 'tis your lord.

PHÆDRA.

My lord! O equal Heaven!
Must each portentous moment rise in crimes,
And sallying life go off in parricide?
Then trust not thy slow drugs. Thus sure of death
[*Stabs herself.*
Complete thy horrors——And if this suffice not,
Thou, Minos, do the rest.

THESEUS.

At length she's quiet,
And Earth now bears not such a wretch as Theseus;
Yet I 'll obey Hippolitus, and live:
Then to the wars; and as the Corybantines,
With clashing shields, and braying trumpets, drown'd
The cries of infant Jove——I 'll stifle conscience,
And Nature's murmurs in the din of arms.
But what are arms to me? Is he not dead
For whom I fought? For whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
How then to drag a wretched life beneath,
An endless round of still returning woes,

And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorse?
What torment's this?—Therefore, O greatly thought,
Therefore do justice on thyself——and live;
Live above all most infinitely wretched.
Ismena too——Nay, then, avenging Heaven

Ismena *enters.*

Has vented all its rage.——O wretched maid!
Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief!
Why add to sorrows, and embitter woes?
Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Why thus recall to my afflicted soul
The sad remembrance of my god-like son,
Of that dear youth, my cruelty has ruin'd?

ISMENA.

Ruin'd!——O all ye powers! O awful Theseus!
Say, where's my lord? say, where has Fate dispos'd him?
Oh speak! the fear distracts me.

THESEUS.

Gods! Can I speak?
Can I declare his fate to his Ismena?
Oh lovely maid! Could'st thou admit of comfort,
Thou should'st for ever be my only care,
Work of my life, and labour of my soul.
For thee alone, my sorrows, lull'd, shall cease;
Cease for a while to mourn my murder'd son:
For thee alone my sword once more shall rage,
Restore the crown of which it robbed your race:
Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd
Beneath thy easy yoke with pleasure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

ISMENA.

Must I then reign? Nay, must I live without him?
Not so, oh godlike youth! you lov'd Ismena;
You for her sake refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentless hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have ease.
And thus I find it. [*Offers to stab herself.*

Enter Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

O forbear, Ismena!
Forbear, chaste maid, to wound thy tender bosom;
Oh Heaven and Earth! should she resolve to die,
And snatch all beauty from the widow'd Earth?
Was it for me, ye gods! she'd fall a victim?
Was for me she'd die? O heavenly virgin!
See, see thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

ISMENA.

Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead! is this Elysium!
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus——Ar't well?
Ar't thou not wounded?

THESEUS.

Oh unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, say, what god, what miracle preserv'd thee?
Didst thou not strike thy father's cruel breast,
My sword, into thy breast?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from myself, and slew Creander;
The guards, not trusted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wish, and brought me to the king:
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theseus' sorrow, and Ismena's loss;
Therefore I hasten'd to your royal presence,
Here to receive my doom.

THESEUS.

Be this thy doom,
To live for ever in Ismena's arms.
Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence, and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

ISMENA.

Oh killing joy!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh extasy of bliss!
Am I possess'd at last of my Ismena?
Of that celestial maid, oh pitying gods!
How shall I thank your bounties for my sufferings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I've born?
Since 't was to them I owe divine Ismena,
To them I owe the dear consent of Theseus.
Yet there's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra.

THESEUS.

Deep was her anguish; for the wrongs she did you
She chose to die, and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.

HIPPOLITUS.

I've heard it all.
O! had not passion sully'd her renown,
None e'er on Earth had shone with equal lustre;
So glorious liv'd, or so lamented dy'd.
Her faults were only faults of raging love,
Her virtues all her own.

ISMENA.

Unhappy Phædra!
Was there no other way, ye pitying powers,
No other way to crown Ismena's love?
Then must I ever mourn her cruel fate,
And in the midst of my triumphant joy,
Even in my hero's arms, confess some sorrow.

THESEUS.

O gentle maid! forbear, with ill-tim'd grief,
To damp our blessings, and incense the gods:
But let's away, and pay kind Heav'n our thanks
For all the wonders in our favour wrought;
That Heaven, whose mercy rescued erring Theseus
From execrable crimes, and endless woes.
Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the world,
With equal poize let steady justice sway,
And flagrant crimes with certain vengeance pay,
But, till the proofs are clear, the stroke delay.

HIPPOLITUS.

The righteous gods, that innocence require,
Protect the goodness which themselves inspire.
Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
Th' accused is happy, while th' accuser dies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.[1]

JAM non vulgares, Isis, molire triumphos,
Augustos Isis nunquam tacitura Stuartos.
Tu quoties crebris cumulâsti altaria donis
Multa rogans numen, cui vincta jugalia curæ!
At jam votivam Superis suspende tabellam;
Sunt rata vota tibi, sævique oblita doloris
Amplexu parvi gaudet Regina Jacobi.
Languentes dudum priscus vigor afflat ocellos,
Infans et caræ suspensus in oscula Matris
Numinae jam spirat blando, visumque tenellum
Miscet parva quidem, sed vivida Patris imago.
O etiam patrio vivat celebratus honore,
Vivat canitie terris venerandus eâdem!

[1] From the Strenæ Natalitiæ Academiæ Oxoniensis in celsissimum Principem. Oxonii, è Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 1688,—The uncommon excellence of Edmund Smith's productions must ensure them a favourable reception; especially when it is considered, that at the time of their composition he was only one remove from a school-boy. Had Dr. Johnson seen the first of these publications, he would not have been at a loss to determine, in the excellent life he has given the world of Smith, whether the latter was admitted in the university in the year 1689, as he would thence have been enabled to pronounce with certainty, that he was in 1688 a member of Christ Church. I take this to have been the year of Smith's admission; and that he was then just come off from Westminster, in time to signalize his abilities by writing on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, when a FRESHMAN (according to the university phrase) and before he was appointed to a studentship; for his name is subscribed to that copy of verses, with the addition of COMMONER. The great superiority of genius that is displayed in this first—school-boy's—production of Smith, beyond what Addison has discovered in his first performance—the Pastoral on the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary—sufficiently serves to account for Smith's being, as Dr. Johnson observes, "one of the murmurers at fortune; and wondering, why he was suffered to be poor, when Addison was caressed and preferred." Smith could not but be conscious of the greater degree of literary merit he himself possessed even in the very department to which Addison owes the earlier part of his fame, THE WRITING OF LATIN VERSE;—and on comparing their juvenile performances, it is evident that Smith had reason enough for that consciousness.—Addison first recommended himself to notice by his dedication of the *Musæ Anglicanæ* to Lord Halifax, and by the poems of his own therein inserted. But what are his poems in comparison of SMITH'S.

KYNASTON.

Omen habet certè superâ quod vescitur aurâ
Tum primum, lætos æstas cum pandat honores,
Omnia cum vireant, cum formosissimus annus.
Et Vos felices optatâ prole Parentes!
Quos nunc Parca piis respexit mota querelis:
En! vestræ valuêre preces; victrixque Deorum
Fata movet pietas, quamvis nolentia flecti:
Proles chara datur senio, inconcessa juventæ.
Si citiùs soboles nullo miranda daretur
Prodigio, sanctis vix digna Parentibus esset:
O quæ vita dabit, cui dat miracula partus?
I, Princeps, olim patrios imitare triumphos,
Et semper magni vestigia Patris adora:
Hic primâ nondum indutus lanugine malas
Invictis orbem per totum inclamat armis.
Illius ad tonitru Batavi tremuêre; Jacobum
Agnovit dominum summissis navita velis.
Te quoque Belga tremat, metuat rediviva Jacobi
Fulmina, cujus adhuc miserè conservat hiantes
Ore cicatrices, vastæ et monumenta ruinæ.
Subjectus famulas Nereus Tibi porrigat undas:
Ipse tuo da jura mari.
Cumque Pater tandem divis miscebitur ipse
Divus (at ô! tardè sacra ducite stamina, Parcæ,)
Assere tu nostri jus immortale Monarchæ;
Tu rege subjectum patriis virtutibus orbem.

EDMUNDUS SMITH, *Ædis Christi Commensalis.*

ON

THE INAUGURATION OF *KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY*[2].

MAURITII ingentis celso de sanguine natum,
Mauritioque parem, solenni dicere versu
Te, Gulielme, juvat: nunc ô! mihi pectora flammâ
Divinâ caleant, nunc me furor excitet idem,
Qui Te, ingens heros, bello tot adire labores
Instigat, mediosque ardentem impellit in hostes.
Te tenero latè jactabat fama sub ævo:
Cæpisti, quâ finis erat; maturaque virtus
Edidit ante diem fructus, tardèque sequentes
Annos præcurrit longè, et post terga reliquit.
Jam Te, jam videor flagrantes cernere vultus,
Dum primas ducis fervens in prælia turmas:
Jam cerno oppositas acies, quanto impete præceps
Tela per et gladios raperis; quo fulmine belli
Adversum frangis cuneum, et media agmina miscès.
Num ferus invadit Belgas Turennius heros,
Invictis semper clarus Turennius armis,
Et, quacunque ruit, ferro bacchatur et igni?
Tu primo vernans jucundæ flore juventæ
Congrederis, ducente Deo, Deus ipse Batavis.
Congrederis; non Te Gallorum immania terrent
Agmina, non magni Turennius agminis instar.
Heu quas tum ferro strages, quæ funera latè
Edideris, quantosque viros demiseris orco!
Sic cum congestos struxêre ad sidera montes
Terrigenæ fratres, superos detrudere cœlo
Aggressi, posito tum plectro intonsus Apollo
Armatâ sumpsit fatalia spicula dextrâ:
Tunc audax ruit in bellum, et furit acer in armis,
Et Martem, atque ipsas longè anteit fulminis alas.

[2] From the Vota Oxoniensia pro serenissimis Guilhelmo Rege et Maria Regina M. Britanniæ, &c. nuncupata. Oxonii, è Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 1689.

Extremos ô quàm vellem memorare labores!
Quàm vellem sævi superata pericula ponti!
Cui meritò nunc jura dabis: quam flebile fatum
Tristesque illorum exequias, quos obruit æquor
Immeritos, canere; at jamjam sub pondere tanto
Deficio, heroemque sequor non passibus æquis.
Sed fesso memoranda dies, quâ regna Britannûm
Debita, quâ sacros sceptri regalis honores
Accipies, cingesque aureo diademate frontem.
Anglos servasti; da jura volentibus Anglis.
Sic gravis Alcides humeris ingentibus olim
Fulcivit patrium, quem mox possedit, Olympum.

E. SMITH, *Ædis Christi Alumnus.*

ON THE RETURN OF

KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,

After the battle of the Boyne[3].

O Ingens Heros! O tot defuncte periclis!
Ergo iterum victor nostris allaberis oris?
Atque os belligerum, torvumque in prælia numen
Exuis, et blandâ componis regna quiete?
Ergo iterum placidâ moderaris voce Senatum?
Oraque divinum spirant jam mitia lumen?
Non sic cum trepidos ageres violentus Hibernos;
Cum bello exultans fremeres, ensemque rotares
Immani gyro, rubris bacchatus in arvis
Invitus; (neque enim crudeles edere strages
Te juvat, aut animis Ditem satiare Tuorum.)
Sic olim amplexus Semeles petiisse Tonantem
Fama est, terribilem nigranti fulmine et igni:
Maluit hic caris accumbere mitior ulnis,
Inque suam invitum trahit inscia Nympha ruinam.
Tu tamen, ô toties Wilhelmi assueta triumphis
Calliope, ô nunquam Heroum non grata labori,
Wilhelmi immensos iterum enumerare triumphos
Incipe, et in notas iterum te attollere laudes.
Ut requiem, fœdæque ingloria tædia pacis
Exosus, rursusque ardens in Martia castra,
Sanguineasque acies, fulgentesque ære catervas,
In bellum ruit, atque iterum se misit in arma.
Gallus enim sævit, miserosque cruentus Hibernos
Servitio premit, et victâ dominatur Ierne.
Hinc furcæ, tormenta, cruces, tractæque catenæ
Horrendum strident: iterumque resurgere credas
Macquirum squalentem, atque Anglo sanguine fœdum,
Exultantem immane, et vastâ clade superbum.
O Gens lethifero nequicquam exempta veneno!
Frustra bufo tuis, et aranea cessit ab oris,
Dum pecus Ignatî invisum, fœdique cuculli,
Et Monachi sanctè protenso abdomine tardi
Vipeream inspirant animam, inficiuntque veneno.
Assurgit tandem Schombergus, et emicat armis,
Qui juga captivo excutiat servilia collo:
Sed frustra: securo hostis munimine valli
Aut latet, aut errat vagus, eluditque sequentem.
Augendis restat Gulielmi Celta triumphis;
Vindiciis semper Gulielmi fata reservant
Et vincla eripere, et manibus divellere nodos.
Sic frustra Atrides, frustra Telamonius heros,
Ad Trojam frustra pugnarunt mille carinæ,
Nec nisi Achilleâ funduntur Pergama dextrâ.
Ergo, Boanda, tuis splendet Gulielmus in arvis,
Magna Boanda, ipsi famâ haud cessura puellæ.
Ut major graditur bello, ut jam gaudia et ignis
Scintillant oculis, et toto pectore fervet!
Quantum olli jubar affulget, quæ gratia frontis
Purpurei metuenda, et non inamabilis horror!
Sic cum dimissum fertur per nubila fulmen,
Et juvat, et nimiâ perstringit lumina flammâ.
Ut volat, ut longè primus rapidum insilit alveum!
Turbine quo præceps cunctantem tendit in hostem!
Dum vastas strages et multa cadavera passim
Amnis purpureo latè devolvit in alveo:
Dum pergenti obstat moles immensa suorum,
Et torpet misto concretum sanguine Flumen.
Pergit atrox Heros; frustra olli tempora circum
Spicula mille canunt, luduntque in vertice flammæ:
Frustra hastatæ acies obstant, firmæque phalanges;
Frustra acres Celtæ: furit Ille, atque impiger hostes
Et fugat, et sternit, totoque agit agmina campo.
Versus retro hostis trepidè fugit, inque paludes,
Torpentesque lacus cæno, horrendosque recessus
Dumorum; et cæci prodest injuria Cæli.
Attamen ô, non sic fausto movet alite bellum
Schombergus; non sic nobis favet alea Martis.
Occidit heu! Schombergus iniqui crimine Cœli;
Non illum vernans circum sua tempora laurus
Conservat, non arcet inevitabile fulmen.
At nunc ad Cœlum fugit, et pede sidera calcat,
Spectat et Heroes, ipse et spectandus ab illis.
Hunc dicet veniens ætas, serique nepotes,
Et quicunque Anglum audierint rugire Leonem.
Cœpit enim rugire, et jamjam ad mœnia victor
Caletana fremit trux, Dunkirkumque reposcit.
Cresseas iterum lauros magnique tropæa
Henrici repetit: media Lodoicus in aulâ
Jamdudum tremit, et Gulielmi ad nomina pallet.

EDM. SMITH, *Ædis Chr. Alumn.*

[3] From the Academiæ Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro exoptato serenissimi Regis Guilielmo ex Hibernia reditu. Oxoniæ, è Theatro Sheldoniano. Anno Dom. 1690.

A POEM

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

TO A FRIEND.

SIR,

Since our Isis silently deplores
The bard who spread her fame to distant shor[e],
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspen[d]
My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend,
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For [th]e dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore,
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauseous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd,
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled physic fail'd;
But since the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
Fruitless our hopes, though pious our essays,
Yours to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verse,
With strains like those he sung on Glo'ster's herse;
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And, wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.
With other fire his glorious Blenheim shines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines;
His nervous verse great Boileau's strength transcends,
And France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.
Oh, various bard, you all our powers control,
You now disturb, and now divert the soul:
Milton and Butler in thy Muse combine,
Above the last thy manly beauties shine;
For as I 've seen, when rival wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend,
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
This with a look demure, and steady eyes,
With dry rebukes, or sneering praise, replies:
So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style;
He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of great Cervantes reigns.
What sounding lines his abject themes express!
What shining words the pompous Shilling dress!
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
In her best light the Comic Muse appears,
When she, with borrow'd pride, the buskin wears.
So when nurse Nokes, to act young Ammon tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes;
With dangling hands he strokes th' imperial robe;
And, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe;
The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.
Forgive, dear shade, the scene my folly draws,
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause;
When Orpheus sings, the ghosts no more complain,
But, in his lulling music, lose th ir pain:
So charm the sallies of thy Georgic Muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire,
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.
Blest clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her Cosmo's love;
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,
Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine.
Rise, rise, Roscommon, see the Blenheim Muse
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse;
See, o'er the Alps his towering pinions soar,
Where never English poet reach'd before:
See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend,
By turns on Cosmo and the bard attend;
Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home;
In them he views her gods, and dotes design'd
In him the soul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind:
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern, as translate.
Our Spenser, first by Pisan poets taught,
To us their tales, their style, and numbers brought.
To follow ours, now Tuscan bards descend,
From Philips borrow, though to Spenser lend,
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme disdain;
They first on English bards impos'd the chain,
First by an English bard from rhyme their freedom gain.
Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime;
Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgement guides;
I 'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
Procrustes like, the ax or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size:
At best a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the strong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the close,
Oft rise to fustian, or descend to prose.
Your judgement, Philips, rul'd with steady sway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muse to stay,
To stop her fury, or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy unchecked vigour bore,
To wanton freely, or securely soar.
So the stretch'd cord the shackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to rise;
When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends;
Now dropping, seems to strike the distant ground,
Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.
Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
Rail on at Milton's son, who, wisely bold,
Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's strains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
The ancient words the majesty complete,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit's drest,
Old mystic emblems grace th' imperial vest,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna stands confest.
A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd
At Dick's, and Batson's, and through Smithfield, prais'd,
Cries out aloud—" Bold Oxford bard, forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars,
But paints in fustian, or in turn deplores;
With Bunyan's style prophanes heroic songs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
And in low prose dull Lucifer complain;
His envions Muse, by native dulness curst,
Damns the best poems, and condemns the worst.
Beyond his praise or blame thy works prevail
Complete, where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides,
And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakness hides;
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.
Thrice happy youth, whom noble Isis crowns!
Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns:
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The listening nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung:
But cits and fops the heaven-born music blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame;
Like her sweet voice, is thy harmonious song,
As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.
Oh! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had sung in nobler lays,
How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread;
How opening Heavens their happy regions show;
And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow;
And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below:
Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmless irony descend,
To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in false pathetic phrase complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?
Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse?
Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
Who now our Twysden's glorious fate shall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound;
Through streams of smoke, and adverse fire, he
While every shot is levell'd at his sides? [rides,
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the first front, amidst a slaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle.
Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute!
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my vows!
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.
He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship sway'd;
Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours past, not future prospects gain'd:
Not nicely choosing, though by all desir'd,
Though learn'd, not vain; and humble, though
Candid to all, but to himself severe, [admir'd:
In humour pliant, as in life austere.
A wise content his even soul secur'd,
By want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd.
To all sincere, though earnest to commend,
Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their spirits, and their styles, his own:
Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and souls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reason join'd.
Judicious physic's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
Nor goodness now, nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
And made him scorn the life they could not save:
Else could he bear unmov'd, the fatal guest,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress,
The coughs that struggled from his weary breast?
Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain?
Its slow advances, and its racking pain?
Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
In his last hours his easy wit display,
Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay?
Once on thy friends look down, lamented shade,
And view the honours to thy ashes paid;
Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,
Others immortal epitaphs design,
With wit, and strength, that only yields to thine:
Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
Thee, Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Isis soft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms;
Thee, on the Po, kind Somerset deplores,
And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores:
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows rise.
But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
Display his fame, and not his fate deplore;
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
For one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

HORA dum nondum sonuit secunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores
Sponte recurrit.
Quid priùs nostris potiúsve chartis
Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulsam redeunte Scriptor
Mitto salutem?
Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle*,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor nostro novitatis ardor;
Tu quoque Scriptor.
Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in sylvis modo te dedisse
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli impune stetisse.
Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
Anne? Iernis potiora Gazis,
An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,
Scripta supersunt?
Cui legis nostras, relegisque chartas?
Cui meam laudas generositatem?
Quem meis verbis, mea nescientem,
Mane salutas.

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

QUALIS ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hospes
Quum sacras primum subit aut relinquit
Isidis arces,
Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
Læva, quùm cantu propriore strident
Missiles, et jam moneant adesse
Cornua, chartas,
Tale per nostrum secur it medullas
Gaudium duxit, simul ac reclusis
Vi culta vidi bene literati
[illegible] amici,
[illegible] fures, [illegible] fama verax
[illegible] avidus tremensque;
[illegible], excipias timorem,
Cætera sospes.
Scire si sylvam cupias pericli
Consciam, et tristes nemoris tenebras,
Consulas lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce *Colum*.
Flebilis legi miseranda docti
Fata pictoris, sed & hôc iniqua
Damna consolor, superest perempto
Rixone Wm Igoose.

Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid caput stertit grave *Lambethanum*,
Quid *Comes Guilsford*, quid habent novorum
*Dawks*que *Dyer*que.
Me meus quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam visit, lacrimansque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum
Funere *Rivon*.
Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hospitem notæ periisse *Mitræ*;
Narrat immersam prope limen urbis
Flumine cymbam.
Narrat——at portis meus *Hinton* astat,
Nuncius *Pricket* redit, avocat me
Sherwin, & scribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ.
Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem
Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,
Anna præstabit, nisi fors Ierni
Hospita Cygni.
Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, simùl ambulanti
Plaudo *Sherwino*, puerôque *Davo*
Mitto salutem.
Jenny, post *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit,
Nec vetat *Uxor*.
Hæc ego lusi properante Musâ
Lesbiæ vatis numeros secutus;
Si novi quid sit, meliùs docebit
Sermo pedestris.
P. S.
Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
Multa qui de te memorant cululloś
Inter, & pulli, vice literarum,
Crus tibi mittunt.

POCOCKIUS.

Dum cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum Pococki barbiton exigis,
Manésque Musam fastuosam
Sollicitant pretiosiores.
Alter virentum prorurat agmina
Sonora Thracum, donáque Phillidi
Agat puellas, heu decoris
Virginibus nimis invidenti.
Te nuda Virtus, te Fides pius
Ardor serendæ, sanctaque Veritas
Per saxa, per pontum, per hostes
Præcipitant Asiæ misertum:
Cohors catenis quà pia stridulis
Gemunt onusti, vel sude trans sinum
Luctantur actâ, pendulive
Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.
Sentis ut edunt sibila, ut arduì
Micant draçones, tigris ut horridos
Intorquet ungues, ejulátque
In madido crocodilus antro
Vides lacunæ sulphure lividos
Ardere fluctus, quà stetit impiæ
Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
Hausta rubrâ, pluviisque flammis:
Quòd ista tellus si similes tibi
Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,
Adhuc stetisset, nec vibrator
Dextra Dei tonuisset igne.
Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, crescentibúsque
Vertice sideribus propinquum.
Nequicquam: Amici disparibus sonis
Eludit aures nescius artifex,
Linguásque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris.
Vestitur hinc tot sermo coloribus,
Quot tu, Pococki, dissimilis tui
Orator effers, quot vicissim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam sex
Percurrit æstu raptus, ut arcibus
Non jam superbis, & verendis
Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.
Quis corda pulsans tunc pavor hauserat
Dolor quis arsit non sine gaudio,
Cum busta Christi provolutus
Ambiguis lacrymis rigaret!
Sacratur arbos multa Pocockio,
Locósque monstrans inquiet accola.
Hæc quercus Hoseam supinum,
Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
Hîc audierunt gens venerabilem
Ebræa Mosen, inde Pocockium
Non ore, non annis minorem,
Atque suam didicere linguam.
Ac sicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, & cineres sinu
Eructat ardenti, & pruinis
Contiguas rotat Ætna flammas;
Sic te tremen'em, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
Sequi reluctantem Ioëlem
Per tonitru, aëreásque nubes
Annon pavescis, dum tuba pallidum
Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
Caligat astrum, atque incubanti
Terra nigrans tegitur sub umbrâ?
Quod agmen! heu quæ turma sequacibus
Tremenda flammis! quis strepitantium
Flictus rotarum est! O Pococki
Egregie, O animose Vatis
Interpres abstrusi, O simili ferè
Correpte flammâ, te, quot imagine
Crucis notantur, te, subacto
Christicolæ gravis Ottomannus
Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
Plorat revulsis, & fragosos
Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
Quà Gesta nondum cognita Cæsaris,
Quà nec Matronis scripta, Pocockius
Ploratur ingens, & dolenda
Nestoreæ brevitas senectæ.

* See Dr. Johnson's Life of Smith.

ODE

FOR THE YEAR 1705.

Janus, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
So bright a scene of triumph rise?
Did ever Greece or Rome such laurels wear,
As crown'd the last auspicious year?
When first at Blenheim Anne her ensigns spread,
And Marlborough to the field the shouting squadrons led.

In vain the hills and streams oppose,
In vain the hollow ground in faithless hillocks rose.
To the rough Danube's winding shore,
His shatter'd foes the conquering hero bore.

They see with staring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows rise;
Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find,
In Marlborough's arms, a surer fate behind.
Now his red sword aloft impends,
Now on their shrinking heads descends:
Wild and distracted with their fears,
They justling plunge amidst the sounding deeps:
The flood away the struggling squadrons sweeps,
And men, and arms, and horses, whirling bears.
The frighted Danube to the sea retreats,
The Danube soon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great Anna's fleets.

Rooke on the seas asserts her sway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
And clouds of smoke involve the day.
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
And Afric echoes from its distant shore.
The French, unequal in the fight,
In force superior, take their flight.
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

Now, Janus, with a future view,
The glories of her reign survey,
Which shall o'er France her arms display,
And kingdoms now her own subdue.
Lewis, for oppression born;
Lewis, in his turn, shall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy swains,
Shall hug their easy wish'd-for chains.
Others, enslav'd by victory,
Their subjects, as their foes, oppress;
Anna conquers but to free,
And governs but to bless.

ODE[5].

ORMOND'S glory, Marlborough's arms,
All the mouths of Fame employ;
And th' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleasing sound:
Their courage warms;
Their conduct charms;
Yet the universal joy
Feels a sensible alloy!

Mighty George[6], the senate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's prayer!
While the stroke of Fate we dread
Impending o'er thy sacred head,
The British youth for thee submit to fear,
For her the dames in cloudy grief appear!

Let the noise of war and joy
Rend again the trembling sky;
Great George revives to calm our fears,
With prospect of more glorious years:
Deriv'd from Anne's auspicious smiles,
More cheerful airs refresh the British isles.

Sound the trumpet; beat the drum:
Tremble France; we come, we come!
Almighty force our courage warms,
We feel the full, the powerful charms
Of Ormond's glory, and of Marlborough's arms!

5 This Ode and that which follows it were published anonymously at the time when they were written, and are now ascribed to Mr. Smith on the authority of a note in MS. by one of his contemporaries. See the Select Collection of Miscellany Poems, 1780. Vol. IV. p. 62. *N.*

6 George prince of Denmark, husband to the queen. *N.*

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING.

In Five Parts.

For the degree of batchelor of music; performed at the Theatre in Oxford, on Friday the eleventh of July, 1707.

MUSIC, soft charm of Heaven and Earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date?
Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate,
Ere the rude ponderous mass
Of earth and waters from their chaos sprang
The morning stars their anthems sang, [love.
And nought in Heaven was heard but melody and

Myriads of spirits, forms divine,
The seraphin, with the bright host
Of angels, thrones, and heavenly powers,
Worship before th' eternal shrine;
Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boast,
In love and wonder pass their blissful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine
The massy orb in which we sluggards move
As if sequester'd from the arts divine:
Here's music too,
As ours a rival were to th' world above.

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
And purling streams soft accents vent,
And all both time and measure know.
Ere since the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and forests how to move,
All Nature has a general concert held,
Each creature strives to bear a part; [yield.
And all but Death and Hell to conquering music

But stay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peevish, odd, eccentric race,
The glory of the art debase;
Perhaps because the sacred emblem 'tis
Of truth, of peace, and order too;
'Tis dangerous 'tis to be perversely wise.
But be they ever in the wrong, [song!
We say the prophet's harp e'er spoil'd the poet's

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now, my Muse, retire,
The refuge and the theatre of Wit;
And in that safe and sweet retreat
Amongst Apollo's sons inquire,
And see if any friend of thine be there:
But sure so near the Thespian spring
The humblest bard may sit and sing:
Here rest my Muse, and dwell for ever here.

THE

POEMS

OF

RICHARD DUKE.

THE

LIFE OF DUKE.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

Of Mr. Richard Duke I can find few memorials. He was bred at Westminster and Cambridge; and Jacob relates, that he was some time tutor to the duke of Richmond.

He appears from his writings to have been not ill qualified for poetical compositions; and being conscious of his powers, when he left the university, he enlisted himself among the wits. He was the familiar friend of Otway; and was engaged, among other popular names, in the translations of Ovid and Juvenal. In his Review, though unfinished, are some vigorous lines. His poems are not below mediocrity; nor have I found much in them to be praised[2].

With the wit he seems to have shared the dissoluteness of the times; for some of his compositions are such as he must have reviewed with detestation in his later days, when he published those sermons which Felton has commended.

Perhaps, like some other foolish young men, he rather talked than lived viciously, in an age when he that would be thought a wit was afraid to say his prayers; and, whatever might have been bad in the first part of his life, was surely condemned and reformed by his better judgement.

In 1683, being then master of arts, and fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, he wrote a poem on the Marriage of the Lady Anne with George Prince of Denmark.

[1] He was admitted there in 1670; was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1675; and took his master's degree in 1682. *N.*

[2] They make a part of a volume published by Tonson in 8vo. 1717, containing the poems of the earl of Roscommon, and the duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry; but were first published in Dryden's Miscellany, as were most, if not all, of the poems in that collection. *H.*

He then took orders[a]; and, being made prebendary of Gloucester, became a proctor in convocation for that church, and chaplain to queen Anne.

In 1710, he was presented by the bishop of Winchester to the wealthy living of Witney in Oxfordshire, which he enjoyed but a few months. On February 10, 1710-11, having returned from an entertainment, he was found dead the next morning. His death is mentioned in Swift's Journal.

[a] He was presented to the rectory of Blaby in Leicestershire in 1687-8; and obtained a prebend at Gloucester in 1688. *N.*

POEMS

OF

RICHARD DUKE.

THE REVIEW.

Longa est injuria, longæ
Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.
Virg.

HOW have we wander'd a long dismal night,
Led through blind paths by each deluding light:
Now plung'd in mire, now by sharp brambles torn,
With tempests beat, and to the winds a scorn!
Lost, weary'd, spent! but see the eastern star
And glimmering light dawns kindly from afar:
Bright goddess, hail! while we by thee survey
The various errours of our painful way;
While, guided by some clew of heavenly thread,
The labyrinth perplex'd we backward tread,
Through rulers' avarice, pride, ambition, hate,
Perverse cabals, and winding turns of state,
The senate's rage, and all the crooked lines
Of incoherent plots and wild designs;
Till, getting out, where first we enter'd in,
A new bright race of glory we begin.
As, after Winter, Spring's glad face appears,
As the blest shore to shipwreck'd mariners,
Success to lovers, glory to the brave,
Health to the sick, or freedom to the slave;
Such was great Cæsar's day! the wondrous day,
That long in Fate's dark bosom hatching lay,
Heaven to absolve, and satisfaction bring,
For twenty years of misery and sin!
What shouts, what triumph, what unruly joy,
Swell'd every breast, did every tongue employ,
With rays direct, whilst on his people shone
The king triumphant from the martyr's throne!
Was ever prince like him to mortals given?
So much the joy of Earth and care of Heaven!
Under the pressure of unequal fate,
Of so erect a mind, and soul so great!
So full of meekness, and so void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's highest tide!
Mercy, like Heaven, 's his chief prerogative,
His joy to save, and glory to forgive.
All storms compos'd, and tempests' rage asleep,
He, half-[illegible], sat brooding o'er the deep.
He saw the royal bark securely ride,
No danger threatening from the peaceful tide;
And he who, when the winds and seas were high,
Oppos'd his skill, and did their rage defy,
No diminution to his honour thought,
T' enjoy the pleasure of the calm he brought.
(Should he alone be so the people's slave,
As not to share the blessings that he gave?)
But not till, full of providential care,
He chose a pilot in his place to steer:
One in his father's councils and his own
Long exercis'd, and grey in business grown;
Whose confirm'd judgment and sagacious wit
Knew all the sands on which rash monarchs split;
Of rising winds could, ere they blew, inform,
And from which quarter to expect the storm.
Such was, or such he seem'd, whom Cæsar chose,
And did all empire's cares in him repose;
That, after all his toils and dangers past,
He might lie down and taste some ease at last.
Now stands the statesman of the helm possest,
On him alone three mighty nations rest;
[1] Byrsa his name, bred at the wrangling bar,
And skill'd in arms of that litigious war;
But more to Wit's peacefuller arts inclin'd,
Learning's Mæcenas, and the Muses' friend;
Him every Muse in every age had sung,
His easy flowing wit and charming tongue,
Had not the treacherous voice of Power inspir'd
His mounting thoughts, and wild Ambition fir'd;
Disdaining less alliances to own,
He now sets up for kinsman of the throne;
And Anna, by the power her father gain'd,
Back'd with great Cæsar's absolute command,
On false pretence of former contracts made,
Is forc'd on brave [2] Britannicus's bed.
Thus rais'd, his insolence his wit out-vy'd,
And meanest avarice maintain'd his pride:
When Cæsar, to confirm his infant state,
Drown'd in oblivion all old names of hate,
By threatening many, but excepting none
That paid the purchase of oblivion.
Byrsa his master's free-given mercy sold,
And royal grace retail'd for rebel gold:

[1] Earl of Clarendon.
[2] Duke of York.

That new state-maxim he invented first,
(To aged Time's last revolution curst)
That teaches monarchs to oblige their foes,
And their best friends to beggary expose;
"For these," he said, "would still beg on and serve;
'Tis the old badge of loyalty to starve:
But harden'd rebels must by bribes be won,
And paid for all the mighty ills they 've done:
When wealth and honour from their treasons flow,
How can they choose but very loyal grow?"
This false ungrateful maxim Byrsa taught,
Vast sums of wealth from thriving rebels brought;
Titles and power to thieves and traitors sold,
Swell'd his stretch'd coffers with o'er-flowing gold.
Hence all these tears—in these first seeds was sown
His country's following ruin, and his own.
Of that accurst and sacrilegious crew,
Which great by merit of rebellion grew,
Had all unactive perish'd and unknown,
The false [3] Antonius had suffic'd alone,
To all succeeding ages to proclaim
Of this state principle the guilt and shame.
Antonius early in rebellious race
Swiftly set out, nor slackening in his pace,
The same ambition that his youthful heat
Urg'd to all ills, the little daring brat
With unabated ardour does engage
The loathsome dregs of his decrepit age;
Bold, full of native and acquir'd deceit,
Of sprightly cunning and malicious wit;
Restless, projecting still some new design,
Still drawing round the government his line,
Bold on the walls, or busy in the mine:
Lewd as the stews, but to the blinded eyes
Of the dull crowd as Puritan precise;
Before their sight he draws the juggler's cloud
Of public interest, and the people's good.
The working ferment of his active mind,
In his weak body's cask with pain confin'd,
Would burst the rotten vessel where 'tis pent,
But that 'tis tapt to give the treason vent.
Such were the men that from the statesman's hand,
Not pardon only, but promotion gain'd:
All officers of dignity or power
These swarming locusts greedily devour;
Preferr'd to all the secrets of the state,
These senseless sinners in the council sate,
In their unjust deceitful balance laid,
The great concerns of war and peace were weigh'd.
This wise [4] Lovisius knew, whose mighty mind
Had universal empire long design'd;
And when he all things found were bought and sold,
Thought nothing there impossible to gold:
With mighty sums, through secret channels brought,
On the corrupted counsellors he wrought:
Against the neighbouring Belgians they declare
A hazardous and an expensive war.
Their fresh affronts and matchless insolence
To Cæsar's honour made a fair pretence;
Mere outside this, but, ruling by his pay,
Cunning Lovisius did this project lay,
By mutual damages to weaken those
Who only could his vast designs oppose.
But Cæsar, looking with a just disdain
Upon their bold pretences to the main,
Sent forth his royal brother from his side,
To lash their insolence, and curb their pride:

Britannicus, by whose high virtues grac'd,
The present age contends with all the past;
Him Heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to advise, but eager to perform,
In council calm, fierce as a storm in fight,
Danger his sport, and labour his delight:
To him the fleet and camp, the sea and field,
Did equal harvests of bright glory yield.
No less each civil virtue him commends,
The best of subjects, brothers, masters, friends;
To merit just, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and constant to his friend:
What's well resolv'd as bravely he pursues,
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to choose.
Honour was born, not planted in his heart,
And virtue came by Nature, not by art:
Where glory calls, and Cæsar gives command,
He flies; his pointed thunder in his hand.
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempest of his fury to sustain:
Shatter'd and torn, before his flags they fly
Like doves that the exalted eagle spy,
Ready to stoop and seize them from on high:
He, Neptune like, when, from his watery bed
Above the waves lifting his awful head,
He smiles, and to his chariot gives the rein,
In triumph rides o'er the asserted main;
And now returns the watery empire won,
At Cæsar's feet to lay his trident down.
But who the shouts and triumphs can relate
Of the glad isle that his return did wait?
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the strand,
Loud as the sea, and numerous as the sand.
A joy too great to be by words exprest,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breast:
So joy the many, but the wiser few
The godlike prince with silent wonder view.
The grateful senate his high acts confess
In a vast gift, but than his merit less.
Britannicus is all the voice of Fame,
Britannicus! she knows no other name;
The people's darling, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
Shall he, shall ever he, who now commands
So many thousand hearts, and tongues, and hands;
Shall ever he, by some strange crime of Fate,
Fall under the ignoble vulgar's hate?
Who knows? the turns of Fortune who can tell?
Who fix her globe, or stop the rolling wheel?
The crowd's a sea, whose wants run high or low,
According as the winds, their leaders, blow.
All calm and smooth, till from some corner flies
An envious blast, that makes the billows rise:
The blast, that whence it comes, or where it goes,
We know not; but where-e'er it lists it blows.
Was not of old the Jewish rabble's cry
Hosanna first, and after crucify?
Now Byrsa with full orb illustrious shone,
With beams reflected from his glorious son;
All power his own, but what was given to those
That counsellors by him from [illegible]
But, rais'd so far, each now disdains a rest,
The taste of power does but inflame the thirst:
With envious eyes they Byrsa's glories see,
Nor think they can be great, while less than he.
Envy their cunning sharpen'd, [illegible]
Enough before for treacherou[illegible]
T' accuse him openly not yet [illegible]
But subtly by degrees his fall prepare:

[3] Earl of Shaftesbury.
[4] French king.

They knew by long-experienc'd desert
How near he grew rooted to Cæsar's heart;
To move him hence, requir'd no common skill,
But what is hard to a resolved will?
They found his public actions all conspire,
Wisely apply'd, to favour their desire:
But one they want their venom to suggest,
And make it gently slide to Cæsar's breast:
Who fitter than [5] Villerius for this part?
And him to gain requir'd but little art,
For mischief was the darling of his heart.
A compound of such parts as never yet
In any one of all God's creatures met:
Not sick men's dreams so various or so wild,
Or of such disagreeing shapes compil'd;
Yet, through all changes of his shifting scene,
Still constant to buffoon and harlequin,
As if he 'ad made a prayer, than his of old
More foolish, that turn'd all he touch'd to gold.
God granted him to play th' eternal fool,
And all he handled turn to ridicule.
Thus a new Midas truly he appears,
And shows, through all disguise, his asses ears.
Did he the weightiest business of the state
At council or in senate-house debate,
King, country, all, he for a jest would quit,
To catch some little flash of paltry wit:
How full of gravity soe'er he struts,
The ape in robes will scramble for his nuts:
Did he all laws of Heaven or Earth defy,
Blaspheme his god, or give his king the lie;
Adultery, murders, or ev'n worse, commit,
Still 'twas a jest, and nothing but sheer wit:
At last this edg'd-tool, wit, his darling sport,
Wounded himself, and banish'd him the court:
Like common jugglers, or like common whores,
All his tricks shown, he was kick'd out of doors.
Not chang'd in humour by his change of place,
He still found company to suit his grace;
Mountebanks, quakers, chymists, trading varlets,
Pimps, players, city sheriffs, and suburb harlots;
War his aversion, once he heard it roar,
But, "Damn him if he ever hear it more!"
And there you may believe him, though he swore.
But with play-houses, wars, immortal wars,
He wag'd, and ten years rage produc'd a [6] farce.
As many rolling years he did employ,
And hands almost as many, to destroy
Heroic rhyme, as Greece to ruin Troy.
"Once more," says Fame, "for battle he prepares,
And threatens rhymers with a second farce:
But, if as long for this as that we stay,
He 'll finish Clevedon sooner than his play."
This precious tool did the new statesmen use
In Cæsar's breath their whispers to infuse:
Suspicion's bred by gravity, beard, and gown;
But who suspects the madman and buffoon?
Drolling Villerius this advantage had,
And all his jests sober impressions made:
Besides, he knew to choose the softest hour,
When Cæsar for a while forgot his power,
And, coming tir'd from empire's grand affairs,
In the free joy's of wine relax'd his cares.
Then he play'd the sly successful fool,
And serious mischief did in ridicule.
When he with jealous thoughts his prince could fill,
And gild with wit and glittering wit the pill.

Duke of Buckingham.
The Rehearsal.

With a grave mien, discourse, and decent state,
He pleasantly the ape could imitate,
And soon, as a contempt of him was bred,
It made the way for hatred to succeed.
——— Gravities disguise
The greatest jest of all, "he 'd needs be wise—"
[Here the writer left off.]

OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY V.

'Twas noon, when I, scorch'd with the double fire
Of the hot Sun and my more hot desire,
Stretch'd on my downy couch at ease was laid,
Big with expectance of the lovely maid.
The curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
Such as in shades of thickest groves is seen;
Such as remains when the Sun flies away,
Or when night's gone, and yet it is not day.
This light to modest maids must be allow'd,
Where Shame may hope its guilty head to shrowd.
And now my love, Corinna, did appear,
Loose on her neck fell her divided air; [air.
Loose as her flowing gown that wanton'd in the
In such a garb, with such a grace and mien,
To her rich bed approach'd th' Assyrian queen.
So Laïs look'd, when all the youth of Greece
With adoration did her charms confess.
Her envious gown to pull away I try'd,
But she resisted still, and still deny'd;
But so resisted, that she seem'd to be
Unwilling to obtain the victory.
So I at last an easy conquest had,
Whilst my fair combatant herself betray'd:
But, when she naked stood before my eyes,
Gods! with what charms did she my soul surprise!
What snowy arms did I both see and feel!
With what rich globes did her soft bosom swell!
Plump as ripe clusters, rose each glowing breast,
Courting the hand, and sueing to be prest!
In every limb what various charms were spread,
Where thousand little Loves and Graces play'd!
One beauty did through her whole body shine.
I saw, admir'd, and press'd it close to mine.
The rest, who knows not? Thus entranc'd we lay,
Till in each other's arms we dy'd away;
O give me such a noon (ye gods) to every day.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV.[1]

Blush not, my friend, to own the love
Which thy fair captive's eyes do move:
Achilles, once the fierce, the brave,
Stoop'd to the beauties of a slave;
Tecmessa's charms could overpower
Ajax, her lord and conqueror;
Great Agamemnon, when success
Did all his arms with conquest bless,
When Hector's fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright captive virgin's eyes
Ev'n in the midst of triumph dies.
You know not to what mighty line
The lovely maid may make you join;

[1] See another imitation of this ode in Yalden's Poems.

See but the charms her sorrow wears!
No common cause could draw such tears:
Those streams sure that adorn her so
For loss of royal kindred flow:
Oh! think not so divine a thing
Could from the bed of commons spring;
Whose faith could so unmov'd remain,
And so averse to sordid gain,
Was never born of any race
That might the noblest love disgrace.
Her blooming face, her snowy arms,
Her well-shap'd legs, and all the charms
Of her body and her face,
I, poor I, may safely praise.
Suspect not, love, the youthful rage
From Horace's declining age;
But think remov'd, by forty years,
All his flames and all thy fears.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE VIII.

If ever any injur'd power,
By which the false Bariné swore,
False, fair Bariné, on thy head
Had the least mark of vengeance shed;
If but a tooth or nail of thee
Had suffer'd by thy perjury,
I should believe thy vows; but thou
Since perjur'd dost more charming grow,
Of all our youth the public care,
Nor half so false as thou art fair.
It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead mother's sacred urn,
By Heaven, and all the stars that shine
Without, and every god within:
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty vows does smile,
Her nymphs all smile, her little son
Does smile, and to his quiver run;
Does smile, and fall to whet his darts,
To wound for thee fresh lovers' hearts.
See all the youth does thee obey,
Thy train of slaves grows every day;
Nor leave thy former subjects thee,
Though oft they threaten to be free,
Though oft with vows false as thine are,
Their forsworn mistress they forswear.
Thee every careful mother fears
For her son's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal sires, thee the young bride
In Hymen's fetters newly ty'd,
Lest thou detain by stronger charms
Th' expected husband from her arms.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

BOOK III. ODE IX.

HORACE.

Whilst I was welcome to your heart,
In which no happier youth had part,
And, full of more prevailing charms,
Threw round your neck his dearer arms,
I flourish'd richer and more blest
Than the great monarch of the east.

LYDIA.

Whilst all thy soul with me was fill'd,
Nor Lydia did to Chloe yield,
Lydia, the celebrated name,
The only theme of verse and Fame,
I flourish'd more than she renown'd,
Whose godlike son our Rome did found.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now, whom every Muse
And every Grace adorns, subdues;
For whom I 'd gladly die, to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely Calaïs does fire
With mutual flames of fierce desire;
For whom I twice would die, to save
His youth more precious from the grave.

HORACE.

What if our former loves return,
And our first fires again should burn;
If Chloe's banish'd, to make way
For the forsaken Lydia?

LYDIA.

Though he is shining as a star,
Constant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light as cork, rough as the sea,
Yet I would live, would die with thee.

THE CYCLOPS.

THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XI.

Inscribed to Dr. Short.

O SHORT, no herb, no salve was ever found
To ease a lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No med'cine this prevailing ill subdues,
None, but the charms of the condoling Muse:
Sweet to the sense, and easy to the mind,
The cure; but hard, but very hard, to find.
This you well know, and surely none so well,
Who both in Physic's sacred art excel,
And in Wit's orb among the brightest shine,
The love of Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine.
Thus sweetly sad of old, the Cyclops strove
To soften his uneasy hours of love.
Then, when hot youth urg'd him to fierce desire,
And Galatea's eyes kindled the raging fire,
His was no common flame, nor could he move
In the old arts and beaten paths of love;
Nor flowers nor fruits sent to oblige the fair,
Nor more to please curl'd his neglected hair;
His was all rage, all madness; to his mind
No other cares their wonted entrance find.
Oft from the field his flock return'd ahead,
Unheeded, unobserv'd: he on some stone,
Or craggy cliff, to the deaf winds and sea,
Accusing Galatea's cruelty,
Till night, from the first dawn of opening day,
Consumes with inward heat, and wears away.
Yet then a cure, the only cure, he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding wound.
From a steep rock, from whence he might survey
The flood (the bed where his lov'd sea-nymph lay'd

His drooping head with sorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful song.
" Fair Galatea, why is all my pain
Rewarded thus?—soft love with sharp disdain?
Fairer than falling snow or rising light,
Soft to the touch as charming to the sight;
Sprightly as unyok'd heifers, on whose head
The tender crescents but begin to spread;
Yet, cruel, you to harshness more incline,
Than unripe grapes pluck'd from the savage vine.
Soon as my heavy eye-lids seal'd with sleep,
Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
But, when sleep leaves me, you together fly,
And vanish swiftly from my opening eye,
Swift as young lambs when the fierce wolf they spy.
I well remember the first fatal day
That made my heart your beauty's easy prey.
'Twas when the flood you, with my mother, left,
Of all its brightness, all its pride, bereft,
To gather flowers from the steep mountain's top;
Of the high office proud, I led you up;
To hyacinths and roses did you bring,
And show'd you all the treasures of the spring.
But from that hour my soul has known no rest,
Soft peace is banish'd from my tortur'd breast:
I rage, I burn. Yet still regardless you
Not the least sign of melting pity shew:
No; by the gods that shall revenge my pain!
No; you, the more I love, the more disdain.
Ah! nymph, by every grace adorn'd, I know
Why you despise and fly the Cyclops so;
Because a shaggy brow from side to side,
Stretch'd in a line, does my large forehead hide;
And under that one only eye does shine,
And my flat nose to my big lips does join.
Such though I am, yet know, a thousand sheep,
The pride of the Sicilian hills, I keep;
With sweetest milk they fill my flowing pails,
And my vast stock of cheeses never fails;
In summer's heat, or winter's sharpest cold,
My loaded shelves groan with the weight they hold.
With such soft notes I the shrill pipe inspire,
That every listening Cyclops does admire;
While with it often I all night proclaim
Thy powerful charms, and my successful flame.
For thee twelve does, all big with fawn, I feed;
And four bear-cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
Ah! come to me, fair nymph! and you shall find
These are the smallest gifts for thee design'd.
Ah! come, and leave the angry waves to roar,
And break themselves against the sounding shore.
How much more pleasant would thy slumbers be
In the retir'd and peaceful cave with me!
There the straight cypress and green laurel join,
And creeping ivy clasps the cluster'd vine;
There fresh, cool rills, from Etna's purest snow,
Dissolv'd into ambrosial liquor, flow.
Who the wild waves and blackish sea could choose,
And these still shades and these sweet streams refuse?
But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,
Without a fire defy the winter air,
Know I have mighty stores of wood, and know
Perpetual fire on my bright hearth do glow.
My soul, my self should burn for thee,
And thee, as dear as life to me.
Why was not I with fins, like fishes, made,
That I, like them, might in the deep have play'd?
Then would I dive beneath the yielding tide,
And kiss your hand, if you your lips deny'd.
To thee I'd lilies and red poppies bear,
And flowers that crown each season of the year.
But I 'm resolv'd I 'll learn to swim and dive
Of the next stranger that does here arrive,
That th' undiscover'd pleasures I may know
Which you enjoy in the deep flood below.
Come forth, O nymph! and coming forth forget,
Like me that on this rock unmindful sit,
(Of all things else unmindful but of thee)
Home to return forget, and live with me.
With me the sweet and pleasing labour choose,
To feed the flock, and milk the burthen'd ewes,
To press the cheese, and the sharp runnet to infuse.
My mother does unkindly use her son,
By her neglect the Cyclops is undone;
For me she never labours to prevail,
Nor whispers in your ear my amorous tale:
No; though she knows I languish every day,
And sees my body waste, and strength decay.
But I more ills than what I feel will feign,
And of my head and of my feet complain;
That, in her breast if any pity lie,
She may be sad, and griev'd, as well as I.
" O Cyclops, Cyclops, where's thy reason fled?
If your young lambs with new-pluck'd boughs you fed,
And watch'd your flock, would you not seem more wise;
Milk what is next, pursue not that which flies.
Perhaps you may, since this proves so unkind,
Another fairer Galatea find.
Me many virgins as I pass invite
To waste with them in love's soft sports the night;
And, if I but incline my listening ear,
New joys, new smiles, in all their looks appear.
Thus we, it seems, can be belov'd; and we,
It seems, are somebody as well as she!"
Thus did the Cyclops fan his raging fire,
And sooth'd with gentle verse his fierce desire;
Thus pass'd his hours with more delight and ease,
Than if the riches of the world were his.

TO CÆLIA.

Fly swift, ye hours; ye sluggish minutes, fly;
Bring back my love, or let her lover die.
Make haste, O Sun, and to my eyes once more,
My Cælia brighter than thyself restore.
In spite of thee, 'tis night when she's away,
Her eyes alone can the glad beams display,
That make my sky look clear, and guide my day.
O when will she lift up her sacred light,
And chase away the flying shades of night!
With her how fast the flowing hours run on!
But oh! how long they stay when she is gone!
So slowly time when clogg'd with grief does move;
So swift when borne upon the wings of love!
Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are past;
Yet 'tis an age since I beheld her last.
O, my auspicious star, make haste to rise,
To charm our hearts, and bless our longing eyes!
O, how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
And cheer my own with their reflected rays!
How my impatient, thirsty soul does long
To hear the charming music of thy tongue!
Where pointed wit with solid judgment grows,
And in one easy stream united flows.

Whene'er you speak, with what delight we hear,
You call up every soul to every ear!
Nature's too prodigal to womankind,
Ev'n where she does neglect t' adorn the mind;
Beauty alone bears such resistless sway,
As makes mankind with joy and pride obey.
But, oh! when wit and sense with beauty's join'd,
The woman's sweetness with the manly mind;
When Nature with so just a hand does mix
The most engaging charms of either sex;
And out of both that thus in one combine
Does something form not human but divine,
What's her command, but that we all adore
The noblest work of her almighty power!
Nor ought our zeal thy anger to create,
Since love's thy debt, nor is our choice, but fate.
Where Nature bids, worship I 'm forc'd to pay,
Nor have the liberty to disobey;
And whensoe'er she does a poet make,
She gives him verse but for thy beauty's sake.
Had I a pen that could at once impart
Soft Ovid's nature and high Virgil's art,
Then the immortal Sacharissa's name
Should be but second in the list of Fame;
Each grove, each shade, should with thy praise be fill'd,
And the fam'd Penshurst to our Windsor yield.

SPOKEN TO THE QUEEN,

IN TRINITY COLLEGE NEW COURT.

THOU equal partner of the royal bed,
That mak'st a crown sit soft on Charles's head;
In whom, with greatness virtue takes her seat,
Meekness with power, and piety with state;
Whose goodness might ev'n factious crowds re-
Win the seditious, and the savage tame; [claim,
Tyrants themselves to gentlest mercy bring,
And only useless is on such a king!
See, mighty princess, see how every breast
With joy and wonder is at once possest:
Such was the joy which the first mortals knew,
When gods descended to the people's view,
Such devout wonder did it then afford,
To see those powers they had unseen ador'd,
But they were feign'd; nor, if they had been true,
Could shed more blessings on the Earth than you:
Our courts, enlarg'd, their former bounds disdain,
To make reception for so great a train:
Here may your sacred breast rejoice to see
Your own age strive with ancient piety;
Soon now, since blest by your auspicious eyes,
To full perfection shall our fabric rise.
Less powerful charms than yours of old could call
The willing stones into the Theban wall,
And ours, which now its rise to you shall owe,
More fam'd than that by your great name shall grow.

FLORIANA,

A PASTORAL,

UPON THE DEATH OF HER GRACE MARY DUTCHESS OF SOUTHAMPTON, 1680.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Thyrsis, tell thy Damon, why
Does my lov'd swain in this sad posture lie?
What mean these streams still falling from thine eyes,
Fast as those sighs from thy swoln bosom rise?
Has the fierce wolf broke through the fenced ground?
Have thy lambs stray'd? or has Dorinda frown'd?
THYRSIS. The wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he may:
Have thy lambs stray'd? let them for ever stray:
Dorinda frown'd? No, she is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but just now she smil'd:
Alas! she smil'd; for to the lovely maid
None had the fatal tidings yet convey'd.
Tell me then, shepherd, tell me, canst thou find
As long as thou art true, and she is kind,
A grief so great, as may prevail above
Ev'n Damon's friendship, or Dorinda's love?
DAM. Sure there is none. THYR. But, Damon, there may be.
What if the charming Floriana die? [true?
DAM. Far be the omen! THYR. But suppose it
DAM. Then should I grieve, my Thyrsis, more than you.
She is—THYR. Alas! she was, but is no more:
Now, Damon, now, let thy swoln eyes run o'er:
Here to this turf by thy sad Thyrsis grow,
And, when my streams of grief too shallow flow,
Let in thy tide to raise the torrent high,
Till both a deluge make, and in it die.
DAM. Then, that to this wish'd height the flood might swell,
Friend, I will tell thee.—THYR. Friend, I thee will tell,
How young, how good, how beautiful she fell.
Oh! she was all for which fond mothers pray,
Blessing their babes when first they see the day.
Beauty and she were one, for in her face
Sat sweetness temper'd with majestic grace;
Such powerful charms as might the proudest awe,
Yet such attractive goodness as might draw
The humblest, and to both give equal law.
How was she wonder'd at by every swain!
The pride, the light, the goddess of the plain!
On all she shin'd, and spreading glories cast
Diffusive of herself, where-e'er she past,
There breath'd an air sweet as the winds that blow
From the blest shores where fragrant spices grow:
Ev'n me sometimes she with a smile would grace,
Like the Sun shining on the vilest place.
Nor did Dorinda bar me the delight
Of feasting on her eyes my longing sight:
But to a being so sublime, so pure,
Spar'd my devotion, of my love secure.
DAM. Her beauty such: but Nature did design
That only as an answerable shrine
To the divinity that's lodg'd within. [bright,
Her soul shin'd through, and made her form so
As clouds are gilt by the Sun's piercing light.
In her smooth forehead we might read exprest
The even calmness of her gentle breast:
And in her sparkling eyes as clear was writ
The active vigour of her youthful wit.
Each beauty of the body or the mind
Was but the shadow of some inward grace:
Gay, sprightly, cheerful, free, and unconfin'd,
As innocence could make it, was her mind:
Yet prudent, though not tedious severe,
Like those who, being dull, would grave appear;
Who out of guilt do chearfulness despise,
And, being sullen, hope men think them wise.

How would the listening shepherds round her throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming tongue!
She all with her own spirit and soul inspir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Ev'n mighty Pan, whose powerful hand sustains
The sovereign crook that mildly awes the plains,
Of all his cares made her the tenderest part,
And great Louisa lodg'd her in her heart.

THYR. Who would not now a solemn mourning
When Pan himself and fair Louisa weep? [keep,
When those blest eyes, by the kind gods design'd
To cherish Nature, and delight mankind,
All drown'd in tears, melt into gentler showers
Than April-drops upon the springing flowers?
Such tears as Venus for Adonis shed,
When at her feet the lovely youth lay dead?
About her, all her little weeping Loves
Ungirt her cestos, and unyok'd her doves.

DAM. Come, pious nymphs, with fair Louisa come,
And visit gentle Floriana's tomb; [come,
And, as ye walk the melancholy round,
Where no unhallow'd feet prophane the ground,
With your chaste hands fresh flowers and odours
About her last obscure and silent bed; [shed
Still praying, as ye gently move your feet,
"Soft be her pillow, and her slumber sweet!"

THYR. See where they come, a mournful lovely train
As ever wept on fair Arcadia's plain: [train
Louisa, mournful far above the rest,
In all the charms of beauteous sorrow drest;
Just are her tears, when she reflects how soon
A beauty, second only to her own,
Flourish'd, look'd gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

DAM. O, she is gone! gone like a new-born flower,
That deck'd some virgin queen's delicious bower;
Torn from the stalk by some untimely blast,
And 'mongst the vilest weeds and rubbish cast:
Yet flowers return, and coming springs disclose
The lily whiter, and more fresh the rose;
But no kind season back her charms can bring,
And Floriana has no second spring.

THYR. O, she is set! set like the falling Sun;
Darkness is round us, and glad day is gone!
Alas! the Sun that's set, again will rise,
And gild with richer beams the morning-skies;
But Beauty, though as bright as they it shines,
When its short glory to the west declines,
O, there's no hope of the returning light;
But all is long oblivion, and eternal night!

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL[1].

I THOUGHT, forgive my sin, the boasted fire
Of poets' souls did long ago expire;
Of folly or of madness did accuse
The wretch that thought himself possest with Muse;
Laugh'd at the god within, that did inspire
Him more than human thoughts the tuneful choir;
But sure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream
Of rhymers slumbering by the Muses' stream.
Some livelier flame of Heaven, and more refin'd
From dross, fills the great poet's mind:
Witness these mighty and immortal lines,
Through each of which th' informing genius shines:
Scarce a diviner flame inspir'd the king,
Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing:
Not David's self could in a nobler verse
His gloriously-offending son rehearse;
Though in his breast the prophet's fury met,
The father's fondness, and the poet's wit.
Here all consent in wonder and in praise,
And to the unknown poet altars raise:
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy
As when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,
Wrapt up himself in darkness, and unseen
Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian queen.
Sure thou already art secure of fame,
Nor want'st new glories to exalt thy name:
What father else would have refus'd to own
So great a son as godlike Absalom?

[1] Dryden published it without his name.

EPITHALAMIUM

UPON THE MARRIAGE OF

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BEDLOE.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avæna,
Arma virumque cano.

I, he, who sung of humble Oates before,
Now sing a captain and a man of war.

GODDESS of rhyme, that didst inspire
The Captain with poetic fire,
Adding fresh laurels to that brow
Where those of victory did grow,
And statelier ornaments may flourish now!
If thou art well recovered since
"The Excommunicated Prince[2];"
For that important tragedy
Would have kill'd any Muse but thee;
Hither with speed, Oh! hither move;
Pull buskins off, and, since to love
The ground is holy that you tread in,
Dance bare-foot at the Captain's wedding.
See where he comes, and by his side
His charming fair angelic bride:
Such, or less lovely, was the dame
So much renown'd, Fulvia by name,
With whom of old Tully did join
Then when his art did undermine
The horrid popish plot of Catiline.
Oh fairest nymph of all Great Britain!
(Though thee my eyes I never set on)
Blush not on thy great lord to smile,
The second saviour of our isle;
What nobler Captain could have led
Thee to thy long'd-for marriage-bed:
For know that thy all-daring Will is
As stout a hero as Achilles;
And as great things for thee has done,
As Palmerin or th' knight of th' Sun,
And is himself a whole romance alone.
Let conscious Flanders speak, and be
The witness of his chivalry.
Yet that's not all, his very word
Has slain as many as his sword:

[2] A tragedy by Captain Bedloe, 1681.

Though common bullies with their oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his mouth-granadoes kill,
And save the pains of drawing steel.
This hero thy resistless charms
Have won to fly into thy arms;
For think not any mean design,
Or the inglorious itch of coin,
Could ever have his breast control'd,
Or make him be a slave to gold;
His love 's as freely given to thee
As to the king his loyalty.
Then, oh, receive thy mighty prize
With open arms and wishing eyes,
Kiss that dear face, where may be seen
His worth and parts that skulk within;
That face, that justly styl'd may be
As true a discoverer as he.
Think not he ever false will prove,
His well-known truth secures his love;
Do you a while divert his cares
From his important grand affairs:
Let him have respite now a while,
From kindling the mad rabble's zeal:
Zeal, that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
Shows plainly where its birth-place we may find,
In Hell, where though dire flames for ever glow,
Yet 'tis the place of utter darkness too.
But to his bed be sure be true
As he to all the world and you,
He all your plots will else betray,
All ye She-Machiavels can lay.
He all designs, you know, has found,
Though hatch'd in Hell or under ground;
Oft to the world such secrets shew
As scarce the plotters themselves knew;
Yet, if by chance you hap to sin,
And Love, while Honour's napping, should creep in,
Yet be discreet, and do not boast
O' th' treason by the common post.
So shalt thou still make him love on;
All virtue 's in discretion.
So thou with him shalt shine, and be
As great a patriot as he;
And when, as now in Christmas, all
For a new pack of cards do call,
Another popish pack comes out
To please the cits, and charm the rout:
Thou, mighty queen, shalt a whole suit command,
A crown upon thy head, and sceptre in thy hand!

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,

AND THE

LADY ANNE.

'Twas Love conducted through the British main,
On a more high design the royal Dane,
Than when of old with an invading hand
His fierce forefathers came to spoil the land:
And Love has gain'd him by a nobler way,
A braver conquest and a richer prey.
For battles won, and countries sav'd renown'd,
Shaded with laurels, and with honours crown'd,
From fields with slaughter strew'd, the hero came,
His arms neglected, to pursue his flame.
Like Mars returning from the noble chase
Of flying nations through the plains of Thrace,
When, deck'd with trophies and adorn'd with spoils,
He meets the goddess that rewards his toils!
But, oh! what transports did his heart invade
When first he saw the lovely, royal maid!
Fame, that so high did her perfections raise,
Seem'd now detraction, and no longer praise!
All that could noblest minds to love engage,
Or into softness melt the soldier's rage,
All that could spread abroad resistless fire,
And eager wishes raise, and fierce desire,
All that was charming, all that was above
Ev'n poets fancies, though refin'd by love,
All native beauty, drest by every grace
Of sweetest youth, sat shining in her face!
Where, where is now the generous fury gone,
That through thick troops urg'd the wing'd warrior on?
Where now the spirit that aw'd the listed field;
Created to command, untaught to yield?
It yields, it yields, to Anna's gentle sway,
And thinks it above triumphs to obey.
See at thy feet, illustrious princess, thrown
All the rich spoils the mighty hero won!
His fame, his laurels, are thy beauties due,
And all his conquests are outdone by you:
Ah! lovely nymph, accept the noble prize,
A tribute fit for those victorious eyes!
Ah! generous maid, pass not relentless by,
Nor let war's chief by cruel beauty die!
Though unexperienc'd youth fond scruples move,
And blushes rise but at the name of love;
Though over all thy thoughts and every sense
The guard is plac'd of virgin innocence;
Yet from thy father's generous blood we know
Respect for valour in thy breast does glow;
'Tis but agreeing to thy royal birth,
To smile on virtue and heroic worth;
Love, in such noble seeds of honour sown,
The chastest virgin need not blush to own.
Whom would thy royal father sooner find,
In thy lov'd arms to his high lineage join'd,
Than him, whom such exalted virtues crown,
That he might think them copy'd from his own?
Who to the field equal desires did bring,
Love to his brother, service to his king.
Who Denmark's crown, and the anointed head,
Rescued at once, and back in triumph led,
Forcing his passage through the slaughter'd Swede.
Such virtue him to thy great sire commends,
The best of princes, subjects, brothers, friends!
The people's wonder, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
What can such charms resist? The royal maid,
Loth to deny, is yet to grant afraid;
But Love, still growing as her fears decay,
Consents at last, and gives her heart away.
Now with loud triumphs are the nuptials crown'd,
And with glad shouts the streets and palace sound.
Illustrious pair! see what general joy
Does the whole land's united [illegible]
From you they omens take [illegible]
Recall lost hopes, and banish all their fears.
Let boding planets threaten from [illegible]
And sullen Saturn join with angry Mars;
Your more auspicious flames, that [illegible]
Vanquish the malice of their [illegible]
Heaven of its bounties now shall [illegible]
And in full tides unenvy'd blessings flow!

The shaken throne more surely fix'd shall stand,
And curs'd Rebellion fly the happy land!
At your blest union civil discords cease,
Confusion turns to order, rage to peace!
So, when at first in Chaos and old Night
Hot things with cold, and moist with dry did fight,
Love did the warring seeds to union bring,
And over all things stretch'd his peaceful wing,
The jarring elements no longer strove,
And a world started forth, the beauteous work of Love!

ON THE DEATH OF

KING CHARLES THE SECOND,

AND THE INAUGURATION OF

KING JAMES THE SECOND.

If the indulgent Muse (the only cure
For all the ills afflicted minds endure,
That sweetens sorrow, and makes sadness please,
And heals the heart by telling its disease)
Vouchsafe her aid, we also will presume
With humble verse t' approach the sacred tomb;
There flowing streams of pious tears will shed,
Sweet incense burn, fresh flowers and odours spread,
Our last sad offerings to the royal dead!
Dead is the king, who all our lives did bless!
Our strength in war, and our delight in peace!
Was ever prince like him to mortals given!
So much the joy of Earth, and care of Heaven?
Under the pressure of unequal fate,
Of so erect a mind and soul so great!
So full of meekness and so void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's highest tide!
His kindly beams on the ungrateful soil
Of this rebellious, stubborn, murmuring isle
Hatch'd plenty; ease and riches did bestow,
And made the land with milk and honey flow!
Less blest was Rome when mild Augustus sway'd,
And the glad world for love, not fear, obey'd.
Mercy, like Heaven's, his chief prerogative!
His joy to save, and glory to forgive!
Who lives, but felt his influence, and did share
His boundless goodness and paternal care?
And, whilst with all th' endearing arts he strove
On every subject's heart to seal his love,
What breast so hard, what heart of human make,
But, softening, did the kind impression take?
Belov'd and loving! with such virtues grac'd,
As might on common heads a crown have plac'd!
How skill'd in all the mysteries of state!
How fitting to sustain an empire's weight!
How quick to know! how ready to advise!
How timely to prevent! how more than senates wise!
His words how charming, affable, and sweet!
How just his censure! and how sharp his wit!
How did his charming conversation please
The blest attenders on his hours of ease;
When graciously he deign'd to condescend,
Pleas'd to exalt a subject to a friend!
To the most how easy of access!
Will'd to hear, and longing to redress!
His mercy knew no bounds of time or place,
His reign was one continued act of grace!
Good Titus could, but Charles could never say,
Of all his royal life, "he lost a day."
Excellent prince! O once our joy and care,
Now our eternal grief and deep despair!
O father! or if aught than father's more,
How shall thy children their sad loss deplore?
How grieve enough, when anxious thoughts recall
The mournful story of their sovereign's fall?
Oh! who that scene of sorrow can display;
When, waiting death, the fearless monarch lay!
Though great the pain and anguish that he bore,
His friends' and subjects' grief afflict him more!
Yet even that, and coming fate, he bears;
But sinks and faints to see a brother's tears!
The mighty grief, that swell'd his royal breast,
Scarce reach'd by thought, can't be by words exprest!
Grief for himself! for grief for Charles is vain,
Who now begins a new triumphant reign,
Welcom'd by all kind spirits and saints above,
Who see themselves in him, and their own likeness love!
What godlike virtues must that prince adorn,
Who can so please, while such a prince we mourn!
Who else, but that great he, who now commands
Th' united nation's voice, and hearts, and hands,
Could so the love of a whole people gain,
After so excellent a monarch's reign!
Mean virtues after tyrants may succeed
And please; but after Charles a James we need!
This, this is he, by whose high actions grac'd
The present age contends with all the past:
Him Heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to advise, but eager to perform:
In council calm, fierce as a storm in fight:
Danger his sport, and labour his delight.
To him the fleet and camp, the sea and field,
Do equal harvests of bright glory yield!
Who can forget, of royal blood how free,
He did assert the empire of the sea?
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempest of his fury to sustain;
Shatter'd and torn before his flag they fly
Like doves, that the exalted eagle spy
Ready to stoop and seize them from on high.
He, Neptune-like (when from his watery bed
Serene and calm he lifts his awful head,
And smiles, and to his chariot gives the rein),
In triumph rides o'er the asserted main!
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the strand,
Loud as the sea, and numerous as the sand;
So joy the many: but the wiser few
The godlike prince with silent wonder view:
A joy, too great to be by voice exprest,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breast:
They saw him destin'd for some greater day,
And in his looks the omens read of his imperial sway!
Nor do his civil virtues less appear,
To perfect the illustrious character;
To merit just, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and faithful to his friend!
What's well resolv'd, as firmly he pursues;
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to choose!
Honour was born, not planted in his heart;
And virtue came by nature, not by art.
Albion! forget thy sorrows, and adore
That prince, who all the blessings does restore,
That Charles, the saint, made thee enjoy before!
'Tis done; with turrets crown'd, I see her rise,
And tears are wip'd for ever from her eyes!

PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE'S

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

LONG has the tribe of poets on the stage
Groan'd under persecuting critics' rage,
But with the sound of railing and of rhyme,
Like bees united by the tinkling chime,
The little stinging insects swarm the more,
Their buzzing greater than it was before.
But, oh! ye leading voters of the Pit,
That infect others with your too much wit,
That well-affected members do seduce,
And with your malice poison half the house;
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary sway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
Rulers of abler conduct we will choose,
And more indulgent to a trembling Muse;
Women, for ends of government more fit,
Women shall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
Give laws to Love, and influence to Wit.
Find me one man of sense in all your roll,
Whom some one woman has not made a fool.
Ev'n business, that intolerable load
Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,
Much better they could manage would they please;
'Tis not their want of wit, but love of ease.
For, spite of art, more wit in them appears,
Though we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs;
Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,
Set shallow in a hot and barren soil;
But when transplanted to a richer ground,
Has in their Eden its perfection found.
And 'tis but just they should our wit invade,
Whilst we set up their painting patching trade;
As for our courage, to our shame 'tis known,
As they can raise it, they can pull it down.
At their own weapons they our bullies awe,
Faith! let them make an anti-salic law;
Prescribe to all mankind, as well as plays,
And wear the breeches, as they wear the bays.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

A DETESTATION OF CIVIL WAR.

From HORACE, Epod. VII.

OH! whither do ye rush, and thus prepare
To rouze again the sleeping war?
Has then so little English blood been spilt
On sea and land with equal guilt?
Not that again we might our arms advance,
To check the insolent pride of France;
Not that once more we might in fetters bring
An humble captive Gallic king?
But, to the wish of the insulting Gaul,
That we by our own hands should fall.
Nor wolves nor lions bear so fierce a mind;
They hurt not their own savage kind:
Is it blind rage, or zeal, more blind and strong,
Or guilt, yet stronger, drives you on?
Answer: but none can answer; mute and pale
They stand; guilt does o'er words prevail:
'Tis so: Heaven's justice threatens us from high;
And a king's death from Earth does cry;
E'er since the martyr's innocent blood was shed,
Upon our fathers, and on ours, and on our childrens' head.

TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

WHAT to begin would have been madness thought,
Exceeds our praise when to perfection brought:
Who could believe Lucretius' lofty song
Could have been reach'd by any modern tongue?
Of all the suitors to immortal Fame,
That by translations strove to raise a name,
This was the test, this the Ulysses' bow,
Too tough by any to be bent but you.
Carus himself of the hard task complains,
To fetter Grecian thoughts in Roman chains;
Much harder thine, in an unlearned tongue
To hold in bonds, so easy yet so strong,
The Greek philosophy and Latin song.
If then he boasts that round his sacred head
Fresh garlands grow, and branching laurels spread,
Such as not all the mighty Nine before
E'er gave, or any of their darlings wore;
What laurels should be thine, what crowns thy due,
What garlands, mighty poet, should be grac'd by you!
Though deep, though wondrous deep, his sense does flow,
Thy shining style does all its riches show;
So clear the stream, that through it we descry
All the bright gems that at the bottom lie;
Here you the troublers of our peace remove,
Ignoble Fear, and more ignoble Love:
Here we are taught how first our race began,
And by what steps our fathers climb'd to man;
To man as now he is—with knowledge fill'd,
In arts of peace and war, in manners skill'd,
Equal before to fellow-graziers of the field!
Nature's first state, which, well transpos'd and own'd
(For owners in all ages have been found),
Has made a modern wit[1] so much renown'd,
When thee we read, we find to be no more
Than what was sung a thousand years before.
Thou only for this noble task wert fit,
To shame thy age to a just sense of wit,
By showing how the learned Romans writ.
To teach fat heavy clowns to know their trade,
And not turn wits, who were for porters made;
But quit false claims to the poetic rage,
For squibs and crackers, and a Smithfield stage.
Had Providence e'er meant that, in despight
Of Art and Nature, such dull clods should write,
Bavius and Mævius had been sav'd by Fate
For Settle and for Shadwell, to translate,
As it so many ages has for thee
Preserv'd the mighty work that now we see.

VIRGIL'S FIFTH ECLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds, at a song, begin one by consenting to the memory of Daphnis, who is supposed by the best critics to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity. The whole Eclogue consisting of [illegible] and an Apotheosis.

[1] Hobbes.

MENALCAS.

Mopsus, since chance does us together bring,
And you so well can pipe, and I can sing,
Why sit we not beneath this secret shade,
By elms' and hazels' mingling branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your age commands respect; and I obey.
Whether you in this lonely copse will stay,
Where western winds the bending branches shake,
And in their play the shades uncertain make:
Or whether to that silent cave you go,
The better choice! see how the wild vines grow
Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,
And in the cave their purple clusters shed!

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

Why not as well contend with Phœbus too?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin; whether the mournful flame
Of dying Phillis, whether Alcon's fame,
Or Codrus' brawls, thy willing Muse provoke;
Begin; young Tityrus will tend the flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad song repeat,
That on the beech's bark I lately writ,
And set to sweetest notes; yes, I'll begin,
And after that, bid you, Amyntas, sing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the most humble shrub that grows,
Yields to the beauteous blushes of the rose,
Or bending osiers to the olive tree;
So much, I judge, Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this discourse here put an end,
This is the cave; sit, and my verse attend.

MOPSUS.

When the sad fate of Daphnis reach'd their ears,
The pitying nymphs dissolv'd in pious tears.
Witness, ye hazels, for ye heard their cries;
Witness, ye floods, swoln with their weeping eyes.
The mournful mother (on his body cast)
The sad remains of her cold son embrac'd,
And of th' unequal tyranny they us'd,
The cruel gods and cruel stars accus'd.
Then did no swain mind how his flock did thrive,
Nor thirsty herds to the cold river drive;
The generous horse turn'd from fresh streams his head,
And on the sweetest grass refus'd to feed.
Daphnis, thy death ev'n fiercest lions mourn'd,
And hills and woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian tigers' fierceness broke,
And bro.. them willing to the sacred yoke:
Daphnis to Bacchus' worship did ordain
The revels of his consecrated train;
The reeling priests with vines and ivy crown'd,
And their long spears with cluster'd branches bound.
As vines the elm, as grapes the vine adorn,
As bulls the herd, as fields the ripen'd corn;
Such grace, such ornament, wert thou to all
That glory'd to be thine: since thy sad fall
No more Apollo his glad presence yields,
And Pales' self forsakes her hated fields.
Oft where the finest barley we did sow,
Barren wild oats and hurtful darnel grow;
And where soft violets did the vales adorn,
The thistle rises, and the prickly thorn. [ground,
Come, shepherds, strow with flowers the hallow'd
The sacred fountains which thick boughs surround;
Daphnis these rites requires: to Daphnis' praise,
Shepherds, a tomb with this inscription raise—
"Here, fam'd from Earth to Heaven, I, Daphnis, lie;
Fair was the flock I fed, but much more fair was I."

MENALCAS.

Such, divine poet, to my ravish'd ears
Are the sweet numbers of thy mournful verse,
As to tir'd swains soft slumbers on the grass;
As freshest springs that through green meadows pass, [heat.
To one that's parch'd with thirst and summer's
In thee thy master does his equal meet:
Whether your voice you try, or tune your reed,
Blest swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed!
Yet, as I can, I in return will sing:
I too thy Daphnis to the stars will bring,
I too thy Daphnis to the stars, with you,
Will raise, for Daphnis lov'd Menalcas too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more desire?
For neither can there be a subject higher,
Nor, if the praise of Stimichon be true,
Can it be better sung than 'tis by you.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now, wondering at the glorious show,
Through Heaven's bright pavement does triumphant go, [below:
And sees the moving clouds, and the fix'd stars
Therefore new joys make glad the woods, the plains,
Pan and the Dryads, and the cheerful swains:
The wolf no ambush for the flock does lay,
No cheating nets the harmless deer betray,
Daphnis a general peace commands, and Nature does obey. [voice!
Hark! the glad mountains raise to Heaven their
Hark! the hard rocks in mystic tunes rejoice!
Hark! through the thickets wondrous songs resound,
A god! A god! Menalcas, he is crown'd!
O be propitious! O be good to thine!
See! here four hallow'd altars we design,
To Daphnis two, to Phœbus two we raise,
To pay the yearly tribute of our praise:
Sacred to thee, they each returning year
Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear:
Feasts I'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise,
Thy votaries' exalted thoughts to raise,
Rich Chian wines shall in full goblets flow,
And give a taste of nectar here below.

Damætas shall with Lictian Ægon join,
To celebrate with songs the rites divine.
Alphisibæus with a reeling gait
Shall the wild Satyrs' dancing imitate.
When to the nymphs we vows and offerings pay,
When we with solemn rites our fields survey,
These honours ever shall be thine: the boar
Shall in the fields and hills delight no more;
No more in streams the fish, in flowers the bee,
Ere, Daphnis, we forget our songs to thee:
Offerings to thee the shepherds every year
Shall, as to Bacchus and to Ceres, bear:
To thee, as to those gods, shall vows be made,
And vengeance wait on those by whom they are not paid.

MOPSUS.

What present worth thy verse can Mopsus find?
Not the soft whispers of the southern wind
So much delight my ear, or charm my mind;
Not sounding shores beat by the murmuring tide,
Nor rivers that through stony valleys glide.

MENALCAS.

First you this pipe shall take; and 'tis the same
That play'd poor Corydon's[1] unhappy flame:
The same that taught me Meliboeus'[2] sheep.

MOPSUS.

You then shall for my sake this sheephook keep,
Adorn'd with brass, which I have oft deny'd
To young Antigenes in his beauty's pride:
And who could think he then in vain could sue?
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

TO MR. WALLER,

UPON THE COPY OF VERSES MADE BY HIMSELF ON THE LAST COPY IN HIS BOOK[3].

When Shame, for all my foolish youth had writ,
Advis'd 'twas time the rhyming trade to quit,
Time to grow wise, and be no more a wit—
The noble fire, that animates thy age,
Once more inflam'd me with poetic rage. [young,
Kings, heroes, nymphs, the brave, the fair, the
Have been the theme of thy immortal song:
A nobler argument at last thy Muse,
Two things divine, thee and herself, does choose.
Age, whose dull weight makes vulgar spirits bend,
Gives wings to thine, and bids it upward tend:
No more confin'd, above the starry skies,
Out from the body's broken cage it flies.
But oh! vouchsafe, not wholly to retire,
To join with and complete th' etherial choir!
Still here remain; still on the threshold stand;
Still at this distance view the promis'd land;
Though thou may'st seem, so heavenly is thy sense,
Not going thither, but new come from thence.

A SONG.

After the fiercest pangs of hot desire,
Between Panthea's rising breasts
His bending breast Philander rests;
Though vanquish'd, yet unknowing to retire:
Close hugs the charmer, and asham'd to yield,
Though he has lost the day, yet keeps the field.

When, with a sigh, the fair Panthea said,
"What pity 'tis, ye gods, that all
The noblest warriors soonest fall!"
Then with a kiss she gently rear'd his head;
Arm'd him again to fight, for nobly she
More lov'd the combat than the victory.

But, more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his strength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the war;
Nor ceas'd he till the noble prize he bore:
Ev'n her such wondrous courage did surprise;
She hugs the dart that wounded her, and dies.

A SONG.

Through mournful shades, and solitary groves,
Fann'd with the sighs of unsuccessful loves,
Wild with despair, young Thyrsis strays,
Thinks over all Amyra's heavenly charms,
Thinks he now sees her in another's arms;
Then at some willow's root himself he lays,
The loveliest, most unhappy swain;
And thus to the wild woods he does complain:

"How art thou chang'd, O Thyrsis, since the time
When thou could'st love and hope without a crime;
When Nature's pride and Earth's delight,
As through her shady evening grove she past,
And a new day did all around her cast,
Could see, nor be offended at the sight,
The melting, sighing, wishing swain,
That now must never hope to wish again!

"Riches and titles! why should they prevail,
Where duty, love, and adoration, fail?
Lovely Amyra, shouldst thou prize
The empty noise that a fine title makes;
Or the vile trash that with the vulgar takes,
Before a heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?
Unkind! but pity the poor swain
Your rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the slain."

A SONG.

See what a conquest Love has made!
Beneath the myrtle's amorous shade
The charming fair Corinna lies
All melting in desire,
Quenching in tears those flowing eyes
That set the world on fire!

What cannot tears and beauty do?
The youth by chance stood by, and knew
For whom those crystal streams did flow;
And though he ne'er before
To her eyes brightest rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

So when the Heavens serene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy light appear,
Each craggy rock, and every stone
Their native rigour keep;
But when in rain the clouds fall down,
The hardest marble weeps.

[1] Virg. Ecl. ii. [2] Ecl. iii.
[3] See Waller's Poems.

TO MR. HENRY DICKINSON,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF

SIMON'S CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

WHAT senseless loads have over-charg'd the press,
Of French impertinence, in English dress!
How many dull translators every day
Bring new supplies of novel, farce, or play!
Like damn'd French pensioners, with foreign aid
Their native land with nonsense to invade,
Till we're o'er-run more with the wit of France,
Her nauseous wit, than with her protestants.
But, sir, this noble piece obligeth more
Than all their trash hath plagu'd the town before:
With various learning, knowledge, strength of thought,
Order and art, and solid judgment fraught;
No less a piece than this could make amends
For all the trumpery France amongst us sends.
Nor let ill-grounded superstitious fear
Fright any but the fools from reading here.
The sacred oracles may well endure
Th' exactest search, of their own truth secure;
Though at this piece some noisy zealots bawl,
And to their aid a numerous faction call
With stretch'd-out arms, as if the ark could fall;
Yet wiser heads will think so firm it stands,
That, were it shook, 'twould need no mortal hands.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, 1679.

AND will our master poet then admit
A young beginner in the trade of Wit,
To bring a plain and rustic Muse, to wait
On his in all her glorious pomp and state?
Can an unknown, unheard-of, private name,
Add any lustre to so bright a fame?
No! sooner planets to the Sun may give
That light which they themselves from him derive.
Nor could my sickly fancy entertain
A thought so foolish, or a pride so vain.
But, as when kings through crowds in triumphs go,
The meanest wretch that gazes at the show,
Though to that pomp his voice can add no more,
Than when we drops into the ocean pour,
Has leave his tongue in praises to employ
(Th' accepted language of officious joy):
So I in loud applauses may reveal
To you, great king of verse, my loyal zeal,
May tell with what majestic grace and mien
Your Muse displays herself in every scene;
In what rich robes she has fair Cressid drest,
And with what gentle fires inflam'd her breast.
How when those fading eyes her aid implor'd,
She all their sparkling lustre has restor'd,
Added more charms, fresh beauties on them shed,
And to new youth recall'd the lovely maid.
How nobly she the royal brothers draws;
How great their quarrel, and how great their cause!
How justly rais'd! and by what just degrees,
In a sweet calm does the rough tempest cease!
Envy not now "the god-like Roman's rage;"
Hector and Troilus, darlings of our age,
Shall hand in hand with Brutus tread the stage.
Shakespeare, 'tis true, this tale of Troy first told,
But, as with Ennius Virgil did of old,
You found it dirt, but you have made it gold.
A dark and undigested heap it lay,
Like Chaos ere the dawn of infant Day,
But you did first the cheerful light display.
Confus'd it was as Epicurus' world
Of atoms, by blind Chance together hurl'd,
But you have made such order through it shine
As loudly speaks the workmanship divine.
Boast then, O Troy! and triumph in thy flames,
That make thee sung by three such mighty names.
Had Ilium stood, Homer had ne'er been read,
Nor the sweet Mantuan swan his wings display'd,
Nor thou, the third, but equal in renown,
Thy matchless skill in this great subject shown.
Not Priam's self, nor all the Trojan state,
Was worth the saving at so dear a rate.
But they now flourish, by you mighty three,
In verse more lasting than their walls could be:
Which never, never shall like them decay,
Being built by hands divine as well as they;
Never till, our great Charles being sung by you,
Old Troy shall grow less famous than the New.

PARIS TO HELEN.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paris, having sailed to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promised him as the reward of his adjudging the prize of beauty to her, was nobly there entertained by Menelaus, Helen's husband; but he, being called away to Crete, to take possession of what was left him by his grandfather Atreus, commends his guest to the care of his wife. In his absence Paris courts her, and writes to her the following epistle.

ALL health, fair nymph, thy Paris sends to thee,
Though you, and only you, can give it me.
Shall I then speak? or is it needless grown
To tell a passion that itself has shown?
Does not my love itself too open lay,
And all I think in all I do betray?
If not, oh! may it still in secret lie,
Till Time with our kind wishes shall comply;
Till all our joys may to us come sincere,
Nor lose their price by the allay of fear!
In vain I strive; who can that fire conceal,
Which does itself by its own light reveal?
But, if you needs would hear my trembling tongue
Speak what my actions have declar'd so long,
I love; you've there the word that does impart
The truest message from my bleeding heart:
Forgive me, madam, that I thus confess
To you, my fair physician, my disease,
And with such looks this suppliant paper grace,
As best become the beauties of that face.
May that smooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,
But be your looks as kind as they are fair.
Some pleasure 'tis to think these lines shall find
An entertainment at your hands so kind.
For this creates a hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.

Ah! may that hope be true! nor I complain
That Venus promis'd you to me in vain:
For know, lest you through ignorance offend
The gods, 'tis Heaven that me does hither send.
None of the meanest of the powers divine,
That first inspir'd, still favours my design.
Great is the prize I seek, I must confess,
But neither is my due or merit less:
Venus has promis'd she would you assign,
Fair as herself, to be for ever mine.
Guided by her, my Troy I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the dangers of the faithless sea.
She, with a kind and an auspicious gale,
Drove the good ship, and stretch'd out every sail:
For she, who sprung out of the teeming deep,
Still o'er the main does her wide empire keep,
Still may she keep it! and as she with ease
Allays the wrath of the most angry seas,
So may she give my stormy mind some rest,
And calm the raging tempest of my breast,
And bring home all my sighs and all my vows
To their wish'd harbour and desir'd repose!
Hither my flames I brought, not found them here;
I my whole course by their kind light did steer:
For I, by no mistake or storm was tost
Against my will upon this happy coast.
Nor as a merchant did I plow the main
To venture life, like sordid fools, for gain.
No; may the gods preserve my present store,
And only give me you to make it more!
Nor to admire the place came I so far;
I have towns richer than your cities are.
'Tis you I seek, to me from Venus due;
You were my wish, before your charms I knew.
Bright images of you my mind did draw,
Long ere my eyes the lovely object saw.
Nor wonder that, with the swift-winged dart,
At such a distance you could wound my heart:
So Fate ordain'd; and lest you fight with Fate,
Hear and believe the truth I shall relate.
Now in my mother's womb shut up I lay,
Her fatal burthen longing for the day,
When she in a mysterious dream was told,
Her teeming womb a burning torch did hold;
Frighted she rises, and her vision she
To Priam tells, and to his prophets he;
They sing, that I all Troy should set on fire;
But sure Fate meant the flames of my desire.
For fear of this, among the swains expos'd,
My native greatness every thing disclos'd.
Beauty, and strength, and courage, join'd in one,
Through all disguise, spoke me a monarch's son.
A place there is in Ida's thickest grove,
With oaks and fir-trees shaded all above,
The grass here grows untouched by bleating flocks,
Or mountain goat, or the laborious ox. [pride,
From hence Troy's towers, magnificence, and
Leaning against an aged oak, I spy'd.
When straight methought I heard the trembling ground
With the strange noise of trampling feet resound.
In the same instant Jove's great messenger,
On all his wings borne through the yielding air,
Lighting before my wondering eyes did stand,
His golden rod shone in his sacred hand:
With him three charming goddesses there came,
Juno, and Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.
With an unusual fear I stood amaz'd,
Till thus the god my sinking courage rais'd:
"Fear not; thou art Jove's substitute below,
The prize of heavenly beauty to bestow;
Contending goddesses appeal to you,
Decide their strife." He spake, and up he flew,
Then, bolder grown, I throw my fears away,
And every one with curious eyes survey:
Each of them merited the victory,
And I their doubtful judge was griev'd to see,
That one must have it, when deserv'd by three.
But yet that one there was which most prevail'd,
And with more powerful charms my heart assail'd:
Ah! would you know who thus my breast could move?
Who could it be but the fair queen of love?
With mighty bribes they all for conquest strive,
Juno will empires, Pallas valour give,
Whilst I stand doubting which I should prefer,
Empire's soft ease, or glorious toils of war;
But Venus gently smil'd, and thus she spake:
"They're dangerous gifts: O do not, do not take!
I'll make thee love's immortal pleasures know,
And joys that in full tides for ever flow.
For, if you judge the conquest to be mine,
Fair Leda's fairer daughter shall be thine."
She spake; and I gave her the conquest due,
Both to her beauty, and her gift of you.
Meanwhile (my angry stars more gentle grown)
I am acknowledg'd royal Priam's son.
All the glad court, all Troy does celebrate,
With a new festival, my change of fate.
And as I now languish and die for thee,
So did the beauties of all Troy for me.
You o'er a heart with sovereign power do reign;
For which a thousand virgins sigh'd in vain:
Nor did queens only fly to my embrace,
But nymphs of form divine, and heavenly race.
I all their loves with cold disdain represt,
Since hopes of you first fir'd my longing breast.
Your charming form all day my fancy drew,
And when night came, my dreams were all of you.
What pleasures then must you yourself impart,
Whose shadows only so surpris'd my heart!
And oh! how did I burn approaching nigher,
That was so scorch'd by so remote a fire!
For now no longer could my hopes refrain
From seeking their wish'd object through the main.
I fell the stately pine, and every tree
That best was fit to cut the yielding sea,
Fetch'd from Gargarian hills, tall firs I cleave,
And Ida naked to the winds I leave,
Stiff oaks I bend, and solid planks I form,
And every ship with well-knit ribs I arm.
To the tall mast I sails and streamers join,
And the gay poops with painted gods do shine.
But on my ship does only Venus stand
With little Cupid smiling in her hand,
Guide of the way she did herself command.
My fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,
I long to plow the vast Ægéan sea;
My anxious parents my desires withstand,
And both with pious tears my stay command.
Cassandra too, with loose dishevel'd hair,
Just as our hasty ships to sail prepare,
Full of prophetic fury cries aloud,
"O whither steers my brother through the flood?
Little, ah! little dost thou know or heed
To what a raging fire these waters lead!"
True were her fears, and in my breast I feel
The scorching flames her fury did foretel.

Yet out I sail, and, favoured by the wind,
On your blest shore my wish'd-for haven find;
Your husband then, so Heaven, kind Heaven ordains,
In his own house his rival entertains,
Shows me whate'er in Sparta does delight
The curious traveller's inquiring sight:
But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
Could taste no pleasure in the idle shew.
But at thy sight, oh! where was then my heart!
Out from my breast it gave a sudden start,
Sprung forth and met half way the fatal dart.
Such or less charming was the queen of love,
When with her rival goddesses she strove.
But, fairest, hadst thou come among the three,
Ev'n she the prize must have resign'd to thee.
Your beauty is the only theme of Fame,
And all the world sounds with fair Helen's name:
Nor lives there she whom pride itself can raise
To claim with you an equal share of praise.
Do I speak false? Rather Report does so,
Detracting from you in a praise too low.
More here I find than that could ever tell,
So much your beauty does your fame excel.
Well then might Theseus, he who all things knew,
Think none was worthy of his theft but you;
I this bold theft admire; but wonder more
He ever would so dear a prize restore:
Ah! would these hands have ever let you go?
Or could live, and be divorc'd from you?
No; sooner I with life itself could part,
Than e'er see you torn from my bleeding heart.
But could I do as he, and give you back,
Yet sure some taste of love I first would take,
Would first, in all your blooming excellence
And virgin sweets, feast my luxurious sense;
Or if you would not let that treasure go,
Kisses at least you should, you would bestow,
And let me smell the flower as it did grow.
Come then into my longing arms, and try
My lasting, fix'd, eternal constancy,
Which never till my funeral pile shall waste;
My present fire shall mingle with my last.
Sceptres and crowns for you I did disdain,
With which great Juno tempted me in vain.
And when bright Pallas did her bribes prepare,
One soft embrace from you I did prefer
To courage, strength, and all the pomp of war.
Nor shall I ever think my choice was ill,
My judgment's settled, and approves it still.
Do you but grant my hopes may prove as true,
As they were plac'd above all things but you.
I am, as well as you, of heavenly race,
Nor will my birth your mighty line disgrace.
Pallas and Jove our noble lineage head,
And them a race of godlike kings succeed.
All Asia's sceptres to my father bow,
And half the spacious East his power allow.
There you shall see the houses roof'd with gold,
And temples glorious as the gods they hold.
Troy you shall see; and walls divine admire,
Built to the concert of Apollo's lyre.
What need I the vast flood of people tell,
That over its wide banks does almost swell?
You shall gay troops of Phrygian matrons meet,
And Trojan wives shining in every street.
How often then will you yourself confess
The emptiness and poverty of Greece!
How often will you say, one palace there
Contains more wealth than do whole cities here!
I speak not this, your Sparta to disgrace,
For wheresoe'er your life began its race
Must be to me the happiest, dearest place.
Yet Sparta's poor; and you, that should be drest
In all the riches of the shining East,
Should understand how ill that sordid place
Suits with the beauty of your charming face;
That face with costly dress and rich attire
Should shine, and make the gazing world admire.
When you the habit of my Trojans see,
What, think you, must that of their ladies be?
Oh! then be kind, fair Spartan, nor disdain
A Trojan in your bed to entertain.
He was a Trojan, and of our great line,
That to the gods does mix immortal wine;
Tithonus too, whom to her rosy bed
The goddess of the Morning blushing led;
So was Anchises of our Trojan race,
Yet Venus' self to his desir'd embrace,
With all her train of little Loves, did fly,
And in his arms learn'd for a while to lie.
Nor do I think that Menelaus can,
Compar'd with me, appear the greater man.
I'm sure my father never made the Sun
With frighted steeds from his dire banquet run:
No grandfather of mine is stain'd with blood,
Or with his crime names the Myrtoan flood.
None of our race does in the Stygian lake
Snatch at those apples he wants power to take.
But stay; since you with such a husband join,
Your father Jove is forc'd to grace his line.
He (gods!) a wretch unworthy of those charms
Does all the night lie melting in your arms,
Does every minute to new joys improve,
And riots in the luscious sweets of love.
I but at table one short view can gain,
And that too, only to increase my pain:
O may such feasts my worst of foes attend,
As often I at your spread table find.
I loath my food, when my tormented eye
Sees his rude hand in your soft bosom lie.
I burst with envy when I him behold
Your tender limbs in his loose robe infold.
When he your lips with melting kisses seal'd,
Before my eyes I the large goblet held.
When you with him in strict embraces close,
My hated meat to my dry'd palate grows.
Oft have I sigh'd, then sigh'd again, to see
That sigh with scornful smiles repaid by thee.
Oft I with wine would quench my hot desire:
In vain; for so I added fire to fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,
You straight recall'd my longing eyes again.
What shall I do? Your sports with grief I see,
But it's a greater, not to look on thee.
With all my art I strive my flames to hide,
But through the thin disguise they are descry'd.
Too well, alas! my wounds to you are known,
And O that they were so to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,
Lest he the cause should ask, and I betray!
What tales of love tell I, when warm'd with wine,
To your dear face applying every line!
In borrow'd names I my own passion shew:
They the feign'd lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes, more freedom in discourse to gain,
For my excuse I drunkenness would feign,
Once I remember your loose garment fell,
And did your naked, swelling breasts reveal,

Breasts white as snow, or the false down of Jove,
When to your mother the kind swan made love:
Whilst, with the sight surpris'd, I gazing stand,
The cup I held dropt from my careless hand.
If you your young Hermione but kiss,
Straight from her lips I snatch the envy'd bliss.
Sometimes supinely laid, love songs I sing,
And wafted kisses from my fingers fling.
Your women to my aid I try to move
With all the powerful rhetoric of love;
But they, alas! speak nothing but despair,
And in the midst leave my neglected prayer.
Oh! that by some great prize you might be won,
And your possession might the victor crown,
As Pelops his Hippodamia won:
Then had you seen what I for you had done:
But now I've nothing left to do but pray,
And myself prostrate at your feet to lay.
O thou, thy house's glory, brighter far
Than thy two shining brothers' friendly star!
O worthy of the bed of Heaven's great king,
If aught so fair but from himself could spring!
Either with thee I back to Troy will fly,
Or here a wretched banish'd lover die.
With no slight wound my tender breast does smart,
My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart;
I find my sister true did prophesy,
I with a heavenly dart should wounded die;
Despise not then a love by Heaven design'd,
So may the gods still to your vows be kind!
Much I could say; but what, will best be known
In your apartment, when we are alone.
You blush, and, with a superstitious dread,
Fear to defile the sacred marriage bed:
Ah! Helen, can you then so simple be,
To think such beauty can from faults be free?
Or change that face, or you must needs be kind;
Beauty and Virtue seldom have been join'd.
Jove and bright Venus do our thefts approve,
Such thefts as these gave you your father Jove.
And if in you aught of your parents last,
Can Jove and Leda's daughter well be chaste?
Yet then be chaste when we to Troy shall go
(For she who sins with one alone, is so):
But let us now enjoy that pleasing sin,
Then marry, and be innocent again.
Ev'n your own husband doth the same persuade,
Silent himself, yet all his actions plead:
For me they plead, and he, good man! because
He 'll spoil no sport, officiously withdraws.
Had he no other time to visit Crete?
Oh! how prodigious is a husband's wit!
He went; and, as he went, he cry'd, "My dear
Instead of me, you of your guest take care!"
But you forget your lord's command, I see,
Nor take you any care of Love or me.
And think you such a thing as he does know
The treasure that he holds in holding you?
No; did he understand but half your charms,
He durst not trust them in a stranger's arms.
If neither his nor my request can move,
We 're forc'd by opportunity to love;
We should be fools, ev'n greater fools than he,
Should so secure a time unactive be.
Alone these tedious winter nights you lie
In a cold widow'd bed, and so do I.
Let mutual joys our willing bodies join,
That happy night shall the mid-day out-shine.
Then will I swear by all the powers above,
And in their awful presence seal my love.
Then, if my wishes may aspire so high,
I with our flight shall win you to comply;
But, if nice honour little scruples frame,
The force I'll use shall vindicate your fame.
Of Theseus and your brothers I can learn,
No precedents so nearly you concern:
You Theseus, they Leucippus' daughter stole;
I 'll be the fourth in the illustrious roll.
Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my fleet does stay,
And waiting winds murmur at our delay.
Through Troy's throng'd streets you shall in triumph go,
Ador'd as some new goddess here below.
Where'er you tread, spices and gums shall smoke,
And victims fall beneath the fatal stroke.
My father, mother, all the joyful court,
All Troy, to you with presents shall resort.
Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have said;
What there you 'll find, shall what I write exceed.
Nor fear, lest war pursue our hasty flight,
And angry Greece should all her force unite.
What ravish'd maid did ever wars regain?
Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.
The Thracians Orithya stole from far,
Yet Thrace ne'er heard the noise of following war.
Jason too stole away the Colchian maid,
Yet Colchos did not Thessaly invade.
He who stole you, stole Ariadne too,
Yet Minos did not with all Crete pursue.
Fear in these cases than the danger's more,
And, when the threatening tempest once is o'er,
Our shame 's then greater than our fear before.
But say from Greece a threaten'd war pursue,
Know I have strength and wounding weapons too.
In men and horse more numerous than Greece
Our empire is, nor in its compass less.
Nor does your husband Paris aught excel
In generous courage, or in martial skill.
Ev'n but a boy, from my slain foes I gain'd
My stol'n herd, and a new name attain'd;
Ev'n then, o'ercome by me, I could produce
Deïphobus and great Ilioneus.
Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I,
Than when from far my certain arrows fly.
You for his youth can no such actions feign,
Nor can he e'er my envy'd skill attain.
But could he, Hector's your security,
And he alone an army is to me.
You know me not, nor the hid prowess find
Of him that Heaven has for your bed design'd.
Either no war from Greece shall follow thee,
Or, if it does, shall be repell'd by me.
Nor think I fear to fight for such a wife,
That prize would give the coward's courage life.
All after-ages shall your fame admire,
If you alone set the whole world on fire.
To sea, to sea, while all the gods are kind,
And all I promise, you in Troy shall find.

THE EPISTLE OF
ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE,
TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Acontius in the temple of Diana at Delos (famous for the resort of the most beautiful virgins of all Greece) fell in love with Cydippe, a lady of

quality much above his own; not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this device to obtain her: he writes, upon the fairest apple that could be procured, a couple of verses to this effect:

"I swear, by chaste Diana, I will be
In sacred wedlock ever join'd to thee:"

and throws it at the feet of the young lady; she, suspecting not the deceit, takes it up and reads it, and therein promises herself in marriage to Acontius; there being a law there in force, that whatever any person should swear in the temple of Diana of Delos, should stand good, and be inviolably observed: but her father, not knowing what had past, and having not long after promised her to another, just as the solemnities of marriage were to be performed, she was taken with a sudden and violent fever, which Acontius endeavours to persuade her was sent from Diana, as a punishment of the breach of the vow made in her presence. And this, with the rest of the arguments which on such occasion would occur to a lover, is the subject of the following epistle.

READ boldly this; here you shall swear no more,
For that's enough which you have sworn before.
Read it; so may that violent disease,
Which thy dear body, but my soul doth seize,
Foget its too-long practis'd cruelty,
And health to you restore, and you to me.
Why do you blush? for blush you do, I fear,
As when you first did in the temple swear:
Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim,
And truth can never be the cause of shame:
Shame lives with Guilt; but you your virtue prove
In favouring mine, for mine's a husband's love.
Ah! to yourself those binding words repeat
That once your wishing eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
When th' apple brought them dancing to your feet.
There you will find the solemn vow you made,
Which if your health or mine can aught persuade,
You to perform should rather mindful be,
Than great Diana to revenge on thee.
My fears for you increase with my desire,
And Hope blows that already raging fire;
For hope you gave, nor can you this deny,
For the great goddess of the fane was by;
She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd shrine
A sudden kind auspicious light did shine:
Her statue seem'd to nod its awful head,
And give its glad consent to what you said:
Now, if you please, accuse my prosperous cheat,
Yet still confess 'twas Love that taught me it:
In that deceit what did I else design
But with your own consent to make you mine?
What you my crime, I call my innocence,
Since loving you has been my sole offence.
Nor Nature gave me, nor has practice taught,
The nets with which young virgins' hearts are caught,
You, my accuser, taught me to deceive,
And Love, with you, did his assistance give;
For Love stood by, and smiling bad me write
The cunning words he did himself indite:
Again, you see, I write by his command,
He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand,
Again such kind, such loving words I send,
As makes me fear that I again offend:
Yet, if my love 's my crime, I must confess,
Great is my guilt, but never shall be less.
Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,
In finding out new paths to reach thy love!
A thousand ways to that steep mountain lead,
Though hard to find, and difficult to tread.
All these will I find out, and break through all,
For which, my flames compar'd, the danger's small.
The gods alone know what the end will be,
Yet, if we mortals any thing foresee,
One way or other you must yield to me.
If all my arts should fail, to arms I 'll fly,
And snatch by force what you my prayers deny:
I all those heroes mighty acts applaud,
Who first have led me this illustrious road.
I too—but hold, death the reward will be;
Death be it then!——
For to lose you is more than death to me.
Were you less fair, I 'd use the vulgar way
Of tedious courtship, and of dull delay.
But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
And something wondrous as itself inspires;
Those eyes that all the heavenly lights out-shine,
(Which, oh! may'st thou behold and love in mine!)
Those snowy arms, which on my neck should fall,
If you the vows you made regard at all,
That modest sweetness and becoming grace,
That paints with living red your blushing face,
Those feet, with which they only can compare,
That through the silver flood bright Thetis bear:
Do all conspire my madness to excite,
With all the rest that is deny'd to sight:
Which could I praise, alike I then were blest,
And all the storms of my vex'd soul at rest:
No wonder then, if, with such beauty fir'd,
I of your love the sacred pledge desir'd.
Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
Your very frowns all others' smiles excel;
But give me leave that anger to appease,
By my submission that my love did raise.
Your pardon prostrate at your feet I 'll crave,
The humble posture of your guilty slave.
With falling tears your fiery rage I 'll cool,
And lay the rising tempest of your soul.
Why in my absence are you thus severe?
Summon'd at your tribunal to appear
For all my crimes, I 'd gladly suffer there:
With pride whatever you inflict receive,
And love the wounds those hands vouchsafe to give.
Your fetters too—but they, alas! are vain,
For Love has bound me, and I hug my chain:
Your hardest laws with patience I 'll obey,
Till you yourself at last relent, and say,
When all my sufferings you with pity see,
"He that can love so well, is worthy me!"
But, if all this should unsuccessful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd love.
O may my fears be false! yet she delights
In just revenge of her abused rites.
I dread to hide, what yet to speak I dread,
Lest you should think that for myself I plead.
Yet out it must:—'Tis this, 'tis surely this,
That is the fuel to your hot disease:
When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,
Her fatal messenger the goddess sends;
And when you would to his kind call consent,
This fever does your perjury prevent.
Forbear, forbear, thus to provoke her rage,
Which you so easily may yet assuage:

Forbear to make that lovely charming face
The prey to every envious disease:
Preserve those looks to be enjoy'd by me,
Which none should ever but with wonder see:
Let that fresh colour to your cheeks return,
Whose glowing flame did all beholders burn:
But let on him, th' unhappy cause of all
The ills that from Diana's anger fall,
No greater torments light than those I feel,
When you, my dearest, tenderest part, are ill.
For, oh! with what dire tortures am I rack'd,
Whom different griefs successively distract!
Sometimes my grief from this does higher grow,
To think that I have caus'd so much to you.
Then, great Diana's witness, how I pray
That all our crimes on me alone she 'd lay!
Sometimes to your lov'd doors disguis'd I come,
And all around them up and down I roam;
Till I your woman coming from you spy,
With looks dejected, and a weeping eye.
With silent steps, like some sad ghost, I steal
Close up to her, and urge her to reveal
More than new questions suffer her to tell:
How you had slept, what diet you had us'd?
And oft the vain physician's art accus'd.
He every hour (oh, were I blest as he!)
Does all the turns of your distemper see.
Why sit not I by your bed-side all day,
My mournful head in your warm bosom lay,
Till with my tears the inward fires decay?
Why press not I your melting hand in mine,
And from your pulse of my own health divine?
But, oh! these wishes all are vain; and he
Whom most I fear, may now sit close by thee,
Forgetful as thou art of Heaven and me.
He that lov'd hand doth press, and oft doth feign
Some new excuse to feel thy beating vein.
Then his bold hand up to your arm doth slide,
And in your panting breast itself does hide;
Kisses sometimes he snatches too from thee,
For his officious care too great a fee.
Robber, who gave thee leave, to taste that lip,
And the ripe harvest of my kisses reap?
For they are mine, so is that bosom too,
Which, false as 'tis, shall never harbour you:
Take, take away those thy adulterous hands,
For know, another lord that breast commands.
'Tis true, her father promis'd her to thee,
But Heaven and she first gave herself to me:
And you in justice therefore should decline
Your claim to that which is already mine.
This is the man, Cydippe, that excites
Diana's rage, to vindicate her rites.
Command him then not to approach thy door;
This done, the danger of your death is o'er.
For fear not, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,
Which great Diana heard, and did allow.
And she who took it, will thy health restore,
And be propitious as she was before.
'Tis not the steam of a slain heifer's blood
That can allay the anger of a god:
'Tis truth, and justice to your vows, appease
Their angry deities; and without these
No slaughter'd beast their fury can divert,
For that's a sacrifice without a heart.
Some, bitter potions patiently endure,
And kiss the wounding lance that works their cure:
You have no need these cruel cures to feel,
Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
Why let you still your pious parents weep,
Whom you in ignorance of your promise keep?
Oh! to your mother all our story tell,
And the whole progress of our love reveal:
Tell her how first, at great Diana's shrine,
I fix'd my eyes, my wondering eyes, on thine:
How like the statues there I stood amaz'd,
Whilst on thy face intemperately I gaz'd.
She will herself, when you my tale repeat,
Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.
"Marry," she'll say, "whom Heaven commends to thee,
He, who has pleas'd Diana, pleases me."
But should she ask from what descent I came,
My country, and my parents, and my name;
Tell her, that none of these deserve my shame.
Had you not sworn, you such a one might choose;
But, were he worse, now sworn, you can't refuse.
This in my dreams Diana bade me write,
And when I wak'd, sent Cupid to indite.
Obey them both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity see,
She too will soon relent that wounded thee.
Then to our joys with eager haste we 'll move,
As full of beauty you, as I of love:
To the great temple we 'll in triumph go,
And with our offerings at the altar bow.
A golden image there I 'll consecrate,
Of the false apple's innocent deceit;
And write below the happy verse that came
The messenger of my successful flame:
"Let all the world this from Acontius know,
Cydippe has been faithful to her vow."
More I could write! but, since thy illness reigns,
And racks thy tender limbs with sharpest pains,
My pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,
Although for me too little, yet too much for thee.

JUVENAL, SAT. IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet in this satire first brings in Crispinus, whom he had a lash at in his first satire, and whom he promises here not to be forgetful of for the future. He exposes his monstrous prodigality and luxury, in giving the price of an estate for a barbel: and from thence takes occasion to introduce the principal subject and true design of this satire, which is grounded upon a ridiculous story of a turbot presented to Domitian, of so vast a bigness, that all the emperor's scullery had not a dish large enough to hold it: upon which the senate in all haste is summoned, to consult, in this exigency, what is fittest to be done. The poet gives us a particular of the senators' names, their distinct characters, and speeches, and advice; and, after much and wise consultation, an expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the senate, and concludes the satire.

Once more Crispinus call'd upon the stage
(Nor shall once more suffice) provokes my rage:
A monster, to whom every vice lays claim,
Without one virtue to redeem his fame.
Feeble and sick, yet strong in lust alone,
The rank adulterer preys on all the town,
All but the widows' nauseous charms go down.

What matter then how stately is the arch [march?
Where his tir'd mules slow with their burthen
What matter then how thick and long the shade
Through which he is by sweating slaves convey'd?
How many acres near the city walls
Or new-built palaces, his own he calls?
No ill man's happy; least of all is he
Whose study 'tis to corrupt chastity;
Th' incestuous brute, who the veil'd vestal maid
But lately to his impious bed betray'd,
Who for his crime, if laws their course might have,
Ought to descend alive into the grave[1].
But now of slighter faults; and yet the same
By others done, the censor's justice claim.
For what good men ignoble count and base,
Is virtue here, and does Crispinus grace:
In this he 's safe, whate'er we write of him,
The person is more odious than the crime.
And so all satire's lost. The lavish slave
Six thousand pieces[2] for a barbel gave:
A sesterce for each pound it weigh'd, as they
Gave out, that hear great things, but greater say.
If, by this bribe well plac'd, he would ensnare
Some sapless usurer that wants an heir,
Or if this present the sly courtier meant
Should to some punk of quality be sent,
That in her easy chair in state does ride,
The glasses all drawn up on every side,
I'd praise his cunning; but expect not this,
For his own gut he bought the stately fish.
Now even Apicius[3] frugal seems, and poor,
Outvy'd in luxury unknown before.
Gave you, Crispinus, you this mighty sum;
You that, for want of other rags, did come
In your own country paper wrapp'd to Rome?
Do scales and fins bear price to this excess?
You might have bought the fishermen for less.
For less some provinces whole acres sell!
Nay, in Apulia[4], if you bargain well,
A manor would cost less than such a meal.
What think we then of this luxurious lord[5]?
What banquets loaded that imperial board?
When, in one dish, that, taken from the rest,
His constant table would have hardly miss'd,
So many sesterces were swallow'd down,
To stuff one scarlet-coated court buffoon,
Whom Rome of all her knights now chiefest greets,
From crying stinking fish about her streets.
Begin, Calliope, but not to sing:
Plain, honest truth we for our subject bring.
Help then, ye young Pierian maids, to tell
A downright narrative of what befell,
Afford me willingly your sacred aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have styl'd you maids.
When he, with whom the Flavian race decay'd[6],
The groaning world with iron sceptre sway'd,
When a bald Nero[7] reign'd, and servile Rome obey'd,

[1] Crispinus had seduced a vestal virgin; and, by the law of Numa, should have been buried alive.
[2] Roman sesterces.
[3] Famous for gluttony, even to a proverb. See Dr. King's Art of Cookery.
[4] Where land was remarkably cheap.
[5] Domitian.
[6] Domitian was the last and worst of that family.
[7] Domitian, from his cruelty, was called a second Nero; and, from his baldness, Calvus.

Where Venus' shrine does fair Ancona grace,
A turbot taken, of prodigious space,
Filled the extended net, not less than those
That dull Mæotis does with ice enclose;
Till, conquer'd by the Sun's prevailing ray,
It opens to the Pontic sea their way;
And throws them out unwieldy with their growth,
Fat with long ease, and a whole winter's sloth:
The wise commander of the boat and lines,
For our high priest[8] the stately prey designs;
For who that lordly fish durst sell or buy,
So many spies and court-informers nigh?
No shore but of this vermin swarms does bear,
Searchers of mud and sea-weed! that would swear
The fish had long in Cæsar's ponds been fed,
And from its lord undutifully fled,
So, justly ought to be again restor'd:
Nay, if you credit sage Palpburius'[9] word,
Or dare rely on Armillatus'[9] skill,
Whatever fish the vulgar fry excel
Belong to Cæsar, wheresoe'er they swim,
By their own worth confiscated to him.
The boatman then shall a wise present make,
And give the fish before the seizers take.
Now sickly Autumn to dry frosts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd; and fresh preserv'd the prey;
Yet with such haste the busy fishes flew,
As if with a hot south-wind corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the lake, where what remains
Of Alba still her ancient rites retains,
Still worships Vesta, though an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd Trojan fire decay. [sort,
The wondering crowd, that to strange sights re-
And choak'd a while his passage to the court,
At length gives way; ope flies the palace-gate,
The turbot enters in, without the fathers[10] wait;
The boatmen straight does to Atrides press,
And thus presents his fish, and his address:
"Accept, dread sir, this tribute from the main,
Too great for private kitchens to contain:
To your glad genius sacrifice this day,
Let common meats respectfully give way.
Haste to unload your stomachs, to receive
This turbot, that for you did only live.
So long preserv'd to be imperial food,
Glad of the net, and to be taken proud."
How fulsome this! how gross! yet this takes well,
And the vain prince with empty pride does swell.
Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,
But with belief and joy is entertain'd,
When to his face the worthless wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile court-flattery to a god has rais'd.
But oh, hard fate! the palace stores no dish
Afford, capacious of the mighty fish.
To sage debate are summon'd all the peers,
His trusty and much-hated counsellors,
In whose pale looks that ghastly terrour sat,
That haunts the dangerous friendships of the great.
The loud Liburnian[11], that the senate call'd,
"Run, run; he 's set, he 's set!" no sooner bawl'd,
But, with his robe snatcht up in haste, does come
Pegasus[12], bailiff of affrighted Rome.

[8] A title often assumed by the emperors.
[9] Both of consular degree, yet spies and informers.
[10] The senate, or *patres conscripti*.
[11] The Roman criers were usually of this country.
[12] A learned lawyer, and prefect of Rome.

What more were prefects then? The best he was,
And faithfullest expounder of the laws.
Yet in ill times thought all things manag'd best,
When Justice exercis'd her sword the least.
Old Crispus[13] next, pleasant though old, appears,
His wit nor humour yielding to his years.
His temper mild, good-nature join'd with sense,
And manners charming as his eloquence.
Who fitter for a useful friend than he,
To the great ruler of the earth and sea,
If, as his thoughts were just, his tongue were free?
If it were safe to vent his generous mind
To Rome's dire plague, and terrour of mankind;
If cruel Power could softening counsel bear,
But what's so tender as a tyrant's ear;
With whom whoever, though a favourite, spake,
At every sentence set his life at stake,
Though the discourse were of no weightier things,
Than sultry summers, or unhealthful springs?
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
With his weak arms, to stem the stronger tide.
Nor did all Rome, grown spiritless, supply
A man that for bold truth durst bravely die.
So, safe by wise complying silence, he
Ev'n in that court did fourscore summers see.
Next him Acilius, though his age the same,
With eager haste to the grand council came:
With him a youth, unworthy of the fate
That did too near his growing virtues wait,
Urg'd by the tyrant's envy, fear, or hate.
(But 'tis long since old age began to be
In noble blood no less than prodigy,
Whence 'tis I 'd rather be of giants' birth[14],
A pigmy brother to those sons of Earth.)
Unhappy youth! whom from his d-stin'd end,
No well-dissembled madness could defend,
When naked in the Alban theatre,
In Libyan bears he fixt his hunting spear.
Who sees not now through the lord's thin disguise,
That long seem'd fool, to prove at last more wise?
That stale court trick is now too open laid:
Who now admires the part old Brutus play'd[15]?
Those honest times might swallow this pretence,
When the king's beard was deeper than his sense.
Next Rubrius came, though not of noble race,
With equal marks of terrour in his face.
Pale with the gnawing guilt and inward shame
Of an old crime, that is not fit to name.
Worse, yet in scandal taking more delight,
Than the vile pathic[16] that durst satire write.
Montanus' belly next, advancing slow
Before the sweating senator, did go.
Crispinus after, but much sweeter comes,
Scented with costly oils and eastern gums,
More than would serve two funerals for perfumes.
Then Pompey, none more skill'd in the court-game
Of cutting throats with a soft whisper, came.
Next Fuscus[17], he who many a peaceful day
For Dacian vultures was reserv'd a prey,
Till, having study'd war enough at home,
He led abroad th' unhappy arms of Rome.

Cunning Vejento next, and by his side
Bloody Catullus leaning on his guide.
Decrepit, yet a furious lover he,
And deeply smit with charms he could not see.
A monster, that ev'n this worst age outvies,
Conspicuous, and above the common size.
A blind base flatterer, from some bridge or gate[18],
Rais'd to a murdering minister of state;
Deserving still to beg upon the road,
And bless each passing waggon and its load.
None more admir'd the fish; he in its praise
With zeal his voice, with zeal his hands did raise;
But to the left all his fine things did say,
Whilst on his right the unseen turbot lay.
So he the fam'd Cilician fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with wonder seem'd amaz'd:
So did the scenes and stage machines admire,
And boys that flew through canvass clouds in wire.
Nor came Vejento short; but, as inspir'd
By thee, Bellona, by thy fury fir'd,
Turns prophet. "See the mighty omen, see,"
He cries, "of some illustrious victory!
Some captive king thee his new lord shall own;
Or from his British chariot headlong thrown
The proud Arviragus come tumbling down!
The monster's foreign. Mark the pointed spears
That from thy hand on his pierc'd back he wears!"
Who nobler could, or plainer things presage?
Yet one thing 'scap'd him, the prophetic rage
Show'd not the turbot's country, nor its age.
At length by Cæsar the grand question 's put:
"My lords, your judgement; shall the fish be cut?"
"Far be it, far from us," Montanus cries;
"Let 's not dishonour thus the noble prize!
A pot of finest earth, thin, deep, and wide,
Some skilful quick Prometheus must provide.
Clay and the forming wheel prepare with speed.
But, Cæsar, be it from henceforth decreed,
That potters on the royal progress wait,
T' assist in these emergencies of state."
This counsel pleas'd; nor could it fail to take,
So fit, so worthy of the man that spake.
The old court riots he remember'd well;
Could tales of Nero's midnight suppers tell,
When Falern wines the labouring lungs did fire,
And to new dainties kindled false desire.
In arts of eating, none more early train'd,
None in my time had equal skill attain'd.
He, whether Circe's rock his oysters bore,
Or Lucrine lake, or the Rutupian shore,
Knew at first taste, nay at first sight could tell
A crab or lobster's country by its shell.
They rise; and straight all, with respectful awe,
At the word given, obsequiously withdraw,
Whom, full of eager haste, surprise, and fear,
Our mighty prince had summon'd to appear;
As, if some news he 'd of the Catti tell,
Or that the fierce Sicambrians did rebel:
As if expresses from all parts had come
With fresh alarms threatening the fate of Rome.
What folly this! But, oh! that all the rest
Of his dire reign had thus been spent in jest;
And all that time such trifles had employ'd
In which so many nobles he destroy'd;
He safe, they unreveng'd, to the disgrace
Of the surviving, tame, patrician race!
But, when he dreadful to the rabble grew,
Him, whom so many lords had slain, they slew.

[13] Who made the jest on Domitian's killing flies.
[14] Of an obscure and unknown family.
[15] In counterfeiting madness.
[16] Nero, who charged his own crimes on Quintilians.
[17] Cornelius Fuscus, who was slain in Dacia.
[18] The common stands for beggars.

DAMON AND ALEXIS.

DAMON.

TELL me, Alexis, whence these sorrows grow?
From what hid spring do these salt torrents flow?
Why hangs the head of my afflicted swain;
Like bending lilies over-charg'd with rain?

ALEXIS.

Ah, Damon, if what you already see
Can move thy gentle breast to pity me;
How would thy sighs with mine in concert join,
How would thy tears swell up the tide of mine,
Couldst thou but see (but, oh, no light is there,
But blackest clouds of darkness and despair!)
Could'st thou but see the torments that within
Lie deeply lodg'd, and view the horrid scene!
View all the wounds, and every fatal dart
That sticks and rankles in my bleeding heart!
No more, ye swains, Love's harmless anger fear,
For he has empty'd all his quiver here.
Nor thou, kind Damon, ask me why I grieve,
But rather wonder, wonder that I live.

DAMON.

Unhappy youth! too well, alas! I know
The pangs despairing lovers undergo!

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA AND DORINDA.

WHEN first the young Alexis saw
Cælia to all the plain give law,
The haughty Cælia, in whose face
Love dwelt with fear, and pride with grace;
When every swain he saw submit
To her commanding eyes and wit,
How could th' ambitious youth aspire
To perish by a nobler fire?
With all the power of verse he strove
The lovely shepherdess to move:
Verse, in which the gods delight,
That makes nymphs love, and heroes fight;
Verse, that once rul'd all the plain,
Verse, the wishes of a swain.
How oft has Thyrsis' pipe prevail'd,
Where Egon's flocks and herds have fail'd?
Fair Amaryllis, was thy mind
Ever to Damon's wealth inclin'd;
Whilst Lycidas's gentle breast,
With love, and with a Muse possest,
Breath'd forth in verse his soft desire,
Kindling in thee his gentle fire?

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA'S SOLILOQUY.

MISTRESS of all my senses can invite,
Free as the air, and unconfin'd as light;
Queen of a thousand slaves, that fawn and bow,
And, with submissive fear, my power allow,
Should I exchange this noble state of life
To gain the vile detested name of Wife;
Should I my native liberty betray,
Call him my lord, who at my footstool lay?
No: thanks, kind Heaven, that hast my soul employ'd,
With my great sex's useful virtue, pride:
That generous pride, that noble just disdain,
That scorns the slave that would presume to reign.
Let the raw amorous scribbler of the times
Call me his Cælia in insipid rhymes;
I hate and scorn you all, proud that I am
T' revenge my sex's injuries on man.
Compar'd to all the plagues in marriage dwell,
It were preferment to lead apes in Hell.

TO SOME

DISBANDED OFFICERS,

UPON THE LATE

VOTE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HAVE we for this serv'd full nine hard campaigns?
Is this the recompense for all our pains?
Have we to the remotest parts been sent,
Bravely expos'd our lives, and fortunes spent,
To be undone at last by parliament?
Must colonels and corporals now be equal made,
And flaming sword turn'd pruning knife and spade?
T——b, S——, F——, and thousands more,
Must now return to what they were before.
No more in glittering coaches shall they ride,
No more the feathers show the coxcombs' pride.
For thee, poor ——! my Muse does kindly weep,
To see disbanded colonels grown so cheap.
So younger brothers, with fat jointures fed,
Go despicable, once their widows dead.
No ship, by tempest from her anchor torn,
Is half so lost a thing, and so forlorn.
On every stall, in every broker's shop,
Hang up the plumes of the dismantled fop;
Trophies like these we read not of in story,
By other ways the Romans got their glory.
But in this, as in all things, there's a doom,
Some die i' th' field, and others starve at home.

TO A

ROMAN CATHOLIC UPON MARRIAGE.

CENSURE and penances, excommunication,
Are bug-bear words to fright a bigot nation;
But 'tis the Church's more substantial curse,
To damn us all for better and for worse.
Falsely your church seven sacraments does frame,
Penance and matrimony are the same.

A FRAGMENT.

——AND yet he fears to use them, and be free;
Yet some have ventur'd, and why should not all?
Let villains, perjur'd, envious, and malicious,
The wretched miser and the midnight murderer;
Betrayers of their country, or their friend,
(And every guilty breast) fear endless torment,
Blue lakes of brimstone, unextinguish'd fires,
Scorpions and whips, and all that guilt deserves;

Let these, and only these, thus plague themselves.
For though they fear what neither shall nor can be,
'Tis punishment enough it makes them live,
Live, to endure the dreadful apprehension
Of death, to them so dreadful; but why dreadful,
At last to virtuous minds?——To be at rest,
To sleep, and never hear of trouble more,
Say, is this dreadful? Heart, wouldst thou be at quiet?
Dost thou thus beat for rest, and long for ease,
And not command thy friendly hand to help thee?
What hand can be so easy as thy own,
To apply the medicine that cures all diseases?

AN EPISTLE[1]

TO MR. OTWAY.

DEAR Tom, how melancholy I am grown
Since thou hast left this learned dirty town[2],
To thee by this dull letter be it known.
Whilst all my comfort, under all this care,
Are duns, and puns, and logic, and small beer.
Thou seest I'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
Or the top scene that Settle ever writ:
The sprightly court that wander up and down
From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
All, all are fled; but them I well can spare,
For I'm so dull I have no business there.
I have forgot whatever there I knew,
Why men one stocking tye with ribbon blue:
Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
That at their breasts hang dangling by a string;
(Yet stay, I think that I to mind recal,
For once[3] a squirt was rais'd by Windsor wall).
I know no officer of court; nay more,
No dog of court, their favourite before.
Should Veny fawn, I should not understand her,
Nor who committed incest for Legander.
Unpolish'd thus, an arrant scholar grown,
What should I do but sit and coo alone,
And thee, my absent mate, for ever moan.
Thus 'tis sometimes, and sorrow plays its part,
Till other thoughts of thee revive my heart.
For, whilst with wit, with women, and with wine,
Thy glad heart beats, and noble face does shine,
Thy joys we at this distance feel and know;
Thou kindly wishest it with us were so.
Then thee we name; this heard, cries James, "For him,
Leap up, thou sparkling wine, and kiss the brim:
Crosses attend the man who dares to flinch,
Great as that man deserves who drinks not Finch."
But these are empty joys, without you two,
We drink your names, alas! but where are you?
My dear, whom I more cherish in my breast
Than by thy own soft Muse can be exprest;
True to thy word, afford one visit more,
Else I shall grow, from him thou lov'dst before,
A greasy blockhead fellow in a gown,
(Such as is, sir, a cousin of your own)
With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
And wit that at a quibble never fails.

[1] In answer to one in Otway's Poems.
[2] Mr. Duke was then at Cambridge.
[3] Sir Samuel Moreland. *DUKE.*

AD THOMAM OTWAY.

MUSARUM nostrûmque decus, charissime Thoma,
O animæ melior pars, Otoæe, meæ;
Accipe quæ sacri tristes ad littora Cami
Avulsi vestro flevimus à gremio.
Quot mihi tunc gemitus ex imo pectore ducti,
Perque meas lacrymæ quot cecidere genas,
Et salices testes, & plurima testis arundo,
Et Camus pigro tristior amne fluens.
Audiit ipse etenim Deus, & miserata dolores
Lubrica paulisper constitit unda meos.
Tunc ego; vos nymphæ viridi circumlita musco
Atria quæ colitis, tuque, verende Deus,
Audite O qualem absentem ploramus amicum,
Audite ut lacrymis auctior amnis eat.
Pectoris is candore nives, constantibus arcti
Stellam animis, certâ fata vel ipsa fide;
Ille & Amore columbas, ille & Marte leones
Vincit, Pierias ingenioque Deas,
Sive vocat jocus, & charites, & libera vini
Gaudia, cumque suâ matre sonandus Amor.
Ille potest etiam numeros æquare canendo
Sive tuos, Ovidi, sive, Catulle, tuos.
Sive admirantis moderatur fræna theatri,
Itque cothurnato Musa superba pede,
Fulmina vel Sophoclis Lycophrontæasve tenebras,
Carminis aut fastus, Æschyle magne, tui,
Vincit munditiis & majestate decorâ,
Tam bene naturam pingere docta manus,
Hæc ego, cum spectans labentia flumina, versus
Venere in mentem, magne poeta tui.

"Who for preferments," &c.

[See Otway's Poems.]

"Premia quis meritis ingratâ expectet *ab Aulâ*,
Omnia ubi exiguam captat simul Aulicus escam
Gobio? quis piscis sapientior illa vadosa
Fulminis angusti coleret loca, pisciculorum
Esurientem inter, trepidantemque inter acervum,
Qui dum quisque micat, medicatam ut glutiat offam,
Trudunt, impellunt, truduntur, & impelluntur;
Nec potius, latum gremio quâ flumen aperto
Invitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis,
Et requiem, & muscos virides, pulchramque vocatus
Ad libertatem prono delabitur alveo?"

Quos tibi pro tali persolvam carmine grates,
O animi interpres, magne Poeta, mei!
Nos neque solicitæ Natura effinxit ad urbis
Officia, aut fraudes, Aula dolosa, tuas:
Nos procul à cœno, & strepitu, fumoque remotos,
Cum Venere & Musis myrtea scena tegat!
Nos paribus cantare animis permittat Apollo
Flammas neque tuas, teque, Otoæe, meas.
Ergone me penitus vestris hærere medullis,
Ergone sincerus me tibi junxit Amor?
Tu quoque, tu nostris habitas, mea vita, medullis,
Teque meo æternus pectore figit Amor.

In another place.

Qualia tu scribis, vel qualia Carolus ille
Noster, amor Phœbi, Pieridumque decus

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM KING.

THE

LIFE OF KING.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM KING was born in London in 1663; the son of Ezekiel King, a gentleman. He was allied to the family of Clarendon.

From Westminster-school, where he was a scholar on the foundation under the care of Dr. Busby, he was at eighteen elected to Christ Church, in 1681; where he is said to have prosecuted his studies with so much intenseness and activity, that before he was eight years standing he had read over, and made remarks upon, twenty-two thousand odd hundred books and manuscripts[1]. The books were certainly not very long, the manuscripts not very difficult, nor the remarks very large; for the calculator will find, that he dispatched seven a day for every day of his eight years, with a remnant that more than satisfies most other students. He took his degree in the most expensive manner, as a *grand compounder;* whence it is inferred, that he inherited a considerable fortune.

In 1688, the same year in which he was made master of arts, he published a confutation of Varilla's account of Wickliffe; and, engaging in the study of the civil law, became doctor in 1692, and was admitted advocate at Doctors Commons.

He had already made some translations from the French, and written some humorous and satirical pieces; when, in 1694, Molesworth published his Account of Denmark, in which he treats the Danes and their monarch with great contempt; and takes the opportunity of insinuating those wild principles, by which he supposes liberty to be established, and by which his adversaries suspect that all subordination and government is endangered.

This book offended prince George; and the Danish minister presented a memorial against it. The principles of its author did not please Dr. King; and therefore he undertook to confute part, and laugh at the rest. The controversy is now forgotten: and books of this kind seldom live long, when interest and resentment have ceased.

In 1697, he mingled in the controversy between Boyle and Bentley; and was one of those who tried what wit could perform in opposition to learning, on a question which learning only could decide.

[1] This appears by his Adversaria, printed in his works, edit. 1776, 3 vols. C.

In 1699, was published by him A Journey to London, after the method of Dr. Martin Lister, who had published A Journey to Paris. And, in 1700, he satirised the Royal Society, at least sir Hans Sloane their president, in two dialogues, entituled The Transactioner.

Though he was a regular advocate in the courts of civil and canon law, he did not love his profession, nor indeed any kind of business which interrupted his voluptuary dreams, or forced him to rouse from that indulgence in which only he could find delight. His reputation as a civilian was yet maintained by his judgements in the courts of delegates, and raised very high by the address and knowledge which he discovered in 1700, when he defended the earl of Anglesea against his lady, afterwards dutchess of Buckinghamshire, who sued for a divorce, and obtained it.

The expense of his pleasures, and neglect of business, had now lessened his revenues; and he was willing to accept of a settlement in Ireland, where, about 1702, he was made judge of the admiralty, commissioner of the prizes, keeper of the records in Birmingham's tower, and vicar-general to Dr. Marsh, the primate.

But it is vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not stretch out his hand to take it. King soon found a friend, as idle and thoughtless as himself, in Upton, one of the judges, who had a pleasant house called Mountown, near Dublin, to which King frequently retired; delighting to neglect his interest, forget his cares, and desert his duty.

Here he wrote Mully of Mountown, a poem; by which, though fanciful readers in the pride of sagacity have given it a political interpretation, was meant originally no more than it expressed, as it was dictated only by the author's delight in the quiet of Mountown.

In 1708, when lord Wharton was sent to govern Ireland, King returned to London, with his poverty, his idleness, and his wit; and published some essays, called Useful Transactions. His voyage to the Island of Cajamai is particularly commended. He then wrote The Art of Love, a poem remarkable, notwithstanding its title, for purity of sentiment; and in 1709 imitated Horace in an Art of Cookery, which he published, with some letters to Dr. Lister.

In 1710, he appeared as a lover of the church, on the side of Sacheverell; and was supposed to have concurred at least in the projection of The Examiner. His eyes were open to all the operations of whiggism; and he bestowed some strictures upon Dr. Kennett's adulatory sermon at the funeral of the duke of Devonshire.

The History of the Heathen Gods, a book composed for schools, was written by him in 1710. The work is useful; but might have been produced without the powers of King. The next year, he published Rufinus, an historical essay; and a poem, intended to dispose the nation to think as he thought of the duke of Marlborough and his adherents.

In 1711, competence, if not plenty, was again put into his power. He was, without the trouble of attendance, or the mortification of a request, made gazetteer. Swift, Freind, Prior, and other men of the same party, brought him the key of the gazetteer's office. He was now again placed in a profitable employment, and again threw the benefit away. An act of insolvency made his business at that time particularly troublesome; and he would not wait till hurry should be at an end, but impatiently resigned it, and returned to his wonted indigence and amusements.

One of his amusements at Lambeth, where he resided, was to mortify Dr. Tenison,

the archbishop, by a public festivity, on the surrender of Dunkirk to Hill; an event with which Tenison's political bigotry did not suffer him to be delighted. King was resolved to counteract his sullenness, and at the expense of a few barrels of ale filled the neighbourhood with honest merriment.

In the autumn of 1712, his health declined; he grew weaker by degrees, and died on Christmas-day. Though his life had not been without irregularity, his principles were pure and orthodox, and his death was pious.

After this relation, it will be naturally supposed, that his poems were rather the amusements of idleness than efforts of study; that he endeavoured rather to divert than astonish; that his thoughts seldom aspired to sublimity; and that, if his verse was easy and his images familiar, he attained what he desired. His purpose is to be merry; but, perhaps, to enjoy his mirth, it may be sometimes necessary to think well of his opinions[2].

[2] Dr. Johnson appears to have made but little use of the Life of Dr. King, prefixed to his Works, in 3 vols. 1776, to which it may not be impertinent to refer the reader. His talent for humour ought to be praised in the highest terms. In that at least he yielded to none of his contemporaries. C.

THE

ART OF COOKERY;

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH

SOME LETTERS TO DR. LISTER[1] *AND OTHERS,*

OCCASIONED PRINCIPALLY BY

The Title of a Book published by the Doctor, being the Works of EPICIUS COELIUS, concerning

THE SOUPS AND SAUCES OF THE ANCIENTS.

WITH

An Extract of the greatest Curiosities contained in that Book.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

THE HONOURABLE BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1708.

[1] Of Dr. Lister's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was reprinted at Amsterdam, in 1709, by Theod. Jans. Almeloveen, under the title of Apicii Cœlii de Opsoniis & Condimentis, sive Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. Cum Annotationibus Martini Lister, è Medicis Domesticis Serenissimæ Majestatis Reginæ Annæ, & Notis selectioribus, variisque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, Rerensi, A-Van der Linden, & aliorum, ut & variarum Lectionum Libello. Editio Secunda. Dr. Askew had a copy of each edition. *N.*

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is now-a-days the hard fate of such as pretend to be authors, that they are not permitted to be masters of their own works; for, if such papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a servant or any other means, come to the hands of a bookseller, he never considers whether it be for the person's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his sentiments, whether to his style or correctness, or whether he has for some time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, so he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following poem to be so used, and printed with as much imperfection and as many mistakes, as a bookseller that has common sense could imagine should pass upon the town, especially in an age so polite and critical as the present.

These following letters and poem were at the press some time before the other paper pretending to the same title was crept out; and they had else, as the learned say, groaned under the press till such time as the sheets had one by one been perused and corrected, not only by the author, but his friends; whose judgment, as he is sensible he wants, so is he proud to own that they sometimes condescend to afford him.

For many faults, that at first seem small, yet create unpardonable errours. The number of the verse turns upon the harshness of a syllable; and the laying a stress upon improper words will make the most correct piece ridiculous. False concord, tenses, and grammar, nonsense, impropriety, and confusion, may go down with some persons; but it should not be in the power of a bookseller to lampoon an author, and tell him, "You did write all this: I have got it; and you shall stand to the scandal, and I will have the benefit." Yet this is the present case, notwithstanding there are above threescore faults of this nature; verses transposed, some added, others altered, or rather that should have been altered, and near forty omitted. The author does not value himself upon the whole; but, if he shows his esteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke persons to read so useful a treatise; if he shows his aversion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old British hospitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muskets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and Chevy Chace and The old Courtier of the Queen's were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he desires little farther, than that the reader would for the future give all such booksellers as are before spoken of no manner of encouragement.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM KING.

THE ART OF COOKERY, &c.

LETTERS TO DR. LISTER

AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

THE happiness of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I must confess, most of my other friends are so much taken up with politics or speculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leisure to peruse such parts of learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the closets of the curious. How blest are you at London, where you have new books of all sorts! whilst we, at a greater distance, being destitute of such improvements, must content ourselves with the old store, and thumb the classics as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the edition of a book by the ingenious Dr. Lister, which you say is a treatise *De Condimentis & Opsoniis Veterum*, Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients, as I take it. Give me leave to use an expression, which, though vulgar, yet upon this occasion is just and proper: You have made my mouth water, but have not sent me wherewithal to satisfy my appetite.

I have raised a thousand notions to myself, only from the title. Where could such a treasure lay hid? What manuscripts have been collated? Under what emperor was it written? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious and in some things fantastical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of *eating*?

Consider, dear sir, in what uncertainties we must remain at present. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned antiquary. I showed him your letter; which threw him into such a dubiousness, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durst not put any *catchup* in his *fish-sauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper, oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, lest, before he had seen Dr. Lister's book, he might transgress in using something not common to the ancients.

Dispatch it, therefore, to us with all speed; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the first place, it will, in some measure, remove the barbarity of our present education: for what hopes can there be of any progress in learning, whilst our gentlemen suffer their sons at Westminster, Eaton, and Winchester, to eat nothing but *salt* with their *mutton*, and *vinegar* with their *roast-beef*, upon holidays? what extensiveness can there be in their souls; especially when, upon their going thence to the university, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is seldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the same; and as to *sauces*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wished, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, besides his being groom, gardener, butler, and valet, you would see that he is endued with a greater accomplishment; for, according to our ancient author, *Quot Galli, totidem coqui*, As many Frenchmen as you have, so many cooks you may depend upon; which is very useful, where there is a numerous issue. And I doubt not but, with such tutors, and good housekeepers to provide *cake* and *sweet-meats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to see that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I say, but we may have a warlike and frugal gentry, a temperate and austere clergy, and such persons of quality, in all stations, as may best undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleet* and *armies*.

Pardon me, sir, if I break-off abruptly; for I am going to monsieur D'Avaux, a person famous for easing the tooth-ach by *avulsion*. He has promised to show me how to strike a lancet into the jugular of a *carp*, so as the blood may issue thence with the greatest effusion, and then will instantly perform the operation of stewing it in its own blood, in the presence of myself and several more virtuosi. But, let him use what *claret* he will in the performance, I will secure enough to drink your health and the rest of your friends.

I remain, sir, &c.

LETTER II.

To Mr. ——

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promise, in your last obliging letter, to obtain the happiness of my correspondence with Dr. Lister; and to that end have sent you the inclosed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

LETTER III.

To Dr. LISTER, present.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never use compliments; but I must tell you that I have a great ambition to hold a correspondence with you, especially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the ancients concerning *dentiscalps*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the use of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the instinct of Nature, which is the best mistress upon all occasions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their philosophical and mathematical observations: they searched into all the springs of action; and, though I must condemn their superstition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vast district that worshipped the *crocodile*, which is an animal, whose jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and, his habitation and business lying most in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *whitsters*[1] in Southwark, had a very good stomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain, that he had the water of Nile always ready, and consequently the opportunity of washing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occasion for other instruments to cleanse his teeth, which are serrate, or like a saw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called the *ichneumon*, which performs this office, and is so maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, seeing such an useful sagacity in the *crocodile*, which they so much reverenced, soon began to imitate it, great examples easily drawing the multitude; so that it became their constant custom to pick their teeth, and wash their mouths, after eating. I cannot find in Marsham's Dynasties, nor in the Fragments of Manethon, what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance) so venerable an usage first began: for it is the fault of great philologers, to omit such things as are most material. Whether Sesostris, in his large conquests, might extend the use of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of those ages lay very much in the dark. It is very probable that the public use of them came in about the same time that the Egyptians made use of *juries*. I find, in the preface to the Third Part of Modern Reports, that "the Chaldees had a great esteem for the number TWELVE, because there were so many signs of the Zodiac; from them this number came to the Egyptians, and so to Greece, where Mars himself was tried for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any *stone* that I have seen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them, at dinner, though it is most likely that he did; for he was a quarrelsome sort of a person, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as count Koningsmark. Now the custom of *juries* dining at an eating-house, and having glasses of water brought them with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermillion swimming at the top, being still continued, why may we not imagine, that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the *dinner* as the *juries*, and the *juries* at least as the *grand-children* of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed so grossly, that they seem to have had more occasion for *skewers* than *goose-quills*. He is very tedious in describing a Smith's forge and an anvil: where he might have been more polite, in setting out the *tooth-pick-case* or painted *snuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not been so barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but consider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when it flourished most in sumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire, from Augustus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curiosities and *toy-shops*; neither had their senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the universe, like *raffling* sometimes at colonel Parson's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conquests into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Cafre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made use of any such instrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyssinian empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame, as I shall show in my treatise of Forks and Napkins, of which I shall send you an Essay with all expedition. I shall in that treatise fully illustrate or confute this passage of Dr. Heylin, in the third book of his Cosmography, where he says of the Chinese, "That they eat their meat with two sticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; not touching it with their hands at all, and therefore no great foulers of linen. The use of silver forks with us, by some of our spruce gallants taken up of late, came from hence into Italy, and from thence into England." I cannot agree with this learned doctor in many of these particulars. For, first, the use of these *sticks* is not so much *to save linen*, as out of pure necessity; which arises from the length of their nails, which persons of great quality in those countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all possibility of working, or being serviceable to themselves or others; and therefore, if they would, they could not easily feed themselves with those claws; and I have very good authority, that in the East, and especially in Japan, the princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Besides, these sticks are of no use but for *their* sort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags. But what would those sticks signify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef*? therefore our *forks* are of quite different shape: the steel ones are bidental, and the silver generally resembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain, that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian Traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into the

[1] Whose tenter-grounds are now almost all built upon.

East Indies; and he gives a large account how, at the court of an Indian prince, he was admired for his neatness in that particular, and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife* before he returned them to their respective repositories. I could wish Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his Modern Learning, would show us how much we are improved since Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are suffered to mangle their own *pudding*; as likewise of *silver* and *gold knives*, brought in with the dessert for carving of *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indispensable necessity of a *silver knife* at the side-board, to mingle *sallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a treatise called Acetaria, concerning dressing of sallads. A noble work! But I transgress—

And yet, pardon me, good doctor, I had almost forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is so remarkable. I think I may be positive, from this verse of Juvenal, where he speaks of the Egyptians,

Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morsu,

that it was "sacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an onion." Nay, I believe, that it amounts to a demonstration, that Pharaoh Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any *carrier's sauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which sauce I have from an ancient MS. remaining at the Bull-inn in Bishopsgate-street, which runs thus:

"Take seven spoonfuls of spring-water; slice two onions of moderate size into a large saucer, and put in as much salt as you can hold at thrice betwixt your fore-finger and thumb, if large, and serve it up." *Probatum est.*

HOBSON, carrier to the university of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy person remains still at that inn; and I dare say, not only Hobson, but old Birch, and many others of that musical and delightful profession, would rather have been labourers at the pyramids with that *regale*, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increase of learning, and more especially your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. ——

SIR,

I AM now very seriously employed in a work that, I hope, may be useful to the public, which is a poem of the Art of Cookery, in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, inscribed to Dr. Lister, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live so long. I have in the mean time sent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to supper, which is the fifth epistle of his first book. Perhaps you will find so many faults in this, that you may save me the trouble of my other proposal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his generous soul confine
To a small room, few dishes, and some wine,
I shall expect my happiness at nine.
Two bottles of smooth Palm, or Anjou white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight;
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely ask;
But the Champaigne is to each man his flask.
I tell you with what force I keep the field;
And, if you can exceed it, speak; I'll yield.
The snow-white damask ensigns are display'd,
And glittering salvers on the side-board laid.
Thus we'll disperse all busy thoughts and cares,
The general's counsels, and the statesman's fears:
Nor shall sleep reign in that precedent night,
Whose joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
Sacred to British worth in Blenheim's fight.
The blessings of good-fortune seem refus'd,
Unless sometimes with generous freedom us'd.
'Tis madness, not frugality, prepares
A vast excess of wealth for squandering heirs.
Must I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
Lest the censorious world should call me rake?
Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
E'er spoke bold truths, or fram'd a great design?
That makes us fancy every face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;
Sees care disburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and every wish enjoy'd.
This I'll perform, and promise you shall see
A cleanliness from affectation free:
No noise, no hurry, when the meat's set on,
Or, when the dish is chang'd, the servants gone:
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
Whate'er you want is in the master's reach.
Then for the company, I'll see it chose;
Their emblematic signal is the rose.
If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd;
What can you hope for better from a crowd?
But I shall not prescribe. Consult your ease,
Write back your men, and number, as you please:
Try your back-stairs, and let the lobby wait:
A stratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

LETTER V.

To Mr. ——

I HERE send you what I promised, A Discourse of Cookery, after the method which Horace has taken in his Art of Poetry, which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an author to be imitated in the delivery of *precepts* for any art or *science*. He is indeed severe upon OUR sort of learning in some of his *satires*; but even there he instructs, as in the fourth satire of the second book, ver. 13.

Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
Ut succi melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
Ponere: namque marem cohibent callosa vitellum.

Choose eggs oblong; remember they'll be found
Of sweeter taste, and whiter than the round:
The firmness of that shell includes the male.

I am much of his opinion, and could only wish that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roasted eggs* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with *eggs* in the *shell*. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much easier they will sit upon your stomach. The worthy person who recommended it to me made many proselytes; and I have the vanity to think, that I have not been altogether unsuccessful.

I have in this poem used a plain, easy, familiar style, as most fit for precept; neither have I been too exact an imitator of Horace, as he himself directs. I have not consulted any of his translators; neither Mr. Oldham, whose copiousness runs into paraphrase; nor Ben Jonson, who is admirable for his close following of the original; nor yet the lord Roscommon, so excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very design and soul of that author. I considered, that I went upon a new undertaking; and though I do not value myself upon it so much as Lucretius did, yet I dare say it is more innocent and inoffensive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and sententious, I have so far taken liberty as to pass over some of them; for I consider the nature and temper of cooks, who are not of the most patient disposition, as their under-servants too often experience. I wish I might prevail with them to moderate their passions, which will be the greater conquest, seeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidst the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his Art of Poetry, which is one of the most accurate pieces that he or any other author has written, there is a secret connection in reality, though he doth not express it too plainly; and therefore this imitation of it has many breaks in it. If such as shall condescend to read this poem would at the same time consult Horace's original Latin, or some of the aforementioned translators, they would find at least this benefit, that they would recollect those excellent instructions which he delivers to us in such elegant language.

I could wish the master and wardens of the cooks' company would order this poem to be read with due consideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, seeing it contains many useful instructions for human life. It is true, that some of these rules may seem more principally to respect the steward, clerk of the kitchen, caterer, or perhaps the butler. But the cook being the principal person, without whom all the rest will be little regarded, they are directed to him; and the work being designed for the universal good, it will accomplish some part of its intent, if those sort of people will improve by it.

It may happen, in this as in all works of art, that there may be some terms not obvious to common readers; but they are not many. The reader may not have a just idea of a *swoled mutton*, which is a sheep roasted in its wool, to save the labour of flaying. *Bacon* and *filbert-tarts* are something unusual; but, since *sprout-tarts* and *pistachio-tarts* are much the same thing, and to be seen in Dr. Salmon's Family Dictionary, those persons who have a desire for them may easily find the way to make them. As for *grout*, it is an old Danish dish; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient family of Leigh, to carry a dish of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf-pye* was prepared for king James the First, when Jeffry, his dwarf, rose out of one armed with a sword and buckler; and is so recorded in history, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fish*, *hippocraes*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in cookery; yet *terrenes* are not so usual, being a silver vessel filled with the most costly dainties, after the manner of an *oglio*. A *surprise* is likewise a dish not so very common; which, promising little from its first appearance, when open abounds with all sorts of variety; which I cannot better resemble than to the fifth act of one of our modern comedies. Lest *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Taliessin*, and *Bossu*, should be taken for dishes of rarities; it may be known, that Monteth was a gentleman with a scalloped coat, that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-inn-fields, Taliessin was one of the most ancient bards amongst the Britons, and Bossu one of the most certain instructors in criticism that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the wits, that I call my cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why cooks may not be as well read as any other persons. I am sure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the first pretences to literature have been very liberal, and sent in their contributions very largely. They have been very serviceable both to *spit* and *oven;* and for these twelve months past, whilst Dr. Wotton with his Modern Learning, was defending *pye-crust* from scorching, his dear friend, Dr. Bentley, with his Phalaris, has been singing of *capons*. Not that this was occasioned by any superfluity or tediousness of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by some worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the *two doctors*, as far as possible, to become useful to the public.

Indeed, cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the highest stations of human life. The great philosopher Pythagoras, in his Golden Verses, shows himself to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abstain from *beans*. The noblest foundations of honour, justice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage: for, when the Samnite ambassadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dressing *turnips* for his repast, they immediately returned with this sentence, "That it was impossible to prevail upon him that could be contented with such a *supper*." In short, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made use of to cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemaigne, that the great cook of the palace was one of the prime ministers of state, and conductor of armies: so true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal skill required to bring an army into the field, and to set forth a magnificent entertainment; since the one was as far as possible to annoy your enemy, and the other to pleasure your friend." In short, as for all persons that have not a due regard for the learned, industrious,

moral, upright, and warlike profession of cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Islands, where, they being so barbarous as to make the most *contemptible* person to be their *butcher*, they had likewise their *meat* served up *raw*, because they had no fire to dress it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conscience!

As this small essay finds acceptance, I shall be encouraged to pursue a great design I have in hand, of publishing a Bibliotheca Culinaria, or the Cook's Complete Library, which shall begin with a translation, or at least an epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian feast. He shall be published, with all his *comments, useful glosses*, and *indexes*, of a vast copiousness, with cuts of the *basting-ladles, dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *subterranean skullery*. I design to have all authors in all languages upon that subject; therefore pray consult what oriental manuscripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his notes upon Locman's Fables (whom I take to be the same person with Æsop), gives us an admirable receipt for making the *sour milk*, that is, the *bonny clabber*, of the Arabians. I should be glad to know how Mahomet used to have his *shoulder of mutton* dressed. I have heard he was a great lover of that joint; and that a maid of an inn poisoned him with one, saying, "If he is a prophet, he will discover it; if he is an impostor, no matter what becomes of him." I shall have occasion for the assistance of all my friends in this great work. I some posts ago desired a friend to inquire what manuscripts Sol. Harding, a famous cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He says, he finds among his executors several admirable *bills of fare* for *Aristotle* suppers, and entertainments of country strangers, with certain prices, according to their several seasons. He says, some pages have large black crosses drawn over them; but for the greater part the books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to search Cooks' Hall, what manuscripts they may have in their archives. See what in Guildhall: what account of *custard* in the sword-bearer's office: how many tun he, a common cryer, or a common hunt, may eat in their life-time. But I transgress the bounds of a letter, and have strayed from my subject, which should have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined to be most favourable to your friend; for else they will never be able to endure your just censure. I rely upon your good-nature; and I am

Your most obliged, &c.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the discourse I had with you the other day, and, upon serious consideration, find, that the true understanding of the whole Art of Cookery will be useful to all persons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and especially to poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the cooks, but it is rather the fault of their masters, that poets are not so well acquainted with good eating, as otherwise they might be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's presence, this I would be bound to say, "That a good dinner is brother to a good poem:" only it is something more substantial, and, between two and three a clock, more agreeable.

I have known a supper make the most diverting part of a comedy. Mr. Betterton, in The Libertine[2], has set very gravely with the leg of a chicken: but I have seen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of pease and buttered eggs, under the table. The host, in The Villain[3], who carries tables, stools, furniture, and provisions, all about him, gives great content to the spectators, when from the crown of his hat he produces his cold capon: so Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in The Rehearsal, with her wine in her spear, and her pye in her helmet; and the cook that slobbers his beard with sack-posset, in The Man's the Master[4]; have, in my opinion, made the most diverting part of the action. These embellishments we have received from our imitation of the ancient poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unusual entertainments and dishes given him by Nasidienus; and with his raillery upon garlick in his third Epode. The supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the most lively description of Nero's luxury. Juvenal spends a whole satire about the price and dressing of a single fish, with the judgment of the Roman senate concerning it. Thus, whether serious or jocose, good eating is made the subject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all poets agree, that episodes are to be interwoven in their poems with the greatest nicety of art; and so it is the same thing at a good table: and yet I have seen a very good episode (give me leave to call it so) made by sending out the leg of a goose, or the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled: though I know, that critics with a good stomach have been offended that the unity of action should be so far broken. And yet, as in our plays, so at our common tables, many episodes are allowed, as slicing of cucumbers, dressing of sallads, seasoning the inside of a surloin of beef, breaking lobsters' claws, stewing wild ducks, toasting of cheese, legs of larks, and several others.

A poet, who, by proper expressions and pleasing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of necessary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarously, unless he has some knowledge of this Art of Cookery, and the progress of it. Would it not sound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his *cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red-hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces*? or to have Statira talk of *tapestry-hangings*, which, all the learned know, were many years after her death first hung up in the hall of king Attalus? Should sir John Falstaff complain of having dirtied his *silk stockings*, or Anne of Boleyn call for her *coach*; would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that queen Elizabeth was the first that had her *coach*, or wore *silk stock-*

[2] A tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.

[3] A tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

[4] A comedy by sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

ings? Neither can a poet put *hops* in an Englishman's drink before *heresy* came in: nor can he serve him with a dish of *carp* before that time: he might as well give king James the First a dish of *asparagus* upon his first coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor present queen Catharine with a *sugar-loaf*, whereas he might as easily have given her a diamond as large, seeing the *iceing* of *cakes* at Wood-street corner, and the *refining* of *sugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years standing, and before that time our ancestors sweetened and garnished all with *honey*, of which there are some remains in *Windsor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *sinnels*, sent for presents from Litchfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would show his reading, if the poet put a *hen-turkey* upon a table in a tragedy; and therefore I would advise it in Hamlet, instead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more satisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the sisters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *hen-turkeys*; from whence proceeds their stateliness of gate, reservedness in conversation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the most improper meat in the world for a comedy; for melancholy and distress require a different sort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleased to say, "that, if she were upon a strange road, and driven to great necessity, she believed she might for once be able to sup upon a *sack-posset* and a *fat capon*."

I am sure poets, as well as cooks, are for having all words nicely chosen and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would show the same regret that I do, to hear persons of some rank and quality say, "Pray cut up that goose. Help me to some of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover;" not considering how indiscreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whose proper terms are, "*Break that goose; frust that chicken; spoil that hen; sauce that capon; mince that plover.*"—If they are so much out in common things, how much more will they be with *bitterns*, *herons*, *cranes*, and *peacocks*? But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errours of the world, unless we lend our helping-hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greatest author of dramatic poetry, Mr. Dryden, has made use of the mysteries of this art in the prologues to two of his plays, one a tragedy, the other a comedy; in which he has shown his greatest art, and proved most successful. I had not seen the play for some years, before I hit upon almost the same words that he has in the following prologue to All for Love:

Fops may have leave to level all they can,
As pigmies would be glad to top a man.
Half-wits are fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
For change, become their next poor tenant's guests,
Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
And snatch the homely rasher from the coals;
So you, retiring from much better cheer,
For once may venture to do penance here;
And, since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taste,
Take in good part from our poor poet's board
Such shriveled fruit as Winter can afford.

How *fops* and *fleas* should come together, I cannot easily account for; but I doubt not but his *ale*, *rasher*, *grapes*, *peaches*, and *shriveled apples*, might "pit, box, and gallery," it well enough. His prologue to Sir Martin Mar-all is such an exquisite poem, taken from the same art, that I could wish it translated into Latin, to be prefixed to Dr. Lister's work. The whole is as follows:

PROLOGUE.

Fools, which each man meets in his dish each day,
Are yet the great regalia of a play;
In which to poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest which cost them so dear.
Fops in the town more easily will pass,
One story makes a statutable ass:
But such in plays must be much thicker sown,
Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Observing poets all their walks invade,
As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade;
And, when they have enough for comedy,
They 'stow their several bodies in a pye.
The poet's but the cook to fashion it,
For, gallants, you yourselves have found the wit.
To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong:
None welcome those who bring their *cheers* along.

The image (which is the great perfection of a poet) is so extremely lively, and well painted, that methinks I see the whole audience with a dish of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock-pye in the other. I hope I may be excused, after so great an example; for I declare I have no design but to encourage learning, and am very far from any designs against it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman, who said, that the Journey to London ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a book, that, if received, would discourage ingenuity, would be pleased not to make his bonfire at the upper end of Ludgate-street, for fear of endangering the booksellers' shops and the cathedral.

I have abundance more to say upon these subjects; but I am afraid my first course is so tedious, that you will excuse me both the second course and the dessert, and call for pipes and a candle. But consider, the papers come from an old friend; and spare them out of compassion to,

Sir, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. ——

SIR,

I AM no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappiness in the loss of you here. The occasion of this is, to desire your assistance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of some friends; but, unless they help me, it will be impossible for me to get out of

5 Some critics read it *chair*. *KING*.

it. I have had the misfortune to—write; but, what is worse, I have never considered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been so very bad as to design to print; but then a wicked thought came across me with "Who will buy?" For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will destroy it: "The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry; with some familiar Letters to Dr. Lister and others, occasioned principally by the Title of a Book, published by the Doctor, concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients." To this a beau will cry, "Phough! what have I to do with kitchen-stuff?" To which I answer, "Buy it, and give it to your servants." For I hope to live to see the day when every mistress of a family, and every steward, shall call up their children and servants with, "Come, miss Betty, how much have you got of your *Art of Cookery?*" "Where did you leave off, miss Isabel?"—"Miss Kitty, are you no farther than *King Henry and the Miller?*"—"Yes, madam, I am come to

—His name shall be enroll'd
In Estcourt's book, whose gridiron's fram'd of gold.

"Pray, mother, is that our master Estcourt?"—"Well, child, if you mind this, you shall not be put to your *Assembly Catechism* next Saturday." What a glorious sight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to see the butler out-learning the steward, and the painful scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping housekeeper! I am told, that, if a book is any thing useful, the printers have a way of pirating on one another, and printing other persons' copies; which is very barbarous. And then shall I be forced to come out with, "The True Art of Cookery is only to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a patten-maker's, under St. Dunstan's church, with the author's seal at the title-page, being three sauce-pans, in a bend proper, on a cook's apron, argent. Beware of counterfeits." And be forced to put out advertisements, with "Strops for razors, and the best spectacles, are to be only had at the Archimedes, &c."

I design proposals, which I must get delivered to the cooks' company, for the making an order that every apprentice shall have the Art of Cookery when he is bound, which he shall say by heart before he is made free; and then he shall have Dr. Lister's book of Soups and Sauces delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindness you may show me, I shall always endeavour to make what returns lay in my power.

I am yours, &c,

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your perusal a late exquisite comedy, called The Lawyer's Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree; which piece has its peculiar embellishments, and is a poem carefully framed according to the nicest rules of the Art of Cookery; for the play opens with a scene of good housewifery, where Favourite, the house-keeper, makes this complaint to lady Bonona.

"FAV. The last mutton killed was lean, madam. Should not some fat sheep be bought in?

BON. What say you, Let-acre, to it?

LET. This is the worst time of the year for sheep. The fresh grass makes them fall away, and they begin to taste of the wool; they must be spared a while, and Favourite must cast to spend some salt-meat and fish. I hope we shall have some fat calves shortly."

What can be more agreeable than this to the Art of Cookery, where our author says,

But though my edge be not too nicely set,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when season's past,
What's stale, what's choice, what's plentiful, what waste,
And lead him through the various maze of taste.

In the second act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's son, the consummate character of the play, having in the first act lost his hawk, and consequently his way, *benighted and lost, and seeing a light in a distant house, comes to the thrifty widow Furiosa's,* (which is exactly according to the rule, "A prince, who in a forest rides astray!") *where he finds the old gentlewoman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment, whilst the maid is spinning. Peg reaches a chair; sack is called for; and in the mean time the good old gentlewoman complains so of rogues, that she can scarce keep a goose or a turkey in safety, for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle, about a pint, and an old-fashioned glass, fills, and gives her mother; she drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, she to him again, he to Furiosa, who sets it down on the table. After a small time, the old lady cries,* "Well, it is my bed-time; but my daughter will show you the way to yours: for I know you would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now, upon her retirement, (see the great judgment of the poet!) she being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he suits the following regale according to the age of the person. Had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have "laid the *goose* to the fire:" but here it is otherwise; for, after some intermediate discourse, he is invited to a repast; when he modestly excuses himself with, "Truly, madam, I have no stomach to any meat, but to comply with you. You have, madam, entertained me with all that is desirable already." *The lady tells him* "cold supper is better than none;" *so he sits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot.* I am sure, Horace could not have prepared himself more exactly; for, (according to the rule, "A widow has cold pye") though Valentine, being love sick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the poet's. But, when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite madam Furiosa, and madam Florida, with other good company, to his mother the hospitable lady Bonona's, (who by the by, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her attorney) then affluence and dainties are to appear (according to this verse "Mangoes, potargo, champignons, caveare"); and Mrs. Favourite, the housekeeper, makes these most important enquiries:

"FAV. Mistress, shall I put any mushrooms, mangoes, or bamboons, into the sallad?

BON. Yes, I pr'ythee, the best thou hast.

FAV. Shall I use ketch-up or anchovies in the gravy?

BON. What you will."

But, however magnificent the dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of some persons is, makes her excuse for it, with, " Well, gentlemen, can ye spare a little time to take a short dinner? I promise you, it shall not be long." It is very probable, though the author does not make any of the guests give a relation of it, that Valentine, being a great sportsman, might furnish the table with game and wild-fowl. There was at least one pheasant in the house, which Valentine told his mother of the morning before. " Madam, I had a good flight of a pheasant-cock, that, after my hawk seized, made head as if he would have fought; but my hawk plumed him presently." Now it is not reasonable to suppose, that, Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentlewoman under that concern would have any stomach to it for her own supper. However, to see the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs. Candia making (though innocently) a present of an hawk to Valentine, Florida his mistress grows jealous, and resolves to leave him, and run away with an odd sort of fellow, one major Sly. Valentine, to appease her, sends a message to her by a boy, who tells her, " His master, to show the trouble he took by her misapprehension, had sent her some visible tokens, the hawk torn to-pieces with his own hands;" *and then pulls out of the basket the wings and legs of a fowl.* So we see the poor bird *demolished,* and all hopes of wild-fowl destroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would stop here. But, the cruel beauty refusing to be appeased, Valentine takes a sudden resolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the steward, to *brush-off,* and *quit his habitation.* However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young master real, and Valentine having threatened the housekeeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in travelling, it seems they made but slender provision for their expedition; for there is but one scene interposed, before we find distressed Valentine in the most miserable condition that the joint arts of poetry and cookery are able to represent him. There is a scene of the greatest horrour, and most moving to compassion, of any thing that I have seen amongst the moderns; " Talks of no pyramids of fowl, or bisks of fish," is nothing to it; for here we see an innocent person, unless punished for his mother's and housekeeper's extravagance, as was said before, in their mushrooms, mangoes, bamboons, ketchup, and anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *cheese without bread,* and having no other drink but water. *For he and his boy, with two saddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confused trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk across the desert at a distance, and yet they venture in;* where Valentine accosts his boy with these lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble:

" Hang up thy wallet on that tree
And creep thou in this hollow place with me,
Let 's here repose our wearied limbs till they more
wearied be!

BOY. There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece of cheese. What shall we do for bread?

VAL. When we have slept we will seek out
Some roots that shall supply that doubt.

BOY. But no drink, master?

VAL. Under that rock a spring I see,
Which shall refresh my thirst and thee."

So the act closes; and it is dismal for the audience to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it seems, had a coming stomach, should continue there all the time the music was playing, and longer. But, to ease them of their pain, by an invention which the poets call *catastrophe,* Valentine, though with a *long beard,* and very *weak* with fasting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, says, " I doubt I have offended him too much; but I will attend him home, cherish him with cordials, make him broths," (poor good-natured creature! I wish she had Dr. Lister's book to help her!) " anoint his limbs, and be a nurse, a tender nurse, to him." Nor do blessings come alone; for the good mother, having *refreshed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the house,* orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, " to get the best entertainment she ever yet provided, to consider what she has and what she wants, and to get all ready in few hours." And so this most regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the comedy. Some persons may admire your meagre tragedies; but give me a play where there is a prospect of good meat or good wine stirring in every act of it.

Though I am confident the author had written this play and printed it long before the Art of Cookery was thought of, and I had never read it till the other poem was very nearly perfected; yet it is admirable to see how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I should be heartily glad, for the sake of the public, if our poets, for the future, would make use of so good an example. I doubt not but, whenever you or I write comedy, we shall observe it.

I have just now met with a surprising happiness; a friend that has seen two of Dr. Lister's works, one De Buccinis Fluviatilibus et Marinis Exercitatio, an Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fish; in which, he says, some of the chiefest rarities are the *pizzle* and *spermatic vessels* of a snail, delineated by a microscope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its throat, its *Fallopian tube,* and its *subcrocean testicle;* which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, Farnelius, and Harvey, were never masters of. The other curiosity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, De Opsoniis & Condimentis, sive Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem, being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the doctor, who in this so important affair is not sufficiently communicative. My friend says, he has a promise of leave to read it. What remarks he makes I shall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Most humble servant, &c.

THE ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS Lister, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like brawn;
With wings of Turkey, and with feet of calf;
Though drawn by Kneller, it would make you laugh!
Such is, good sir, the figure of a feast,
By some rich farmer's wife and sister drest;
Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
That syllabubs come first, and soups the last.
Not but that cooks and poets still were free,
To use their power in nice variety;
Hence mackarel seem delightful to the eyes,
Though dress'd with incoherent gooseberries.
Crabs, salmon, lobsters, are with fennel spread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;
Yet no man lards salt pork with orange-peel,
Or garnishes his lamb with spitchcock'd eel.
A cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
Then sent up but two dishes nicely dress'd:
What signify scotcht-collops to a feast?
Or you can make whipp'd cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a sailor who wants beef;
Who, lately shipwreck'd, never can have ease,
Till re-establish'd in his pork and pease?
When once begun, let industry ne'er cease
Till it has render'd all things of one *piece*:
At your dessert bright pewter comes too late,
When your first course was all serv'd up in plate.
Most knowing sir! the greatest part of cooks,
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little; hence has tried
Turkey-poults, fresh from th' egg, in batter fried:
Others, to show the largeness of their soul,
Prepare you muttons swol'd, and oxen whole.
To vary the same things, some think is art:
By larding of hogs-feet and bacon-tart,
The taste is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault.
In Covent-Garden did a taylor dwell,
Who might deserve a place in his own Hell:
Give him a single coat to make, he 'd do 't;
A vest, or breeches, singly: but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a suit:
Rather than frame a supper like such clothes,
I 'd have fine eyes and teeth, without my nose.
You, that from pliant paste would fabrics raise,
Expecting thence to gain immortal praise,
Your knuckles try, and let your sinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough;
Choose your materials right, your seasoning fix,
And with your fruit resplendent sugar mix:
From thence of course the figure will arise,
And elegance adorn the surface of your pies.
Beauty from order springs; the judging eye
Will tell you if one single plate 's awry.
The cook must still regard the present time:
T' omit what 's just in season is a crime.
Your infant pease t' asparagus prefer,
Which to the supper you may b t defer.
Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations should at least be rare;
Yet credit to the artist will accrue,
Who in known things still makes th' appearance new.
Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
And now by constant use familiar grown.
What lord of old would bid his cook prepare
Mangoes, potargo, champignons, caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd ancestors find fault,
For want of sugar-tongs, or spoons for salt?
New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
Has by one vessel sav'd his name from death.
The seasons change us all. By Autumn's frost,
The shady leaves of trees and fruit are lost.
But then the Spring breaks forth with fresh supplies,
And from the teeming Earth new buds arise.
So stubble-geese at Michaelmas are seen
Upon the spit; next May produces green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What cavalier would know St. James's Park[1]?
For locket stands where gardens once did spring;
And wild-ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing;
A princely palace on that space does rise,
Where Sedley's noble muse found mulberries[2].
Since places alter thus, what constant thought
Of filling various dishes can be taught?
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who'd fix those things where fashion is a rule.
King Hardicnute, midst Danes and Saxons stout,
Carouz'd in nut-brown ale, and din'd on grout;
Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
And, when each prince is crown'd, in splendour reigns.
By northern custom, duty was express'd,
To friends departed, by their funeral feast.
Though I 've consulted Holinshed and Stow,
I find it very difficult to know
Who, to refresh th' attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret first or Naples-biscuit gave.
Trotter from quince and apples first did frame
A pye, which still retains his proper name:
Though common grown, yet, with white sugar strow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodness is allow'd.
As wealth flow'd in, and plenty sprang from peace,
Good-humour reign'd, and pleasures found increase.
'Twas usual then the banquet to prolong
By music's charm, and some delightful song;
Where every youth in pleasing accents strove
To tell the stratagems and cares of love;

[1] In the time of king Henry VIII. the park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, enclosed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-enclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II.; who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds, for water-fowl. The lime-trees or *tilia*, whose blossoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in consequence of a suggestion of Mr. Evelyn, in his Fumifugium, published in 1661.—The improvements lately made seem in some measure to have brought it into the state it was in before the Restoration; at least, the wild-ducks have in their turn given way to the grass-hoppers. *N.*

[2] A comedy called, The Mulberry Garden. *N.*

How some successful were, how others crost;
Then to the sparkling glass would give his toast,
Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,
To relish both the music and the wine.
Why am I styl'd a cook, if I 'm so loth
To marinate my fish, or season broth,
Or send up what I roast with pleasing froth;
If I my master's *gusto* won't discern,
But, through my bashful folly, scorn to learn?
When among friends good-humour takes its birth,
'Tis not a tedious feast prolongs the mirth;
But 'tis not reason therefore you should spare,
When, as their future burgess, you prepare
For a fat corporation and their mayor.
All things should find their room in proper place;
And what adorns this treat, would that disgrace.
Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have excessive doings at their wake:
Ev'n taylors at their yearly feasts look great,
And all their cucumbers are turn'd to meat.
A prince, who in a forest rides astray,
And, weary, to some cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of fowl, or bisks of fish,
But, hungry, sups his cream serv'd up in earthen dish;
Quenches his thirst with ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the hasty rasher from the coals:
Pleas'd as king Henry with the miller free,
Who thought himself as good a man as he.
Unless some sweetness at the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pye?
If you would have me merry with your cheer,
Be so yourself, or so at least appear.
The things we eat by various juice control
The narrowness or largeness of our soul.
Onions will make ev'n heirs or widows weep;
The tender lettuce brings on softer sleep;
Eat beef or pye-crust if you 'd serious be;
Your shell-fish raises Venus from the sea;
For Nature, that inclines to ill or good,
Still nourishes our passions by our food.
Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
To whom she much has given, and much denied:
With abstinence all delicates he sees,
And can regale himself with toast and cheese:
Your betters will despise you, if they see
Things that are far suppassing your degree;
Therefore beyond your substance never treat;
'Tis plenty, in small fortune, to be neat.
'Tis certain that a steward can't afford
An entertainment equal with his lord.
Old age is frugal; gay youth will abound
With heat, and see the flowing cup go round.
A widow has cold pye; nurse gives you cake;
From gen rous merchants ham or sturgeon take.
The farmer has brown bread as fresh as day,
And butter fragrant as the dew of May.
Cornwall squab-pye, and Devon white-pot brings;
And Leicester beans and bacon, food of kings!
At Christmas-time, be careful of your fame,
See the old tenants' table be the same;
Then, if you would send up the brawner's head,
Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread:
His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,
Or midst those thundering spears an orange place;
Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,
The roguish mustard, dangerous to the nose.
Sack and the well-spic'd hippocras the wine,
Wassail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
Porridge with plums, and turkeys with the chine.
If you perhaps would try some dish unknown,
Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
Like ancient sailors still regard the coast,
By venturing out too far you may be lost.
By roasting that which your forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.
That cook to British palates is complete,
Whose savoury hand gives turns to common meat.
Though cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Through niceness of their subject, few have writ.
In what an awkward sound that ballad ran,
Which with this blustering paragraph began:
"There was a prince of Lubberland,
A potentate of high command,
Ten thousand bakers did attend him,
Ten thousand brewers did befriend him:
These brought him kissing-crusts, and those
Brought him small-beer before he rose."
The author raises mountains seeming full,
But all the *cry* produces little *wool*:
So, if you sue a beggar for a house,
And have a verdict, what d' ye gain? A louse!
Homer more modest, if we search his books,
Will show us that his heroes all were cooks;
How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
To quarter out the ox, and spit the loins.
Oh could that poet live! could he rehearse
Thy journey, Lister, in immortal verse!
"Muse, sing the man that did to Paris go,
That he might taste their soups, and mushrooms know!"
Oh, how would Homer praise their dancing dogs,
Their stinking cheese, and fricasee of frogs!
He 'd raise no fables, sing no flagrant lie,
Of boys with custard choak'd at Newberry;
But their whole courses you'd entirely see,
How all their parts from first to last agree.
If you all sorts of persons would engage,
Suit well your eatables to every age.
The favourite child, that just begins to prattle,
And throws away his silver bells and rattle,
Is very humoursome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has windows on his bread and butter:
He for repeated supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell mammy what he'd have, or why.
The smooth-fac'd youth, that has new guardians chose,
From play-house steps to supper at the Rose,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating must be little, costly, nice.
Maturer age, to this delight grown strange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour rising from a sheriff's wealth:
Unless he some insurance-dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age, by still intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Morose, perverse in humour, diffident,
The more he still abounds, the less content;
His larder and his kitchen too observes,
And *now*, lest he should want hereafter, starves;
Thinks scorn of all the present age can give,
And none these threescore years knew how to live.
But now the cook must pass through all degrees,
And by his art discordant tempers please,
And minister to health and to disease.
Far from the parlour have your kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd.

In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe,
And from your eels their slimy substance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the sight.
Next, let discretion moderate your cost,
And, when you treat, three courses be the most.
Let never fresh machines your pastry try,
Unless grandees or magistrates are by:
Then you may put a dwarf into a pie.
Or, if you'd fright an alderman and mayor,
Within a pasty lodge a living hare;
Then midst their gravest furs shall mirth arise,
And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.
Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than seven, and never less than three.
'Tis the dessert that graces all the feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest:
A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.
Make your transparent sweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian sugar and Arabian spice:
And let your various creams encircled be
With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree.
Let plates and dishes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth transparent wrought.
The feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth pursued.
The cheerful master, 'midst his jovial friends,
His glass "to their best wishes" recommends.
The grace-cup follows to his sovereign's health,
And to his country, "plenty, peace, and wealth."
Performing then the piety of *grace*,
Each man that pleases re-assumes his place;
While at his gate, from such abundant store,
He showers his god-like blessings on the poor.
In days of old, our fathers went to war,
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
And in their basket-hilts their beverage brew'd.
Some officer perhaps might give consent,
To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every soldier got,
Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But, when our conquests were extensive grown,
And through the world our British worth was known,
Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their champaign sparkled equal with their lace;
Quails, beccoficos, ortolans, were sent
To grace the levee of a general's tent;
In their gilt plate all delicates were seen,
And what was earth before became a rich terrene.
When the young players once get to Islington,
They fondly think that all the world's their own:
Prentices, parish-clerks, and Hectors meet;
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the treat.
Their talk is loose; and o'er the bouncing ale
At constables and justices they rail;
Not thinking custard such a serious thing,
That common-council men 'twill thither bring;
Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
With softening mead and cheese-cake ends the strife.
Ev'n squires come there, and, with their mean [discourse,
Render the kitchen, which they sit in, worse.
Midwives demure, and chamber-maids most gay,
Foremen that pick the box and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In cream and codlings revelling with delight.
What these approve the great men will dislike:
But here 's the art, if you the palate strike;
By management of common things so well,
That what was thought the meanest shall excel;
While others strive in vain, all persons own
Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.
When straiten'd in your time, and servants few,
You 'll rightly then compose an *ambigue*:
Where first and second course, and your dessert,
All in one single table have their part.
From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite,
And raise a structure grateful to the sight.
Be not too far by old example led;
With caution now we in their footsteps tread:
The French our relish help, and well supply
The want of things too gross by decency.
Our fathers most admir'd their sauces sweet,
And often ask'd for sugar with their meat;
They butter'd currants on fat veal bestow'd,
And rumps of beef with virgin-honey strew'd.
Insipid taste, old friend, to them who Paris know,
Where rocombole, shallot, and the rank garlic, grow,
Tom Bold did first begin the strolling mart,
And drove about his turnips in a cart;
Sometimes his wife the citizens would please,
And from the same machine sell pecks of pease;
Then pippins did in wheel-barrows abound,
And oranges in whimsey-boards went round:
Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her cherries on a stall;
Her currants there and gooseberries were spread,
With the enticing gold of ginger-bread:
But flounders, sprats, and cucumbers were cried,
And every sound and every voice was tried.
At last the law this hideous din suppress'd,
And order'd that the Sunday should have rest;
And that no nymph her noisy food should sell,
Except it were new milk or mackarel.
There is no dish but what our cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade.
Not French kickshaws, or oglios brought from Spain,
Alone have found improvement from their brain;
But pudding, brawn, and white-pots, own'd to be
Th' effects of native ingenuity.
Our British fleet, which now commands the main,
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain,
Would they take time; would they with leisure work,
With care would salt their beef, and cure their pork;
Would boil their liquor well whene'er they brew,
Their conquest half is to the victualler due.
Because that thrift and abstinence are good,
As many things if rightly understood,
Old Cross condemns all persons to be fops,
That can't regale themselves with mutton-chops.
He often for stuft beef to Bedlam runs,
And the clean rummer, as the pest-house, shuns.
Sometimes poor jack and onions are his dish,
And then he saints those friars who stink of fish.
As for myself, I take him to abstain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain:
But, though my edge be not too nicely set,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when season 's past,
What 's stale, what choice, what plentiful, what waste,
And lead him through the various maze of taste.

The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious cooks *the relish* call;
For, when the market sends in loads of food,
They all are tasteless till *that* makes them good.
Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:
You'd please a friend, or reconcile a brother,
A testy father, or a haughty mother;
Would mollify a judge, would cram a squire,
Or else some smiles from court you may desire;
Or would, perhaps, some hasty supper give,
To show the splendid state in which you live.
Pursuant to that interest you propose,
Must all your wine and all your meat be chose.
Let men and manners every dish adapt:
Who'd force his pepper where his guests are *clapt?*
A cauldron of fat beef and stoop of ale
On the huzzaing *mob shall* more prevail,
Than if you give them with the nicest art
Ragouts of peacocks brains, or filbert-tart.
The French by soups and *haut-gouts* glory raise,
And their desires all terminate in praise.
The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
Is, to save all the money they can touch:
"Hans," cries the father, "see a pin lies there;
A pin a day will fetch a groat a year.
To your five farthings join three farthings more;
And they, if added, make your halfpence four!"
Thus may your stock by management increase,
Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail,
What hopes of sugar'd cakes or butter'd ale?
Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture show their skill:
Clog not your constant meals; for dishes few
Increase the appetite, when choice and new.
Ev'n they, who will extravagance profess,
Have still an inward hatred for excess:
Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
Few care for carving trifles in disguise,
Or that fantastic dish some call *surprise.*
When pleasures to the eye and palate meet,
That cook has render'd his great work complete:
His glory far, like Sur-loin's knighthood, flies;
Immortal made, as Kit-cat by his pies.
Good-nature must some failings overlook,
Not wilfulness, but errours of the cook.
A string won't always give the sound design'd
By the musician's touch and heavenly mind:
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
Still to the destin'd point directly go.
Perhaps no salt is thrown about the dish,
Or no fried parsley scatter'd on the fish,
Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,
And hopes of pardon to my cook deny,
For things which carelessness might oversee,
And all mankind commit as well as he?
I with compassion once may overlook
A skewer sent to table by my cook:
But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
That he should daily the same fault commit,
For fear the rascal send me up the spit!
Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
Nor would submit to have his hand confin'd,
But aim'd at all; yet never could excel
In any thing but stuffing of his veal:
But, when that dish was in perfection seen,
And that alone, would it not move your spleen?
'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,
And gently sink the artist into sleep.
Ev'n Lamb himself, at the most solemn feast,
Might have some chargers not exactly drest.
Tables should be like pictures to the sight,
Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light,
Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
Where ease may all their *delicacy* command:
Some should be mov'd when broken; others last
Through the whole treat, incentive to the taste.
Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the kitchen call'd his eldest son:
"Though wise thyself," says he, "though taught by me,
Yet fix this sentence in thy memory:
There are some certain things that don't excel,
And yet we say are *tolerably well:*
There's many worthy men a lawyer prize,
Whom they distinguish as of *middle* size,
For pleading well at bar, or turning books;
But this is not, my son, the fate of cooks,
From whose mysterious art true pleasure springs
To *stall* of garter, and to *throne* of kings.
A simple scene, a disobliging song,
Which no way to the main design belong,
Or were they absent never would be miss'd,
Have made a well-wrought comedy be hiss'd:
So in a feast no intermediate fault
Will be allow'd; but, if not best, 'tis naught."
He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
From nine-pins, coits, and from trap-ball, abstains;
Cudgels avoids, and shuns the wrestling-place,
Lest vinegar resound his loud disgrace.
But every one to cookery pretends;
Nor maid nor mistress e'er consult their friends.
But, sir, if you would roast a pig, be free,
Why not, with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
We'll see when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout:
But, if it lies too long, the crackling's pall'd,
Not by the drugging-box to be recall'd.
Our Cambrian fathers, sparing in their food,
First broil'd their hunted goats on bars of wood.
Sharp hunger was their seasoning, or they took
Such salt as issued from the native rock.
Their sallading was never far to seek,
The poignant water-grass, or savoury leek;
Until the British bards adorn'd this isle,
And taught them how to roast, and how to boil:
Then Taliessin rose, and sweetly strung
His British harp, instructing whilst he sung:
Taught them that honesty they still possess,
Their truth, their open heart, their modest dress,
Duty to kindred, constancy to friends,
And inward worth, which always recommends;
Contempt of wealth and pleasure, to appear
To all mankind with hospitable cheer.
In after-ages, Arthur taught his knights
At his round table to record their fights,
Cities eraz'd, encampment, forc'd in field,
Monsters subdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
Inspir'd that Cambrian soul which ne'er can yield.
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
To future heroes due example set,
By his capacious cauldron made appear,
From whence the spirits rise, and strength of war.
The present age, to gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vast improvements of the mind.
He, that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beef-steaks;

His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Estcourt's book[3], whose gridiron's fram'd of gold.
Scorn not these lines, design'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd table flow.
'Tis a sage question, if the art of cooks
Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by books:
That man will never frame a noble treat,
Whose whole dependence lies in some receipt:
Then by pure Nature every thing is spoil'd,
She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast, and boil'd.
Art and Nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice *regout*, or charming *fricasee*.
The lad that would his genius so advance,
That on the rope he might securely dance,
From tender years enures himself to pains,
To summer's parching heat, and winter's rains,
And from the fire of wine and love abstains;
No artist can his hautboy's stops command,
Unless some skilful master form his hand:
But gentry take their cooks though never tried;
It seems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus show him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at school.
Ox-cheek when hot, and wardens bak'd, some cry;
But 'tis with an intention men should buy.
Others abound with such a plenteous store,
That, if you'll let them treat, they'll ask no more:
And 'tis the vast ambition of their soul,
To see their port admir'd, and table full.
But then, amidst that cringing fawning crowd,
Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
Who with such grace his honour's actions praise,
How well he fences, dances, sings, and plays;
Tell him his livery's rich, his chariot's fine,
How choice his meat, and delicate his wine;
Surrounded thus, how should the youth descry
The happiness of friendship from a lie?
Friends act with cautious temper when sincere;
But flattering impudence is void of care:
So at an Irish funeral appears
A train of drabs with mercenary tears;
Who, wringing off their hands, with hideous moan,
Know not his name for whom they seem to groan;
While real grief with silent steps proceeds,
And love unfeign'd with inward passion bleeds.
Hard fate of wealth! Were lords as butchers wise,
They from their meat would banish all the *flies!*
The Persian kings, with wine and massy bowl,
Search'd to the dark recesses of the soul;
That, so laid open, no one might pretend,
Unless a man of worth, to be their friend.
But now the guests their patrons undermine;
And slander them, for giving them their wine.

Great men have dearly thus companions bought:
Unless by these instructions they'll be taught,
They spread the net, and will themselves be caught.
Were Horace, that great master, now alive,
A feast with wit and judgment he'd contrive.
As thus:—Supposing that you would rehearse
A labour'd work, and every dish a verse;
He'd say, "Mend this, and t'other line, and this."
If after trial it were still amiss,
He'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
Or set some dish more curious in its place.
If you persist, he would not strive to move
A passion so delightful as self-love.
We should submit our treats to critics' view,
And every prudent cook should read Bossu.
Judgment provides the meat in season fit,
Which by the genius drest, its sauce is wit.
Good beef for men, pudding for youth and age,
Come up to the decorum of the stage.
The critic strikes out all that is not just,
And 'tis ev'n so the butler chips his crust.
Poets and pastry-cooks will be the same,
Since both of them their images must frame.
Chimeras from the poet's fancies flow:
The cook contrives his shapes in real dough.
When Truth commands, there's no man can offend,
That with a modest love corrects his friend,
Though 'tis in toasting bread, or buttering pease,
So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease.
But why should we reprove when faults are small?
Because 'tis better to have none at all.
There's often weight in things that seem the least,
And our most trifling follies raise the jest.
'Tis by his cleanliness a cook must please;
A kitchen will admit of no disease.
The fowler and the huntsman both may run
Amidst that dirt which he must nicely shun.
Empedocles, a sage of old, would raise
A name immortal by unusual ways;
At last his fancies grew so very odd,
He thought by *roasting* to be made a god.
Though fat, he leapt with his unwieldly stuff
In Etna's flames, so to have fire enough.
Were my cook fat, and I a stander-by,
I'd rather than himself his fish should fry.
There are some persons so excessive rude,
That to your private table they'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast;
Turn like a fox, they'll catch you at the last.
You must, since bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your house as in a pestilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,
And, as you're scampering, stop you in your coach.
Then think of all your sins, and you will see
How right your guilt and punishment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
But you would throw some debtor into gaol.
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curse,
You are detain'd by something that is worse.
Were it in my election, I should choose,
To meet a ravenous wolf or bear got loose.
He'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,
No quarter from the parasite you'll get;
But, like a leech well fix'd, he'll suck what's good,
And never part till satisfied with blood.

[3] That is, "be admitted a member of The Beef-steak Club."—Richard Estcourt, who was a player and dramatic writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as possessed of a sprightly wit, and an easy and natural politeness. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef-steak Club was first instituted, he had the office of Provisore assigned him; and, as a mark of distinction, used to wear a small gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green silk riband. He died in the year 1713. *N.*

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happiness to you, because you are so much my friend as to rejoice at it. I some days ago met with an old acquaintance, a curious person, of whom I inquired if he had seen the book concerning soups and sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very slight view of it, the person who was master of it not being willing to part with so valuable a rarity out of his closet. I desired him to give me what account he could of it. He says, that it is a very handsome octavo; for, ever since the days of Ogilby, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a book become ingenious, and brighten up an author strangely; that there is a copious index; and at the end a catalogue of all the doctor's works, concerning cockles, English beetles, snails, spiders, that get up into the air and throw us down cobwebs, a monster vomited up by a baker, and such like; which, if carefully perused, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it seems, no manuscript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; so that this impression is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my friend says, he does not believe contrived it himself, because the things are so very much out of the way, that it is not probable any learned man would set himself seriously to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the editor, "That, whatever manuscripts there might have been, they must have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being written out by the cooks themselves, or some of their friends or servants, who are not always the most accurate." And then, as my friend observed, if the cook had used it much, it might be sullied; the cook, perhaps, not always licking his fingers when he had occasion for it. I should think it no improvident matter for the state to order a select scrivener to transcribe receipts, lest ignorant women and housekeepers should impose upon future ages by ill-spelt and uncorrect receipts for potting of lobsters, or pickling of turkeys. Cælius Apicius, it seems, passes for the author of this treatise; whose science, learning, and discipline, were extremely contemned, and almost abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoics, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and so lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to physic, to which a learned author, called Donatus, says, that "the kitchen is a handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every respect come up to the ancients, that by a very good author an old gentleman is introduced as making use of three doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent physicians; and, if kept at a constant pension, their fees will not be very costly.

It seems, as my friend has learnt, there were two persons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the republic, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had a great deal of wit and judgment in all affairs that related to eating," and consequently has his name affixed to many sorts of amulets and pancakes. Nor were emperors less contributors to so great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whose imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the last of which emperors had the peculiar glory of first making sausages of shrimps, crabs, oysters, prawns, and lobsters. And these sausages being mentioned by the author which the editor publishes, from that and many other arguments the learned doctor irrefragably maintains, that the book, as now printed, could not be transcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by [illegible], austere, and solid virtue. And, it seems, under his administration, a person that found out a new soup might have as great a reward, as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new continent. My friend says, the editor tells us of unheard-of dainties; how "Æsopus had a supper of the tongues of birds that could speak;" and that "his daughter regaled on pearls," though he does not tell us how she dressed them; how "Hortensius left ten thousand pipes of wine in his cellar, for his heir's drinking;" how "Vedius Pollio fed his fish-ponds with man's flesh;" and how "Cæsar bought six thousand weight of lampreys for his triumphal supper." He says, the editor proves equally to a demonstration, by the proportions and quantities set down, and the nauseousness of the ingredients, that the dinners of the emperors were ordered by their physicians; and that the *recipe* was taken by the cook, as the collegiate doctors would do their bills, to a modern apothecary; and that this custom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals over-ran the western empire; and that they, by use, exercise, and necessity of abstinence, introduced the eating of cheese and venison without those additional sauces, which the physicians of old found out to restore the depraved appetites of such great men as had lost their stomachs by an excess of luxury. Out of the ruins of Erasistratus's book of *endive*, Glaucus Lorrensis of *cox-heel*, Mithæcus of *hot-pot*, Dionysius of *sugar-sops*, Agis of *pickled broom-buds*, Epinetus of *sack-posset*, Euthedemus of *apple-dumplings*, Hegesippus of *black-pudding*, Crito of *soused mackarel*, Stephanus of *lemon-cream*, Archites of *hog's-harslet*, Acestius of *quince-marmalade*, Hickesius of *potted pigeons*, Diocles of *sweet breads*, and Philistion of *oat-cakes*, and several other such authors, the great Humelbergius composed his annotations upon Apicius; whose receipts, when part of [illegible], Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and [illegible] were preserved in the utmost parts of Tra[illegible] for the peculiar palate of the ingenious [illegible] Latinius Latiniius finds fault with several dishes at Apicius, and is pleased to say they are [illegible], but our editor defends that great person, by [illegible] the difference of our customs; how Plutarch says, "the ancients used no pepper," whereas all, or at least five or six hundred, of Apicius's delicates were seasoned with it. For we may as well admire that some West Indians should abstain from salt, as that we should be able to bear the bitterness of hops in our common drink: and therefore we should not be averse to rue, cummin, parsley-seed, marsh-mallows, or nettles, with our common meat; or to have pepper

honey, salt, vinegar, raisins, mustard and oil, rue, mastic, and cardamums, strown promiscuously over our dinner, when it comes to table. My friend tells me of some short observations he made out of the annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in some things he may mistake, because it is not wilfully, as, that Papirius Petrus was the great patron of custard: that the "*tetrapharmacon*, a dish much admired by the emperors Adrian and Alexander Severus, was made of pheasant, peacock, a wild sow's hock and udder, with a bread pudding over it; and that the name and reason of so odd a dish are to be sought for amongst the physicians."

The work is divided into ten books; of which the first treats of soups and pickles, and amongst other things shows, that sauce-pans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian used a glass of bitter in a morning; that the ancients scalded their wine; and that burnt claret, as now practised, with spice and sugar, is pernicious; that the adulteration of wine was as ancient as Cato; that *brawn* was a Roman dish, which Apicius commends as *wonderful;* its sauce then was mustard and honey, before the frequent use of sugar: nor were soused hogs-feet, cheeks, and ears, unknown to those ages. It is very probable, they were not so superstitious as to have so great a delicate only at Christmas. It were worth a dissertation between two learned persons, so it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæsar introduced it into Britain: and it is strange he should take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded, that they did not eat hare's flesh; that the ancients used to *marinate* their fish, by frying them in oil, and, the moment they were taken out, pouring boiling vinegar upon them. The learned annotator observes, that the best way of keeping the liquor in oysters is, by laying the deep shell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed oysters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, since made use of at Colchester with most admirable success! What estates might Brawn or Locket have got in those days, when Apicius, only for boiling sprouts after a new fashion, deservedly came into the good graces of Drusus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The first book having treated of sauces or standing pickles for relish, which are used in most of the succeeding receipts; the second has a glorious subject, of sausages, both with skins and without, which contains matters no less remarkable than the former. The ancients that were delicate in their eating prepared their own mushrooms with an amber, or at least a silver knife; where the annotator shows elegantly against Hardouinus, that the whole knife, and not only the handle, was of amber or silver, lest the rustiness of an ordinary knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are out-done by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The third book is of such edibles as are produced in gardens. The Romans used *nitre*, to make their herbs look green; the annotator shows our salt-petre at present to differ from the ancient *nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them first with oil and salt, and so boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the present receipt is, to let the water boil well; throw in salt and a bit of butter; and so not only sprouts but spinage will be green. There is a most extraordinary observation of the editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that walnut-trees, like Russian wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and stones are used by boys and others to get the fruit down, the walnut-tree being so very high they could not otherwise reach it, rather out of kindness to themselves, than any regard to the tree that bears it. As for asparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a hundred of them weighed thirty: that cucumbers are apt to rise in the stomach, unless pared, or boiled with oil, vinegar, and honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any disturbance, because it was a rule for them to have always boiled cabbage for their first dish at supper: that the best way to roast onions is in colewort leaves, for fear of burning them: that beets are good for smiths, because they, working at the fire, are generally costive: that Petronius has recorded a little old woman, who sold the *agreste olus* of the ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to those who in our days cry nettle-tops, elder-buds, and cliver, in spring-time very wholesome.

The fourth book contains the universal Art of Cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus composed the Pandects of Physic, and Justinian those of Law; so Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art, in this book which bears that inscription. The first chapter contains the admirable receipt of a *salacacaby* of Apicius. Bruise in a mortar parsley-seed, dried pennyroyal, dried mint, ginger, green coriander, raisins stoned, honey, vinegar, oil, and wine; put them into a *cacabulum;* three crusts of pycentine bread, the flesh of a pullet, goat stones, vestine cheese, pine kernels, cucumbers, dried onions minced small; pour a soup over it, garnish it with snow, and send it up in the *cacabulum*. This *cacabulum* being an unusual vessel, my friend went to his dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation of it, he was easily persuaded, from the whimsicalness of the composition, and the fantasticalness of snow for its garniture, that the properest vessel for a physician to prescribe, to send to table upon that occasion, might be a bed-pan. There are some admirable remarks in the annotations to the second chapter, concerning the dialogue of Asellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between mushrooms, *chats*, or *beccefico's*, oysters, and redwings; a work that ought to be published: for the same annotator observes, that this island is not destitute of redwings, though coming to us only in the hardest weather, and therefore seldom brought fat to our tables; that the *chats* come to us in April and breed, and about autumn return to Afric; that experience shows us they may be kept in cages, fed with beef or wether mutton, figs, grapes, and minced filberts, being dainties not unworthy the care of such as would preserve our British dishes; the first delighting in hodge-podge, gallimaufries, forced meats, jussels, and salmagundies; the latter in spear-ribs, surloins, chines and barons; and thence our terms of art, both as to dressing and carving,

become very different; for they, lying upon a sort of couch, could not have carved those dishes which our ancestors, when they sat upon forms, used to do. But, since the use of cushions and elbow-chairs, and the editions of good books and authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been something to blame; and I believe few of us have seen a dish of capon-stones at table; (lamb-stones is acknowledged by the learned annotator that we have) for the art of making capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning of their spurs; which, occasioning their sterility, makes them capons in effect, though those parts thereby became more large and tender.

The fifth book is of pease-porridge; under which are included, frumetary, watergruel, milk-porridge, rice-milk, flumary, stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is *ausprios;* but my friend was pleased to entitle it *pantagruel*, a name used by Rabelais, an eminent physician. There are some very remarkable things in it; as, the emperor Julianus had seldom any thing but spoon-meat at supper: that the herb fenugreck, with pickles, oil, and wine, was a Roman dainty; upon which the annotator observes, that it is not used in our kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterness that it has; and that it is plainly a physical diet, that will give a stool; and that, mixed with oats, it is the best purge for horses: an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be lost; for what the lord did not eat, he might send to his stable!

The sixth book treats of wild-fowl; how to dress ostriches, (the biggest, grossest, and most difficult of digestion, of any bird) phœnicoptrices, parrots, &c.

The seventh book treats of things *sumptuous* and *costly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *hog-meat; in* which the Romans came to that excess, that the laws forbad the usage of hogs-harslet, sweet-breads, cheeks, &c. at their public suppers; and Cato, when censor, sought to restrain the extravagant use of brawn, by several of his orations. So much regard was had then to the art of cookery, that we see it took place in the thoughts of the wisest men, and bore a part in their most important councils. But, alas! the degeneracy of our present age is such, that I believe few besides the annotator know the excellency of a virgin sow, especially of the *black* kind brought from China; and how to make the most of her liver, lights, brains, and pettitoes; and to vary her into those fifty dishes which, Pliny says, were usually made of that delicious creature. Besides, Galen tells us more of its excellencies: "That fellow that eats bacon for two or three days before he is to box or wrestle, shall be much stronger than if he should eat the best roast beef or bag pudding in the parish."

The eighth book treats of such dainties as *four-footed* beasts afford us; as, 1. the *wild boar*, which they used to boil with all its bristles on. 2. The *deer*, dressed with broth made with pepper, wine, honey, oil, and stewed damsons, &c. 3. The *wild sheep*, of which there are "innumerable in the mountains of Yorkshire and Westmoreland, that will let nobody handle them;" but, if they are caught, they are to be sent up with an "elegant sauce, prescribed after a physical manner, in form of an electuary, made of pepper, rue, parsley-seed, juniper, thyme dried, mint, pennyroyal, honey, &c." with which any apothecary in that country can furnish you. 4. *Beef*, with onion sauce, and commended by Celsus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, because the Greeks scarce knew how to *make oxen*, and *powdering-tubs* were in very few families: for physicians have been very peculiar in their diet in all ages; otherwise Galen would scarce have found out that [illegible] season in autumn. 5. The [illegible] paper. 6. The *hare*, the chief [illegible] *dainties;* its blood being the [illegible] mal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the emperors and nobility had parks to fatten them in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had sent him one, or a pig, he would make it last him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which must have been a great expense, and is very remarkable. But the most exquisite animal was reserved for the last chapter; and that was the *dormouse*, a harmless creature, whose innocence might at least have defended it both from cooks and physicians. But Apicius found out an odd sort of fate for those poor creatures; some to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *hogs-guts*, and so boiled for sausages. In ancient times, people made it their business to fatten them: Aristotle rightly observes, that sleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us, that sleep was their only nourishment. But the annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly observed one of them for many years, and finds, that it does not sleep all the winter, as falsely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repast then rolls itself up in a ball to sleep. This dormouse, according to the author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other dormice do so, I cannot tell, because Bambouselbergius's treatise Of Fattening Dormice is lost. Though very costly, they became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd receipt for dressng them, and serving them up with poppies and honey; which must be a very soporiferous dainty, and as good as owl-pie to such as want a nap after dinner. The fondness of the Romans came to be so excessive towards them, that, as Pliny says, "the censorian laws, and Marcus Scaurus in his consulship, got them prohibited from public entertainments." But Nero, [illegible] and Heliogabalus, would not deny the [illegible] and indeed property of their subjects in [illegible] enjoyment; and therefore we find [illegible] after brought to table in the times of [illegible] Vitellinus, who tells us likewise, that [illegible] were brought to table in those ages, to weigh [illegible] birds, and dormice," to see whether [illegible] the standard of excellence and perfection, and sometimes, I suppose, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The annotator takes hold of this occasion to show "of how great use scales would be at the tables of our nobility," especially upon the bringing up of a dish of wild-fowl: "for, if twelve larks (says he) should weigh below twelve ounces, they would be very lean, and scarce tolerable; if twelve and down-weight, they would be very well; but, if thirteen, they would be fat to perfection." We

see upon how nice and exact a balance the happiness of eating depends!

I could scarce forbear smiling, not to say worse, at such exactness and such dainties; and told my friend, that those scales would be of extraordinary use at Dunstable; and that, if the annotator had not prescribed his dormouse, I should upon the first occasion be glad to visit it, if I knew its visiting-days and hours, so as not to disturb it.

My friend said, there remained but two books more, one of sea and the other of river fish, in the account of which he would not be long, seeing his [illegible] began to fail him almost as much as my patience.

'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,
And gently sink the artist into sleep[1];

especially when treating of dormice.

The ninth book is concerning sea fish, where, amongst other learned annotations, is recorded that famous voyage of Apicius, who, having spent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were lobsters of a vast and unusual bigness in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on shipboard the same day; and, having suffered much at sea, came at last to the coast. But the fame of so great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the fishermen sailed out to meet him, and presented him with their fairest lobsters. He asked, if they had no larger. They answered, "Their sea produced nothing more excellent than what they had brought." This honest freedom of theirs, with his disappointment, so disgusted him, that he took pet, and bade the master return home again immediately: and so, it seems, Africa lost the breed of one monster more than it had before[2]. There are many receipts in the book, to dress cramp-fish, that numb the hands of those that touch them; the cuttle-fish, whose blood is like ink; the pourcontrel, or many feet; the sea-urchin, or hedge-hog; with several others, whose sauces are agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us moderns, the ancients often ate their oysters alive, and spread hard eggs minced over their sprats, as we do now over our salt-fish. There is one thing very curious concerning herrings. It seems, the ancients were very fantastical, in making one thing pass for another; so, at Petronius's supper, the cook sent up a fat goose, fish, and wild-fowl of all sorts to appearance, but still all were made out of the several parts of one single porker. The great Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his cook: the king was extremely affected with fresh herrings; (as indeed who is not?) but, being far up in Asia from the sea-coast, his whole wealth could not have purchased one; but his cook contrived some sort of meat, which, put into a frame, so resembled a herring, that it was extremely satisfactory both to this prince's eyes and *gusto*. My friend told me, that, to the honour of the city of London, he had seen a thing of this nature there; that is, a herring, or rather a salmagundy, with the head and tail so neatly laid, that it surprised him. He says, many of the *species* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent relish to Burton ale, and not costing above sixpence, an inconsiderable price for so imperial a dainty!

The tenth book, as my friend tells me, is concerning *fish sauces*, which consist of variety of ingredients, amongst which is generally a kind of frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any person who would boil fish exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at present is said to be a Dutch receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It seems, Seneca the philosopher, (a man from whose morose temper little good in the art of cookery could be expected) in his third book of Natural Questions, correcting the luxury of the times, says, the Romans were come to that daintiness, that they would not eat a fish unless upon the same day it was taken, "that it might taste of the sea," as they expressed it; and therefore had them brought by persons who rode post, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an usual expression for a Roman to say, "in other matters I may confide in you; but in a thing of this weight, it is not consistent with my gravity and prudence. I will trust nothing but my own eyes. Bring the fish hither, let me see him breathe his last." And, when the poor fish was brought to table swimming and gasping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying mullet!" My friend says, the annotator looks upon these "as jests made by the Stoics, and spoken absurdly and beyond nature;" though the annotator at the same time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the fishermen should not wash their fish, but bring them as they came out of the sea. Happy were the Athenians in good laws, and the Romans in great examples! But I believe our Britons need wish their friends no longer life, than till they see London served with live herrings and gasping mackarel. It is true, we are not quite so barbarous but that we throw our crabs alive into scalding water, and tie our lobsters to the spit to hear them squeak when they are roasted; our eels use the same peristaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their skin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occasion to the admirable remark of some persons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My friend said, that the mention of eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the annotator, "That they who amongst the Sybarites would fish for eels, or sell them, should be free from all taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the Sybarites, of whom I shortly intend a history, showing how they deservedly banished cocks for waking them in a morning, and smiths for being useful; how one cried out because one of the rose-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their horses to dance; and so their enemies, coming against them with *guitars* and *harpsichords*, set them so upon their *round o's* and *minuets*, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Gouldman, Lyttleton, and several other good au-

[1] Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

[2] Lord Lyttelton's Nineteenth Dialogue of the Dead (perhaps the most humorous in that admirable collection) seems to have been entirely founded on the hints suggested by Dr. King. *N.*

thors, affirm. I told my friend, I had much overstayed my hour; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice dishes to cover the table at once, which, except they would think of any thing better, should be a salacacaby, a dish of fenugreek, a wild sheep's head and appurtenance with a suitable electuary, a *ragout* of capon's stones, and some dormouse sausages.

If, as friends do with one another at a venison-pasty, you shall send for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

THE ART OF LOVE:

IN IMITATION OF

OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.

To the lord Herbert[1], eldest son of his excellency the earl of Pembroke and Montgomery; baron Herbert of Cardiff, Ross of Kendal, Parr, Fitz-Hugh Marmion, St. Quintin, and Herbert of Shutland; knight of the garter, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a subject that will naturally be protected by the goodness and temper of your lordship: for, as the advantages of your mind and person must kindle the flames of love in the coldest breast; so you are of an age most susceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all those accomplishments at home, which others are forced to seek abroad; and have given the world assurance, by such beginnings, that you will soon be qualified to fill the highest offices of the crown with the same universal applause, that has constantly attended your illustrious father in the discharge of them. For the good of your posterity, may you ever be happy in the choice of what you love! And though these rules will be of small use to you, that can frame much better; yet let me beg leave that, by dedicating them to your service, I may have the honour of telling the world, that I am obliged to your lordship; and that I am most entirely

your lordship's
most faithful humble servant,
WILLIAM KING.

PREFACE.

IT is endeavoured, in the following poems, to give the readers of both sexes some ideas of the art of love; such a love as is innocent and virtuous, and whose desires terminate in present happiness and that of posterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the ancients, amongst whom none has touched that passion more tenderly and justly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the mastership in that art; and therefore, in the fourth book De Tristibus, when he would give some account of himself to future ages, he calls himself Tenerorum Lusor Amorum, as if he gloried principally in the descriptions he had made of that passion.

The present imitation of him is at least such a one as Mr. Dryden mentions, "to be an endeavour of a latter poet to write like one who has written before him on the same subject; that is, not to translate his words, or be confined to all his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age and in our country. But he dares not say that sir John Denham and Mr. Cowley, have carried this liberty any way, as the latter calls it, so far as this definition reaches." But, alas! the present imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps succeeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had Pindar, to deal with, who both wrote upon lasting foundations: but the present subject being love, it would be unreasonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the passion and grounds of it will continue the same through all ages; yet there will be many little modes, fashions, and graces, ways of complaisance and address, entertainments and diversions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and persons will write, and the ancients have so great a fund of learning; whom can the moderns take better to copy than such originals? It is most likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thousand to one but their imitation is better than any clumsy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing, has as much reason to understand the true scope, genius, and force of the expressions of his author, as a literal translator[2]; and, after all, he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and, if there is any thing that may seem pardonable, the Latin at the bottom[3] shows to whom he is engaged for it. An imitator and his author stand much upon the same terms as Ben does with his father in the comedy[4].

What thof he be my father, I an't bound prentice to 'en.

There were many reasons why the imitator transposed several verses of Ovid, and has divided the whole into fourteen parts, rather than keep it in three books. The reasons are too tedious to be recited; but, among the rest, some were, that matters of the same subject might be more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthensome; and therefore (if small matters may allude to great, as Virgil in his Georgics, so here) about the middle and end with some remarkable fable, [illegible] it some moral: yet, if any person please to make the six first parts as the first book, and divide the eight last, they may make three books of them again. There have by chance some few lines crept into the poem out of the Remedy of Love, which, (as inani-

[1] Henry lord Herbert succeeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749. *N.*

[2] Dryden alludes to The Destruction of Troy, &c. *N.*

[3] In the first editions of the Art of Cookery, and of the Art of Love, Dr. King printed the original under the respective pages of his translations. *N.*

[4] Congreve's Love for Love. *N.*

mate things are generally the most wayward and provoking) since they would stay, have been suffered to stand there. But as for the love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be prescribed for it, but the speedy obtaining of what it desires. Should the imitator's style seem not to be sufficiently restrained, should he not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be considered, that perhaps even in that he desired to imitate his author, and would not peruse them; lest, as some of Ovid's works were, so these might be committed to the flames. But he leaves that for the reader to do, if he pleases, when he has *bought them.*

THE ART OF LOVE.

PART I.

WHOEVER knows not what it is to love,
Let him but read these verses, and improve.
Swift ships are rul'd by art, and oars, and sails:
Skill guides our chariots; Wit o'er Love prevails.
Automedon with reins let loose could fly;
Tiphys with Argo's ship cut waves and sky.
In love-affairs I'm charioteer of Truth,
And surest pilot to incautious youth.
Love's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy;
But then consider he is but a boy.
Chiron with pleasing harp Achilles tam'd,
And his rough manners with soft music fram'd:
Though he'd in council storm, in battle rage,
He bore a secret reverence for age.
Chiron's command with strict obedience ties
The sinewy arm by which brave Hector dies:
That was *his* task, but fiercer Love is mine:
They both are boys, and sprung from race divine.
The stiff-neck'd bull does to the yoke submit,
And the most fiery courser champs the bit.
So Love shall yield. I own, I've been his slave;
But conquer'd where my enemy was brave:
And now he darts his flames without a wound,
And all his whistling arrows die in sound.
Nor will I raise my fame by hidden art;
In what I teach, sound reason shall have part:
For Nature's passion cannot be destroy'd,
But moves in Virtue's path when well employ'd.
Yet still 'twill be convenient to remove
The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love.
May infant chastity, [illegible] patron's pride,
A parent's wish, and blushes of a bride,
Protect this work; so guard it, that no rhyme
In syllable or thought may vent a crime!
The soldier, that Love's armour would defy,
Will find his greatest courage is to fly:
When Beauty's amorous glances parley beat,
The only conquest then is to retreat:
But, if the treacherous fair pretend to yield,
'Tis present death, unless you quit the field.
Whilst youth and vanity would make you range,
Think on some beauty may prevent your change:
But such by falling skies are never caught;
No happiness is found but what is sought.
The huntsman learns where does trip o'er the lawn,
And where the foaming boar secures his brawn.
The fowler's low-bell robs the lark of sleep;
And they who hope for fish must search the deep:
And he, that fuel seeks for chaste desire,
Must search where Virtue may that flame inspire.
To foreign parts there is no need to roam:
The blessing may be met with nearer home.
From India some, others from neighbouring France,
Bring tawny skins, and puppets that can dance.
The seat of British empire does contain
Beauties, that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
As fruitful fields with plenty bless the sight,
And as the milky way adorns the night;
So *that* does with those graceful nymphs abound,
Whose dove-like softness is with roses crown'd.
There tenderest blooms inviting softness spread,
Whilst by their smallest twine the captive's led.
There youth advanc'd in majesty does shine,
Fit to be mother to a race divine.
No age in matrons, no decay appears;
By prudence only there you guess at years.
Sometimes you'll see these beauties seek the shade,
By lofty trees in royal gardens made;
Or at St. James's, where a noble care
Makes all things pleasing like himself appear;
Or Kensington, sweet air and blest retreat
Of him, that owns a sovereign, though most great.
Sometimes in wilder groves, by chariots drawn,
They view the noble stag and tripping fawn.
On Hyde-Park's circles if your chance to gaze,
The lights revolving strike you with amaze.
To Bath and Tunbridge they sometimes retreat,
With waters to dispel the parching heat:
But youth with reason there may oft' admire
That which may raise in him a nobler fire;
Till the kind fair relieves what he endures,
Caus'd at that water which all others cures.
Sometimes at marriage-rites you may espy
Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
Where to blest music they in dances move,
With innocence and grace commanding love.
But yearly when that solemn night returns,
When grateful incense on the altar burns,
For closing the most glorious day e'er seen,
That first gave light to happy Britain's queen;
Then is the time for noble youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious eye.
Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
Of nymphs ador'd, and goddesses of old,
Equal those beauties who that circle frame;
A subject fit for never-dying Fame:
Whose gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown,
Yet still can add no lustre to their own.
But when their queen does to the senate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the show;
Then guard your hearts, ye makers of our laws,
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cause;
Lest the submissive part should fall to you,
And they who suppliants help be forc'd to sue.
Then may their yielding hearts compassion take,
And grant your wishes, for your country's sake:
Ease to their beauties' wounds may goodness give;
And, since you make all happy, let you live.
Sometimes these beauties on Newmarket plains,
Ruling their gentle pads with silken reins,

5 George prince of Denmark, consort to the queen, greatly admired these fine gardens.—They were purchased by king William from lord chancellor Finch; were enlarged by queen Mary; and improved by queen Anne, who was so pleased with the place, that she frequently supped during the summer in the green-house. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their present size, three miles and a half in compass. *N.*

Behold the conflicts of the generous steeds,
Sprung from true blood, and well-attested breeds.
There youth may justly with discerning eye
Through riding Amazonian habit spy
That which his swiftest courser cannot fly.
It is no treacherous or base piece of art,
T' approve the side with which the fair takes part:
For equal passion equal minds will strike,
Either in commendation or dislike.
For, when two fencers ready stand to fight,
And we're spectators of the bloody sight,
Our nimble passion, love, has soon design'd
The man, to whom we must and will be kind.
We think the other is not fit to win:
This is our conqueror ere fight begin.
If danger dares approach him, how we start!
Our frighted blood runs trembling to our heart:
He takes the wounds, but we endure the smart.
And Nature by such instances does prove,
That we fear most for that which most we love.
Therefore, if chance should make her saddle slide,
Or any thing should slip, or be untied,
Oh, think it not a too officious care
With eagerness to run and help the fair.
We offer small things to the powers above:
'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.
So when Eliza, whose propitious days
Revolving Heaven does seem again to raise;
Whose ruling genius show'd a master-stroke
In every thing she did, and all she spoke;
Was stepping o'er a passage, which the rain
Had fill'd, and seem'd as stepping back again;
Young Raleigh scorn'd to see his queen retreat,
And threw his velvet-cloak beneath her feet.
The queen approv'd the thought, and made him great[6].
Mark when the queen her thanks divine would give
Midst acclamations, that she *long may live*;
To whom kind Heaven the blessing has bestow'd,
To let her arms succeed for Europe's good;
No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns,
Nor are the captives dragg'd with ponderous chains;
But all declare the British subjects' ease,
And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
Then, whilst the pomp of majesty proceeds
With stately steps, and eight well-chosen steeds,
From every palace beauties may be seen,
That will acknowledge none but her for queen.
Then, if kind Chance a lovely maid has thrown
Next to a youth with graces like her own,
Much she would learn, and many questions ask;
The answers are the lover's pleasing task.
"Is that the *man* who made the French to fly?
What place is Bleuheim? is the Danube nigh?
Where was 't that he with sword victorious stood,
And made their trembling squadrons choose the flood?
What is the *gold* adorns this royal state?
Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?
Don't it require a most prodigious care
To manage treasures in the height of war?
Must he not be of calmest truth possest,
Presides o'er councils of the royal breast?
Sea-fights are surely dismal scenes of war!
Pray, sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?
Has not the emperor got some envoy here?
Wo'n't Danish, Swedish, Prussian lords appear?
Who represents the line of Hanover?
Don't the states general assist them all?
Should we not be in danger, if they fall?
If Savoy's duke and prince Eugene could meet
In this solemnity, 'twould be complete.
Think you that Barcelona could have stood
Without the hazard of our noblest blood?
At Ramilies what ensigns did you get?
Did many towns in Flanders th[illegible]
Was it the conqueror's business [illegible]
Or was he met by all of them wi[illegible]
Oh, could my wish but fame ete[illegible]
The laurel on those brows shoul[illegible]
The British worth in nothing [illegible]
When it has such assistance from the fair.
As Virtue merits, it expects regard;
And Valour flies, where Beauty's the reward.

6 Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his rise at court. *N.*

PART II.

In love-affairs the theatre has part,
That wise and most instructing scene of art,
Where Vice is punish'd with a just reward,
And Virtue meets with suitable regard;
Where mutual Love and Friendship find return,
But treacherous Insolence is hiss'd with scorn,
And Love's unlawful wiles in torment burn.
This without blushes whilst a virgin sees,
Upon some brave spectator Love may seize,
Who, till *she* sends it, never can have ease.
As things that were the best at first
By their corruption grow the worst;
The modern stage takes liberties
Unseen by our forefathers' eyes.
As bees from hive, from mole-hill ants;
So swarm the females and gallants,
All crowding to the comedy,
For to be seen, and not to see.
But, though these females are to blame,
Yet still they have some native shame:
They all are silent till they're ask'd;
And ev'n their impudence is mask'd:
For Nature would be modest still,
And there's reluctancy in will.
Sporting and plays had harmless been,
And might by any one be seen,
Till Romulus began [illegible]em,
Who kept a palace, call'd [illegible]um;
Where ba[illegible]es, and pandars,
Were list[illegible].
But then th[illegible]
They could [illegible] whore;
And neighbou[illegible]arry,
Rather than [illegible] marry.
But, for to cheat [illegible]
They knavishly [illegible]
No gilded pillars [illegible]
Nor was the cloth [illegible] green,
No ghosts came from the [illegible] crying,
Nor angels from the [illegible] flying.
The house was made of sticks and bushes,
And all the floor was strew'd with rushes:
The seats were raised with turf and sods,
Whence heroes might be view'd, and gods.
Paris and Helen was the play,
And how both of them ran away.

Romulus bade his varlets go
Invite the Sabines to his show.
Unto this opera no rate is:
They all were free to come in *gratis:*
And they, as girls will seldom miss
A merry meeting, came to this.
There was much wishing, sighing, thinking,
Not without whispering, and winking.
Their pipes had then no shaking touch:
Their song and dance were like the Dutch:
The whole performance was by men,
Nor were they had no eunuchs then.
But whilst the music briskly play'd,
And gallantry its true display'd
The seats for each man to his maid.
"Hoxa!" they cry; then seize: some tremble
In real fact, though most dissemble.
Some are attempting an escape,
And others softly cry, "A rape!"
Whilst some bawl out, "That they had rather
Than twenty pound lose an old father."
Some look extremely pale, and others red,
Some wish they'd ne'er been born, or now were dead,
And others fairly wish themselves a-bed.
Some rant, tear, run; whilst some sit still,
To show they're ravish'd much against their will.
Thus Rome began; and now at last,
After so many ages past,
Their rapes and lewdness without shame;
Their vice and villany's the same.
Ill be their fate who would corrupt the stage,
And spoil the true corrector of the age!

PART III.

Now learn those arts which teach you to obtain
Those beauties which you see divinely reign.
Though they by Nature are transcendent bright,
And would be seen ev'n through the gloom of night;
Yet they their greatest lustre still display,
In the meridian pitch of calmest day.
'Tis then we purple view, and costly gem,
And with more admiration gaze on them.
Faults seek the dark; they who by moon-light woo,
May find their fair-one as inconstant too.
When Modesty supported is by Truth,
There is a boldness that becomes your youth.
In gentle sounds disclose a lover's care,
'Tis better than your sighing and despair.
Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
The hare, grown bold, may face the dogs again,
When Beauty don't in Virtue's arms rejoice,
Since harmony in love is Nature's voice.
But harden'd Impudence sometimes will try
At things which Justice cannot but deny.
Then, what that says is insolence and pride,
Is Prudence, with firm honour for its guide.
The lady's counsels often are betray'd
By trusting secrets to a servile maid,
The whole intrigues of whose insidious brain
Are base, and only terminate in gain.
Let them take care of too diffusive mirth;
Suspicions thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Sinon's craft it had not been destroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean songs, and free discourse,
With sly insinuations, may prove worse
To tender females than the Trojan horse.
Take care how you from virtue stray;
For scandal follows the same way,
And more than truth it will devise.
Old poets did delight in lies,
Which modern ones now call *surprise.*
Some say that Myrrha lov'd her father,
That Byblis lik'd her brother rather.
And in such tales old Greece did glory:
Amongst the which, pray take this story.
Crete was an isle, whose fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,
And there upon Mount Ida stood
A venerable spacious wood,
Within whose centre was a grove
Immortaliz'd by birth of Jove:
In vales below a bull was fed,
Whom all the kine obey'd as head;
Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,
But all the rest of him was driven snow.
(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)
At the same time one justice Minos,
That liv'd hard-by, was married lately;
And, that his bride might show more stately,
When through her pedigree he run,
Found she was daughter to the Sun.
Her name Pasiphaë was hight,
And, as her father, she was bright.
This lady took up an odd fancy,
That with his bull she fain would dance ye.
She'd mow him grass, and cut down boughs,
On which his stateliness might browse.
Whilst thus she hedges breaks and climbs,
Sure Minos must have happy times!
She never car'd for going fine,
She'd rather trudge among the kine.
Then at her toilet she would say,
"Methinks I look *bizarre* to day.
Sure my glass lies, I'm not so fair:
Oh, were this face o'ergrown with hair!
I never was for top-knots born;
My favourites should each be horn.
But now I'm liker to a sow
Than, what I wish to be, a cow—
What would I give that I could lough!
My bull-y cares for none of those
That are afraid to spoil their clothes:
Did he but love me, he'd not fail
To take me with my draggle-tail."
Then tears would fall, and then she'd run,
As would the Devil upon Dun.
When she some handsome cow did spy,
She'd scan her form with jealous eye;
Say, "How she frisks it o'er the plain,
Runs on, and then turns back again!
She seems a bear resolv'd to prance,
Or a she-ass that tries to dance.
In vain she thinks herself so fine:
She can't please bull-y, for he's mine.
But 'tis revenge alone assuages
My envy when the passion rages.
Here, rascal, quickly yoke that cow,
And see the shrivel'd carrion plough.
But second counsel's best: she dies:
I'll make immediate sacrifice,
And with the victim feast my eyes.
'Tis thus my rivals I'll remove
Who interpose 'twixt me and what I love.
Io in Egypt's worship'd now,
Since Jove transform'd her to a cow,

'Twas on a bull Europa came
To that blest land which bears her name.
Who knows what fate's ordain'd for me
The languishing Pasiphaë.
Had I a bull as kind as she!"
When madness rages with unusual fire,
'Tis not in Nature's power to quench desire;
Then vice transforms man's reason into beast,
And so the monster's made the poet's jest.

PART IV.

LET youth avoid the noxious heat of wine:
Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill design.
The grape, when scattered on the wings of Love,
So clogs the down, the feathers cannot move.
The boy, who otherwise would fleeting stray,
Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to stay.
Then courage rises, when the spirit's fir'd,
And rages to possess the thing desir'd:
Care vanishes through the exalted blood,
And sorrow passes in the purple flood;
Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a soul,
Whose thoughts in fancied heaps of plenty roll.
Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart
Plain simple truth from a dissembling heart.
Then to some wanton passion he must run,
Which his discreeter hours would gladly shun;
Where he the time in thoughtless ease may pass,
And write his *billet-doux* upon the glass;
Whilst sinking eyes with languishment profess
Follies his tongue refuses to confess.
Then his good-nature will take t'other sup,
If she'll first kiss, that he may kiss the cup.
Then something nice and costly he could eat,
Supposing still that she will carve the meat.
But, if a brother or a husband's by,
Whom the ill-natur'd world may call a spy,
He thinks it not below him to pretend
The open-heartedness of a true friend;
Gives him respect surpassing his degree:
The person that is meant by all is *she*.
'Tis thought the safest way to hide a passion,
And therefore call'd the friendship now in fashion.
By secret signs and enigmatic stealth,
She is the toast belongs to every health:
And all the lover's business is to keep
His thoughts from anger, and his eyes from sleep:
He'll laugh ye, dance ye, sing ye, vault, look gay,
And ruffle all the ladies in his play.
But still the gentleman's extremely fine;
There's nothing apish in him but the wine.
Many a mortal has been bit
By marrying in the drunken fit.
To lay the matter plain before ye,
Pray hearken whilst I tell my story.
It happen'd about break of day
Gnossis a girl, had lost her way,
And wander'd up and down the Strand,
Whereabouts now York Buildings stand:
And half-awak'd she roar'd as bad
As if she really had been mad;
Unlac'd her boddice, and her gown
And petticoats hung dangling down:
Her shoes were slipt, her ancles bare,
And all around her flew her yellow hair.
"Oh, cruel Theseus! can you go,
And leave your little Gnossis so?
You in your scull' did promise carriage,
And gave me proofs of future marriage;
But then last night away did creep,
And basely left me fast asleep."
Then she is falling in a fit:
But don't grow uglier one bit.
The flood of tears rather supplies
The native rheum about her eyes.
The bubbies then are beat again:
Women in passion feel no pain.
"What will become of me? oh, what
Will come of me? oh, tell me that!"
Bacco was drawer at the Sun,
And had his belly like his tun:
For blubber-lips and cheeks all bloated,
And frizzled pate, the youth was note.
He, as his custom was, got drunk,
And then went strolling for a punk.
Six links and lanterns, 'cause 'twas dark yet,
He press'd from Covent-Garden market:
Then his next captives were the waits,
Who play'd lest he should break their pates.
But, as along in state he passes,
He met a fellow driving asses:
For there are several folks, whose trade is
To milk them for consumptive ladies.
Nothing would serve but get astride,
And the old bell-man too must ride.
What with their hooting shouting yell,
The scene had something in't of Hell.
And who should all this rabble meet,
But Gnossy, drabbling in the street?
The fright destroy'd her speech and colour,
And all remembrance of her sculler.
Her conduct thrice bade her be flying:
Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
Like bullrushes on side of brook,
Or aspin leaves, her joints all shook.
Bacco cry'd out, "I'm come, my dear;
I'll soon disperse all thoughts of fear:
Nothing but joys shall revel here."
Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
Protested, "She should have no harm:
But rather would assure her, he
Rejoic'd in opportunity
Of meeting such a one as she:
And that, encircled all around
With glass and candles many a pound,
She should with bells command the bar,
And call her room Sun, Moon, and Star:
That the good company present me,
And should not want a wedding-treat."
In short, they married and both made ye,
He a free landlord, she a kind landlady.
The Spartan lords their children would invite
To an excess of drink to shew their slight:
The parent thus their offspring's sight to save,
And to the land of sense and freedom the slave.

PART V.

THE season must be mark'd for nice address:
A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour less.
Not the wise gardener more discretion needs
To manage tender plants and hopeful seeds,
To know when rain, when warmth, must guard his flowers,
Than lovers do to watch their most auspicious [hours.

As the judicious pilot views from far
The influences of each rising star,
Where signs of future calms or storms appear,
When fitting to be bold, and when to fear;
So Love's attendant by long art descries
The rise of growing passion from the eyes.
Love has its festival as well as fast,
Nor does its carnival for ever last.
What was a visit, now is to intrude;
What's civil now, to-morrow will be rude.
Small signs denote great things: the happy man
That can retrieve a glove, or falling fan,
With grateful joy the benefit receives,
Whilst with desponding care his rival grieves.
Whene'er it may seem proper you should write,
Let Ovid the prevailing words indite:
By Scrope[7], by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be taught,
And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thought.
Submissive voice and words do best agree
To their hard fortune, who must suppliants be.
It was by speech like this great Priam won
Achilles' soul, and so obtain'd his son.
Hope is an useful goddess in your case,
And will increase your speed in Cupid's race.
Though in its promises it fail sometimes,
Yet with fresh resolution still it climbs.
Though much is lost at play; yet Hope at last
Drives on, and meets with some successful cast.
Why then make haste; on paper ting'd with gold,
By quill of dove, thy love-sick tale unfold.
Move sprightly, knowing 'tis for life you push:
Your letter will not, though yourself might blush.
'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
The British youth—to study rules of speech:
That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
Gives secret strength to justice in a cause.
To that the crowd, the judge, the senate, yield:
'Gainst that ev'n Beauty can't maintain the field.
Conceal your art, and let your words appear
Common, not vulgar; not too plain, though clear.
Show not your eloquence at the first sight;
But from your shade rise by degrees of light.
Dress thoughts as if Love's silence first were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling passion spoke.
Suppose that your first letter is sent back;
Yet she may yield upon the next attack.
If not; by art a diamond rough in hue
Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
Soft water-drops the marble will destroy,
And ten years' siege prove conqueror of Troy.
Suppose sh' has read, but then no answer gave:
It is sufficient she admits her slave.
Write on; for Time the freedom may obtain
Of having mutual love sent back again.
Perhaps she writes, but 'tis to bid you cease,
And that your lines but discompose her peace.

This is a stratagem of Cupid's war:
She'd, like a Parthian, wound you from afar,
And by this art your constancy would try:
She's nearest much when seeming thus to fly.
Pursue the fair disdain through every place
That with her presence she vouchsafes to grace.
If to the play she goes, be there, and see
How love rewarded makes the comedy.
Fly to the park, if thither she'd retire;
Perhaps some gentle breeze may fan the fire.
But if to court, then follow, where you'll find
Majestic Truth with sacred Hymen join'd.
It is in vain some study to profess,
Their inclination by too nice a dress,
As not content with manly cleanliness.
Mein, shape, or manner, no addition needs:
There's something careless that all art exceeds.
Adonis from his lonely solitudes,
Rough Theseus landing from the briny floods,
Hippolitus fresh hunting from the woods,
O'er heroines of race divine prevail'd, [fail'd.
Where powder'd wig and snuff-box might have
No youth that's wise will to his figure trust,
As if so fine to be accosted first.
Distress must ask, and gratefully receive:
'Tis Heaven and Beauty's honour they can give.
There's some have thought that looking pale and wan,
With a submission that is less than man,
Might gain their end; but sunk in the attempt,
And found, that which they merited, contempt.
Gain but admittance, half your story's told:
There's nothing then remains but to be bold.
Venus and Fortune will assist your claim;
And Cupid dart the breast at which you aim.
No need of studied speech, or skilful rules:
Love has an eloquence beyond the schools;
Where softest words and accents will be found
All flowing in, to form the charming sound.
Of her you love bright images you'll raise:
When just, they are not flattery, but praise.
What can be said too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food?
For nine years' space Egypt had fruitless stood,
Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood;
When Thrasius said, "That blessing to regain,
The gods require a stranger should be slain."
"Be thou the man," (the fierce Busiris cries:)
"I'll make th' adviser his own sacrifice;
Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."
Perillus, first and last of 's trade,
For Phalaris a bull had made:
With fire beneath, and water hot,
He put the brasier in the pot,
And gave him, like an honest fellow,
Precedence in his bull to bellow.
The tyrants both did right: no law more just
Than, "He that thinks of ill, should feel it first."
Curst be their arts, unstudied be their trade,
Who female truth by falsehood would invade:
That can betray a friend or kinsman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames:
Whose eager passion finds its sure relief,
When terminating in another's grief!
Careless hereafter what they promise now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow;
Then cite th' example of the faithless Jove,
Who laughs, they say, at perjury in love.
They think they have a thousand ways to please,
Ten thousand more to rob the mind of ease.

7 Sir Car Scrope, one of those writers in the reign of king Charles the second, that Mr. Pope calls

The mob of gentlemen who write with ease.

He was created a baronet, January 16, 1666. The greater part of his writings consist of translations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, with some love songs and lampoons. Some specimens of them are to be found in the Select Collection of Miscellany Poems, 1780. He died some time in the year 1680. *N.*

For, as the Earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantastic rounds;
Like Proteus, can be lion, river, bear,
A tree, or any thing that's fram'd of air.
Thus they lay snares, thus they set off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit.
But they, who through this course of mischief run,
Will find that fraud is various, virtue one.
Achilles, a gigantic boy,
Was wanted at the siege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the generals did desire him:
For Discord, you must know, had thrown
An apple where 'twas two to one;
But, if a stir was made about it,
Two of the three must go without it:
And so it was; for Paris gave it
To Venus, who resolv'd to have it.
(The story here would be too long:
But you may find it in the song.)
Venus, although not over-virtuous,
Yet still designing to be courteous,
Resolved to procure the varlet
A flaming and triumphant harlot;
First stol'n by one she would not stay with,
Then married to be run away with.
Her Paris carried to his mother;
And thence in Greece arose that pother,
Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
And Chaucer, makes us such a cant.
It was a just and noble cause,
The breach of hospitable laws:
Though done to one, yet common grief
Made all unite to seek relief.
But, when they sought the country round,
'There's no Achilles could be found.
His mother was afraid t' have lost him,
And therefore thus she did accost him:
" My pretty dear, let me persuade ye
This once for to become a lady.
This petticoat and mantua take,
And wear this nightrail for my sake.
I've made your knots all of the smallest,
Because you're something of the tallest.
I'd have you never go unlac'd,
For fear of spoiling of your waist.
Now languish on me—scorn me now—
Smile—frown—run—laugh—I see 'twill do.
You'd perfect all you now begin,
Only for poking out your chin."
Him thus instructed soon she sends
To Lycomede, and there pretends
It was a daughter of a friend's,
Who, grown full large by country feeding,
Was sent to her, to mend her breeding.
Herself had now no child, nor no man
To trust but him, poor lonely woman!
That might reward him well hereafter,
If he would use her as his daughter.
In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
Psyche and Phillis, she took Zoe.
Th' old man receiv'd her, and exprest
Much kindness for his topping guest:
Show'd her his girls; said, " Whilst she'd stay,
His Zoe should be us'd as they."
At first there much reserv'dness past:
But, when acquaintance grew at last,
They'd jest, and every one would show
Her works, which she could never do.
One said, her fingers were most fitting
For the most fiddling work of knitting.
Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all must help her for love's sake.
Zoe, undrest in night-gown tawdry,
With clumsy fist must work embroidery;
Whilst others try her greasy clunches
With stoning currants in whole bunches.
But there was one, call'd Dedamy,
Mistrusted something by the by,
And, sighing, thus one night she said,
" Why, Zoe may n't we go to bed?"
" Soon as you please, good mistress Ded."
The fleeting months soon roll about;
Time came when murder all must out.
Zoe, for fear of the old man,
Into the army quickly ran;
And sav'd the slitting of his nose,
By timely changing of her clothes.
Thus, whilst we Glory's dictates shun,
Into the snares of Vice we run;
And he that should his country serve,
And beauty by his worth deserve,
In female softness wanton stays,
And what he should adore betrays.

PART VI.

But now, O happy youth, thy prize is found,
And all thy wishes with success are crown'd.
Not Io Pæans, when Apollo's prais'd;
Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd;
Not acclamations of exalted Rome,
To welcome peace with her Augustus home;
Can more delight a brave and generous mind,
Than it must you to see a beauty kind:
The bays to me with gratitude you'll give,
Like Hesiod and like Homer make me live.
Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
Hippodamy, with his life's danger bought.
Thus prosperous Jason, rich with golden fleece,
On Argo's vocal timber sail'd to Greece.
But stay, fond youth; the danger is not past:
You're not arriv'd in port, nor anchor cast.
From you my heart may still more bays deserve,
If what by me you gain'd, by me you shall pre-
Nor than the conquest is the glory less, [serve,
To fix the throne on [illegible] which you possess.
Now, Erato, [illegible] Muse,
Whose name and office both do love infuse,
Assist my [illegible] Venus' son,
That vagabond, [illegible] mother run,
And then, with [illegible] body light,
Through the [illegible] would take his flight;
By artful bonds [illegible] stay,
And make his [illegible] obey.
Whilst I my [illegible]
And fondly thought to [illegible]
Two neighbours that were [illegible]
Tormented both with jealousy,
Told me it was in vain to try.
When one began his tale, as thus:
" Perhaps you've heard of Dædalus,
When Minos would have made him stay,
How through the clouds he found his way.
He was a workman wise and good,
Building was what he understood.

Like to the house where we act plays,
He made a turning winding maze,
Fitting to harbour acts of sin,
And put a whore and bastard in.
" ' I've done your work; and now my trust is,
Good sir, that you will do me justice.
'Tis true I hither fled for murther;
Let my misfortunes go no further;
Some end all punishments should have,
Birth to the wretch my country gave:
Let it afford me now a grave.
Dismiss my son; at least, if rather
You'd keep the boy, dismiss his father.'
This he might say, and more, or so;
But Minos would not let him go.
At this he was enrag'd, and cried,
' It is in danger wit is tried:
Minos possesses earth and sea;
The sky and fire are left for me.
Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove,
If I approach your seats above.
It is necessity that draws
A new-invented rule for Nature's laws.'
" Thus he began: Full many a feather
With twine of thread he stitch'd together:
(Abundance more than are enough
To make your wife and mine a muff.)
Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
To fix the whole, but melted wax:
That was the work of the young boy,
Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy;
Not guessing, ere he was much older,
He should have one upon each shoulder.
To whom his father: ' Here's the ship
By which we must from Minos slip.
Child, follow me, just as I fly on,
And keep your eye fix'd on Orion:
I'll be your guide; and never fear,
Conducted by a father's care.
The Virgin and Bootes shun:
Take heed lest you approach the Sun;
His flaming influence will be felt,
And the diffusive wax will melt.
The sea by rising fogs discover;
O'er that, be sure, you never hover:
It would be difficult to drag
Your wetted pinions, should they flag.
Between them both the sky is fair,
No winds or hurricanes are there,
But you may fan the fleeting air.'
" Thus speaking, he with whipcord-strings
Fastens, and then extends, the wings:
And, when the youth completely drest,
Just as the eagle from her nest
By gentle flights her aglet tries
To dare the Sun, and mount the skies;
The father so his boy prepares,
Not without kiss and falling tears.
In a large plain, a rising height
Gives some assistance to their flight.
With a quick spring and fluttering noise,
They in the sky their bodies poise.
Back on his son the father looks,
Raising his swift and even strokes.
Now dreadless, with bold art supplied,
He does on airy billows ride,
And soar with an ambitious pride.
Mortals, who by the limpid flood
With patient angle long have stood,
On the smooth water's shining face
See the amazing creatures pass,
Look up astonish'd, whilst the reed
Drops from the hand whose sense is dead.
Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haste
They Samos now and Naxos past,
Paros, and Delos, blest abode
And parent of the Clarian god:
Lebinthus on their right hand lies,
And sweet Calydne's groves arise,
And fam'd Astypalæa's fens
Breed shoals of fish in oozy dens:
When the unwary boy, whose growing years
Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
Mounts an ethereal hill, whence he might spy
The lofty regions of a brighter sky;
Far from his father's call and aid
His wings in glittering fire display'd,
Whose ambient heat their plume involves,
And all their liquid bands dissolves.
He sees his loosen'd pinions drop;
On naked arms lies all his hope.
From the vast concave precipice he finds
A swift destruction, sinking with the winds.
Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
Whose womb is equally as steep.
Then, ' father! father!' he'd have cried:
Tempests the trembling sounds divide,
Whilst dismal fear contracts his breath,
And the rough wave completes his death.
' My son! my son!' long might the father cry:
There is no track to seek him in the sky.
By floating wings his body found
Is cover'd with the neighbouring ground.
His art, though not successful, has its fame,
And the Icarian seas preserve his name."
If men from Minos could escape,
And into birds transform their shape,
And there was nothing that could hold them,
Provided feathers might be sold them;
The thought from madness surely springs
To fix a god that's born with wings.
Quoth t'other man, " Sir, if you'll tarry,
I'll tell you a tale of my boy Harry,
Would make a man afraid to marry.
This boy does oft' from paper white
In miniature produce a kite.
With tender hands the wood he bends,
On which the body he extends:
Paste made of flour with water mix'd
Is the cement by which 'tis fix'd:
Then scissors from the maid he'll borrow,
With promise of return to-morrow.
With those he paper nicely cuts,
Which on the sides for wings he puts.
The tail, that's an essential part,
He manages with equal art;
With paper shreds at distance tied,
As not too near, nor yet too wide,
Which he to fitting length extends,
Till with a tuft the fabric ends.
Next packthread of the evenest twine,
Or sometimes silk, he'll to it join,
Which, by the guidance of his hand,
Its rise or downfall may command;
Or carry messengers to see
If all above in order be.
Then wanton zephyrs fan it till it rise,
And through ethereal rills plough up the azure [skies,

"Sometimes in silent shades of night
He'll make it shine with wondrous light
By lantern with transparent folds,
Which flaming wax in safety holds.
This, glittering with mysterious rays,
Does all the neighbourhood amaze.
Then comes the conjurer o' th' place,
With legs asquint and crooked face,
Who with his spying-pole from far
Pronounces it a blazing-star:
That wheat shall fall, and oats be dear,
And barley shall not spring that year:
That murrain shall infect all kine,
And measles will destroy the swine:
That fair maids' sweethearts shall fall dead
Before they lose their maidenhead;
And widows shall be forc'd to tarry
A month at least before they marry.
But, whilst the fool his thought enjoys,
The whole contrivance was my boy's.
Now, mark me, 'twas from such-like things
The poets fram'd out Cupid's wings.
If a child's nature thus can soar,
And all this lies within his power,
His mother surely can do more.
Pray tell me what is to be done,
If she'll with cuckold-makers run.
No watchful care of jealous eye
Can hinder, if escape she'll try;
The kite will to her carrion fly."
Where native Modesty the mind secures,
The husband has no need of locks and doors;
The specious comet, fram'd by Jealousy,
Will prove delusion all, and all a lie.

PART VII.

NOT all the herbs by sage Medea found,
Not Marsan drugs, though mixt with magic sound,
Not philtres studied by Thessalian art,
Can fix the mind, and constancy impart.
Could these prevail, Jason had felt their charms;
Ulysses still had died in Circe's arms.
Continue lovely, if you'll be belov'd:
Virtue from Virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay;
By time the blooming outside will decay.
See hyacinth again of form bereft,
And only thorns upon the rose-tree left.
Then lay up stores of learning and of wit,
Whose fame shall scorn the Acherontic pit,
And, whilst those fleeting shadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part, which cannot die.
Ulysses had no magic in his face;
But then his eloquence had charming grace,
Such as could force itself to be believ'd,
And all the watery goddesses deceiv'd:
To whom Calypso from her widow'd shore
Sends him these sighs, which furious tempests bore.
"Your passage often I by art delay'd,
Oblig'd you more, the more to be betray'd.
Here you have often on this rolling sand
Describ'd your scene of war with slender wand.
Here's Troy, and this circumference its walls:
Here Simois gently in the ocean falls:
Here lies my camp: these are the spacious fields
Where to this sword the crafty Dolon yields.
This of Sithonian Rhesus is the tent.—
On with the pleasing tale your language went,
When a tenth wave did with one flash destroy
The platform of imaginary Troy.
By fear like this I would enforce your stay,
To see what names the waters toss'd away.
I took you cast up helpless by the sea:
Thousands of happy hours you pass'd with me;
No mention made of old Penelope.
On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
But write our benefits upon the wave.
Why then be gone, the seas uncertain trust;
As I found *you*, so may you find them just.
Dying Calypso must be left behind,
And all your vows be wafted with the wind."
Fond are the hopes he should be constant now,
Who to his tenderest part had broke his vow.
By artful charms the mistress strives in vain
The loose inconstant wanderer to gain.
Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain.

PART VIII.

INDULGENCE soon takes with a noble mind:
Who can be harsh, that sees another kind?
Most times the greatest art is to comply
In granting that which justice might deny.
We form our tender plants by soft degrees,
And from a warping stem raise stately trees.
To cut th' opposing waves, we strive in vain;
But, if we rise with them, and fall again,
The wish'd-for land with ease we may attain.
Such complaisance will a rough humour bend;
And yielding to one failure save a friend.
Mildness and temper have a force divine,
To make ev'n passion with their nature join.
The hawk we hate, as living still in arms,
And wolves assiduous in the shepherd's harms.
The sociable swallow has no fears,
Upon our towers the dove her nest prepares,
And both of them live free from human snares.
Far from loud rage and echoing noise of fights
The softest Love in gentle sound delights.
Smooth mirth, bright smiles, calm peace, and flowing joy,
Are the companions of the Paphian boy:
Such as when Hymen first his mantle spread
All o'er the sacred [illegible] which made the bridal bed.
These blandishments keep Love upon the wing,
His presence fresh, and always in the spring:
This makes a pro[illegible] to the view,
With light that [illegible] still and still is new;
At your approach, [illegible] serene,
Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian queen,
Who brings along her daughter Harmony,
With Muses sprung from Love, and Graces three.
Birds shot by you, fish by your angle caught,
The golden apples from Hesperia brought,
The blushing peach, the fragrant nectareens,
Laid in fresh beds of flowers and scented greens,
Fair lilies strew'd with bloody mulberries,
Or grapes whose juice made Bacchus reach the skies,
May oftentimes a grateful present make,
Not for the value, but the giver's sake.
Perhaps she may at vacant hours peruse
The happy product of your easy Muse.
Far from intrigue and scandal be your verse;
But praise of virgin-modesty rehearse;

Mausolus by his consort deified;
How for Admetus blest Alcestis died.
Since Overbury's Wife[8], no poets seem
T' have chose a wiser or a nobler theme.
You'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer;
Pardon a servant, let all come from her.
Thus what you grant if she must recommend,
'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
So, when pale Want is craving at the door,
We send our favourite son to help the poor;
Pleas'd with their grateful prayers that he may live,
And find what heavenly pleasure 'tis to give.
Praise all her actions, think her dress is fine;
Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join;
Your wealth does best, when plac'd on beauty, shine.
If she in tabby waves encircled be,
Think Amphytrite rises from the sea.
If by her the purpureal velvet's worn,
Think that she rises like the blush of morn.
And, when her silks afar from Indus come,
Wrought in Chinese or in the Persian loom,
Think that she then like Pallas is array'd,
By whose mysterious art the wheel was made.
Each day admire her different graceful air,
In which she winds her bright and flowing hair.
With her when dancing, let your genius fly:
When in her song the note expires, then die.
If in the autumn, when the wasting year
Its plenty shows, that soon must disappear;
When swelling grape and peach with lovely hue,
And pear and apple, fresh with fragrant dew,
By tempting look and taste perhaps invite
That which we seldom rule, our appetite;
When noxious heat and sudden cold divides
The time o'er which bale influence presides;
Her feverish blood should pulse unusual find,
Or vaporous damps of spleen should sink her mind;
Then is the time to show a lover's cares:
Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears;
Give the salubrious draughts with your own hand;
Persuasion has the force of a command.
Watch, and attend; then your reward will prove,
When she recovers, full increase of love.
Far from this love is haughty pride,
Which ancient fables best deride;
Women imperious, void of shame,
And careless of their lovers' fame,
Who of tyrannic follies boast,
Tormenting him that loves them most.
When Hercules, his labours done,
Had prov'd himself to be Jove's son,
By peace which he to Earth had given,
Deserv'd to have his rest in Heaven;
Envy, that strives to be unjust,
Resolv'd to mortify him first;
And, that he should enamour'd be
Of a proud jilt call'd Omphalé,
Who should his heroship expose,
By spinning hemp in women's clothes,
Her mind she did vouchsafe one day
Thus to her lover to display:

[8] This poem, supposed to have been written for the earl of Somerset, is the character of a good woman, just the reverse of the lady that his friend married. It is printed with his Characters, &c. and had gone through sixteen editions in 1638. *N.*

"Come quickly, sir, off with this skin:
Think you I'll let a tanner in?
If you of lions talk, or boars,
You certainly turn out of doors.
Your club's abundantly too thick
For one shall move a fiddle-stick.
What should you do with all those arrows?
I will have nothing kill'd but sparrows.
Heccy, this day you may remember;
For you shall see a lady's chamber.
Let me be rightly understood:
What I intend is for your good.
In boddice I design to lace ye,
And so among my maids I'll place ye.
When you're genteeler grown, and thinner,
May be I'll call you up to dinner.
With arms so brawny, fists so red,
You'll scrub the rooms, or make the bed.
You can't stick pins, or frieze my hair.
Bless me! you've nothing of an air.
You'll never come up to working point:
Your fingers all seem out of joint.
Then, besides, Heccy, I must tell ye,
An idle-hand has empty belly:
Therefore this morning I'll begin,
Try how your clumsiness will spin.
You are my shadow, do you see:
Your hope, your thought, your wish, all be
Invented and control'd by me.
Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
With trembling horrour, if I frown.
Say as I say: servants can't lie.
Your truth is my propriety.
Nay, you should be to torture brought,
Were I but jealous you transgrest in thought;
Or if from Jove your single wish should crave
The fate of not continuing still my slave.
"There is no lover that is wise
Pretends to win at cards or dice.
'Tis for his mistress all is thrown:
Th' ill-fortune his, the good her own.
Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
Whom every beauty did adorn
Fresh as Aurora's blushing morn,
Into the horrid woods is run,
Where he ne'er sees the ray of Sun,
Nor to his palace dares return,
Where he for Psyche's love did burn,
And found correction at her hands
For disobeying just commands;
But must his silent penance do
For once not buckling of her shoes.
A good example, child, for you.
Which shows you, when we have our fool,
We've policy enough to rule:
I might have made you such a fellow,
As should have carried my umbrella,
Or bore a flambeau by my chair,
And bade the mob not come too near;
Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;
Nay, been a helper in the stable.
"To my commands obedience pay
At dead of night, or break of day.
Speed is your province; if 'tis I
That bid you run, you ought to fly.
He that love's nimble passion feels
Will soon outstrip my chariot wheels.
Through dog-star's heat he'll tripping go,
Nor leaves he print upon the snow:
The wind itself to him is slow.

He that in Cupid's wars would fight,
Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
A bed of earth midst showers of rain,
After no supper, are his gain.
Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
And in a little cottage lay:
All this he did for fear of Jove;
And who would not do more for love?
If entrance is by locks denied,
Then through the roof or window slide.
Leander each night swam the seas,
That he might thereby Hero please.
Perhaps I may be pleas'd to see
Your life in danger, when for me.
You'll find my servants in a row;
Remember then you make your bow;
For they are your superiors now.
No matter if you do engage
My porter, woman, favourite page,
My dog, my parrot, monkey, black,
Or any thing that does partake
Of that admittance which you lack.
But after all you mayn't prevail,
And your most glittering hopes may fail:
For Ceres does not always yield
The crop intrusted to the field.
Fair gales may bring you to a coast
Where you'll by hidden rocks be lost.
Love is tenacious of its joys,
Gives small reward for great employs;
But has as many griefs in store,
As shells by Neptune cast on shore;
As Athos hares, as Hybla bees,
Olives on the Palladian trees.
And, when his angry arrows fall,
They're not found ting'd with common gall.
You're told I'm not at home, 'tis true:
I may be there, but not for you;
And I may let you see it too.
Perhaps I bid you come at night:
If the door's shut, stay till 'tis light.
Perhaps my maid shall bid you go:
A thing she knows you dare not do.
Your rival shall admission gain,
And laugh to see his foe in pain.
All this and more you must endure,
If you from me expect a cure.
'Tis fitting I should search the wound,
Lest all your danger be not found."
When easy fondness meets with woman's pride,
Nothing which *that* can ask must be denied.
He that enjoy'd the names of great and brave
Is pleas'd to seem a female and a slave:
The hero, number'd with the gods before,
Is so debas'd as to be man no more.

PART IX.

Not by the sail with which you put to sea
Can you where Thetis swells conducted be;
To the same port you'll different passage find,
And fill your sheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
You nurs'd the fawn, now grown stag wondrous big,
And sleep beneath the shade you knew a twig.
The bubbling spring, increas'd by floods and rain,
Rolls with impetuous stream, and foams the main:
So Love augments in just degrees; at length
By nutrimental fires it gains its strength.
Daily till midnight let kind looks or song,
Or tales of love, the pleasing hours prolong.
No weariness upon their bliss attends
Whom marriage-vows have render'd more than friends.
So Philomels, of equal mates possest,
With a congenial heat, and downy rest,
And care incessant, hover o'er their nest:
Hence from their eggs (small worlds whence all things spring)
Produce a race by Nature taught to sing;
Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come,
Had their parental love stray'd far from home.
By a short absence mutual joys increase:
'Tis from the toils of war we value peace.
When Jove a while the fruitful shower restrains,
The field on his return a brighter verdure gains.
So let not grief too much disturb those hearts,
Which for a while the war or business parts.
'Twas hard to let Protesilaus go,
Who did his death by oracles foreknow.
Ulysses made indeed a tedious stay,
His twenty winters' absence was delay;
But happiness revives with his return,
And Hymen's altars with fresh incense burn:
Tales of his ship, her web, they both recount;
Pleas'd that their wedlock faith all dangers could surmount.
Make thou speed back; haste to her longing arms:
She may have real or impending harms.
There are no minutes in a lover's fears:
They measure all their time by months and years.
Poets are always Virtue's friends,
'Tis what their Muse still recommends:
But then the fatal track it shows
Where devious Vice through trouble goes.
They tell us, how a husband's care
Neglected leaves a wife too fair
In hands of a young spark, call'd Paris;
And how the beauteous trust miscarries.
With kindness he receives the youth,
Whose modest looks might promise truth:
Then gives him opportunity
To throw the specious vizard by.
The man had things to be adjusted,
With which the wife should not be trusted;
And, whilst he gave himself the loose,
Left her at home to keep the house.
When Helen saw his back was turn'd,
The devil a bit the gipsy mourn'd.
Says she, "'Tis his fault to be gone;
It sha'n't be mine to lie alone.
A vacant pillow's such a jest,
That with it I could never rest.
He ne'er consider'd his own danger,
To leave me with a handsome stranger.
Wolves would give good account of sheep,
Left to their vigilance to keep.
Pray who, except 'twere geese or widgeons,
Would hire a hawk to guard their pigeons?
Supposing then it might be said
That Menelaus now were dead:
A pretty figure I should make
To go in mourning for his sake.
She that in widow's garb appears,
Especially when at my years,
May seem to be at her last prayers.
But I'll still have my heart divided
'Twixt one to lose, and one provided.
He that is gone, is gone: less fear
Of wanting him that I have here."

The sequel was the fire of Troy
Brought to destruction by this boy.
They tell us, how a wife provok'd,
And to a brutish husband yok'd,
Who, by distracting passion led,
Scorns all her charms, and flies her bed,
When on her rival she has seiz'd,
Seems with a secret horrour pleas'd.
They then describe her like some boar
Plunging his tusk in mastiff's gore;
Or lioness, whose ravish'd whelp
Roars for his mother's furious help;
Or basilisk when rous'd, whose breath,
Teeth, sting, and eye-balls, all are death;
Like frantics struck by magic rod
Of some despis'd avenging God:
Make her through blood for vengeance run,
Like Progne sacrifice her son;
And like Medea dart those fires
By which Creüsa's ghost expires.
Then let her with exalted rage
Her grief with the same crimes assuage.
To heighten and improve the curse,
Because he's bad, they make her worse.
So Tyndaris dissolves in tears,
When first she of Chryseïs hears;
But, when Lyrnessis captive's led,
And ravish'd to defile her bed,
Her patience lessens by degrees;
But, when at last she Priameïs sees,
Revenge does to Ægystus fly for ease;
In his adulterous arms does plots disclose,
Which fill Mycenæ with stupendous woes,
And parricide and Hell around her throws.
Ye heavenly powers! the female truth preserve,
And let it not from native goodness swerve;
And let no wanton toys become the cause
Why men should break Hymen's eternal laws;
But let such fables and such crimes remain
Only as fictions of the poet's brain;
Yet marks set up to shun those dangerous shelves
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themselves!

PART X.

At first, the stars, the air, the earth, and deep,
Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap;
Till Love eternal did each being strike
With voice divine, to mate, and seek its like.
Then seeds of Heavens, the air of vaporous sound,
Then fertile Earth circled with waters round,
On which the bird, the beast, the fish, might move,
All center'd in that universal love.
Then man was fram'd with soul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler share of love than they:
To him was woman, crown'd with virtue, given,
The most immediate work and care of Heaven.
Whilst thus my darling thoughts in raptures
Apollo to my sight in vision sprung. [sung,
His lyre with golden strings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flourish in his hands.
Says he, "You bard, that of Love's precepts treat,
Your art at Delphi you will best complete.
There's a short maxim, prais'd when understood,
Useful in practice, and divinely good,
'Let each man know himself:' strive to excel:
The pleasure of the blest is doing well.

"'Tis wisdom to display the ruling grace.
Some men are happy in a charming face:
Know it, but be not vain. Some manly show
By the exploded gun and nervous bow.
There let them prove their skill; perhaps some
May find that every shot is Cupid's dart. [heart
The prudent lover, if his talent lies
In eloquence, e'nt talkative, but wise;
So mixes words delicious to the ear,
That all must be persuaded who can hear.
He that can sing, let him with pleasing sound,
Though 'tis an air that is not mortal, wound.
Let not a poet my own art refuse:
I'll come, and bring assistance to his Muse."
But never by ill means your fortune push,
Nor raise your credit by another's blush.
The secret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what gods in Samo-thracia reign.
'Tis virtue by grave silence to conceal
What talk without discretion would reveal.
For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midst of fruits and water, starv'd and dry.
But Cytherea's modesty requires
Most care to cover all her lambent fires.
Love has a pleasing turn, makes that seem best
Of which our lawful wishes are possest.
Andromeda, of Libyc hue and blood,
Was chain'd a prey to monsters of the flood:
Wing'd Perseus saw her beauty through that cloud.
Andromache had large majestic charms;
Therefore was fittest grace to godlike Hector's arms.
Beauties in smaller airs bear like commands,
And wondrous magic acts by slenderest wands.
Like Cybele some bear a mother's sway,
Whilst infant gods and heroines obey.
Some rule like stars by guidance of their eyes,
And others please when like Minerva wise.
Love will from Heaven, Art, Nature, Fancy, raise
Something that may exalt its consort's praise.
There will be little jealousies,
By which Love's art its subjects tries.
They think it languishes with rest,
But rises, like the palm, opprest.
And as too much prosperity
Often makes way for luxury,
Till we, by turn of fortune taught,
Have wisdom by experience bought:
So, when the hoary ashes grow
Around Love's coals, 'tis time to blow:
And then its craftiness is shown,
To raise your cares, to hide its own;
And have you by a rival crost,
Only in hopes you may n't be lost.
Sometimes they say that you are faulty,
And that they know where you were naughty;
And then perhaps your eyes they 'd tear,
Or else dilacerate your hair,
Not so much for revenge as fear.
But she perhaps too far may run,
And do what she would have you shun,
Of which there's a poetic story
That, if you please, I'll lay before you.
Old Juno made her Jove comply
For fear, not asking when or why,
Unto a certain sort of matter,
Marrying her son unto his daughter:
And so to bed the couple went,
Not with their own, but friends' consent.
This Vulcan was a smith, they tell us,
That first invented tongs and bellows;

For breath and fingers did their works
(We 'ad fingers long before we 'ad forks);
Which made his hands both hard and brawny,
When wash'd, of colour orange-tawny.
His whole complexion was a sallow,
Where black had not destroy'd the yellow.
One foot was clump'd, which was the stronger,
The other spiny, though much longer;
So both to the proportion come
Of the fore-finger and the thumb.
In short, the whole of him was nasty,
Ill-natur'd, vain, imperious, hasty:
Deformity alike took place
Both in his manners and his face.
Venus had perfect shape and size:
But then she was not over-wise:
For sometimes she her knee is crimping,
To imitate th' old man in limping.
Sometimes his dirty paws she scorns,
Whilst her fair fingers show his horns.
But Mars, the bully of the place, is
The chiefest spark in her good graces.
At first they're shy, at last grow bolder,
And conjugal affection colder.
They car'd not what was said or done,
Till impudence defy'd the Sun.
Vulcan was told of this; quoth he,
"Is there such roguery? I'll see!"
He then an iron net prepar'd,
Which he to the bed's tester rear'd;
Which, when a pulley gave a snap,
Would fall, and make a cuckold's trap.
All those he plac'd in the best room,
Then feign'd that he must go from home;
For he at Lemnos forges had,
And none but he to mind the trade.
Love was too eager to beware
Of falling into any snare.
They went to bed, and so were caught;
And then they of repentance thought.
The show being ready to begin,
Vulcan would call his neighbours in.
Jove should be there, that does make bold
With Juno, that notorious scold;
Neptune, first bargeman on the water;
Thetis, the oyster-woman's daughter;
Pluto, that chimney-sweeping sloven;
With Proserpine hot from her oven;
And Mercury, that's sharp and cunning
In stealing customs and in running;
And Dy the midwife, though a virgin;
And Æsculapius, the surgeon;
Apollo, who might be physician,
Or serve th m else for a musician.
The piper Pan, to play her up;
And Bacchus, with his chirping cup;
And Hercules should bring his club in,
To give the rogue a lusty drubbing;
And all the Cupids should be by,
To see their mother's infamy.
One Momus cried, "You're hugely pleas'd;
I hope your mind will soon be eas'd:
For, when so publicly you find it,
People, you know, will little mind it.
They love to tell what no one knows,
And they themselves only suppose.
Not every husband can afford
To be a cuckold on record;
Nor should he be a cuckold styl'd,
That once or so has been beguil'd,
Unless he makes it demonstration,
Then puts it in some proclamation,
With general voice of all the nation."
The company were come, when Vulcan hopping,
And for his key in left-side pocket groping,
Cries, "'Tis but opening of that door,
"To prove myself a cuckold, her a whore."
They all desir'd his leave that they might go;
They were not curious of so vile a show:
Persons concerned might one another see,
And they 'd believe since witnesses were three.
And they, thus prov'd to be such foolish elves,
Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn themselves.
Discretion covers that which it would blame,
Until some secret blush and hidden shame
Have cur'd the fault without the noise of fame.
The work is done: and now let Ovid have
Some gratitude attending on his grave;
Th' aspiring palm, the verdant laurel strow,
And sweets of myrtle wreaths around it throw.
In physic's art as Podalirius skill'd,
Nestor in court, Achilles in the field;
As Ajax had in single combat force,
And as Automedon best rul'd the horse;
As Chalcas versed in prophecies from Jove;
So Ovid has the mastership of love.
The poet's honour will be much the less
Than that which by his means you may possess
In choice of beauty's lasting happiness,
But when the Amazonian quits the field,
Let this be wrote on the triumphant shield,
That she by Ovid's art was brought to yield.
When Ovid's thoughts in British style you see,
Which mayn't so sounding as the Roman be;
Yet then admittance grant: 'tis fame to me.

PART XI.

I, WHO the art of war to Danaans gave,
Will make Penthesilea's force as brave:
That both, becoming glorious to the sight,
With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.
What though 'twas Vulcan fram'd Achilles' shield,
My Amazonian darts shall make him yield.
A myrtle-crown with victory attends
Those who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
When Beauty has so many arms in store,
(Some men will say) why should you give it more?
Tell me who, when Penelope appears
With constancy maintain'd for twenty years.
Who can the fair Laodamia see
In her lord's arms expire as well as he;
Can view Alcestis, who with joy removes
From Earth, instead of him she so much loves;
Can hear of bright Evadne, who, in fires
For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd, expires;
When Virtue has itself a female name,
So Truth, so Goodness, Piety, and Fame,
Would headstrong fight and would not conquer,
Or stoop to so much generosity?
'Tis not with sword, or fire, or strength of bow
That female warriors to their battle go:
They have no stratagem, or subtile wile;
Their native innocence can ne'er beguile:
The fox's various maze, bear's cruel den,
They leave to fierceness and the craft of men.

'Twas Jason that transferr'd his broken vows
From kind Medea to another spouse:
Theseus left Gnossis on the sands, to be
Prey to the birds, or monsters of the sea:
Demophoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
Return, and let his Phyllis name the shore.
Æneas wreckt, and hospitably us'd,
Fam'd for his piety, yet still refus'd
To stay where lov'd, but left the dangerous sword
By which she died to whom he broke his word.
Piteous examples! worthy better fate,
If my instructions had not come too late:
For then their art and prudence had retain'd
What first victorious rays of beauty gain'd.
Whilst thus I thought, not without grief to find
Defenceless Virture meet with fate unkind,
Bright Cytherea's sacred voice did reach
My tingling ears, and thus she bade me teach:
"What had the harmless maid deserv'd from thee?
Thou hast given weapons to her enemy?
Whilst in the field she must defenceless stand,
With want of skill, and more unable hand.
Stesichorus, who would no subject find
But harm to maids, was by the gods struck blind:
But, when his song did with their glories rise,
He had his own restor'd to praise their eyes.
Be rul'd by me, and arms defensive give;
'Tis by the ladies' favours you must live."
She then one mystic leaf with berries four
(Pluckt from her myrtle-crown) bade me with speed devour.
I find the power inspir'd; through purer sky
My breath dissolves in verse, to make young lovers die.
Here Modesty and Innocence shall learn
How they may truth from flattering speech discern.
But come with speed; lose not the flying day.
See how the crowding waves roll down away,
And neither, though at Love's command, will stay.
These waves and time we never can recall;
But, as the minutes pass, must lose them all.
Nor like what's past are days succeeding good,
But slide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
Flora, although a goddess, yet does fear
The change that grows with the declining year;
Whilst glistering snakes, by casting off their skin,
Fresh courage gain, and life renew'd begin.
The eagles cast their bills, the stag its horn;
But Beauty to that blessing is not born.
Thus Nature prompts its use to forward love,
Grac'd by examples of the powers above.
Endymion pierc'd the chaste Diana's heart,
And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery dart.

PART XII.

A PERSON of some quality
Happen'd, they say, in love to be
With one who held him by delay,
Would neither say him no or ay;
Nor would she have him go his way.
This lady thought it best to send,
For some experienc'd trusty friend,
To whom she might her mind impart,
To unchain her own, and bind his heart;
A tire-woman by occupation,
A useful and a choice vocation.
She saw all, heard all, never idle;
Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle;
Diverting with a kind of wit,
Aiming at all, would sometimes hit;
Though in her sort of rambling way
She many a serious truth would say.
Thus in much talk among the rest
The oracle itself exprest:
"I've heard some cry, Well, I profess
There's nothing to be gain'd by dress!
They might as well say that a field,
Uncultivated, yet would yield
As good a crop, as that which skill
With utmost diligence should till;
Our vintage would be very fine,
If nobody should prune their vine!
Good shape and air, it is confest,
Is given to such as Heaven has blest;
But all folks have not the same graces:
There is distinction in our faces.
There was a time I'd not repine
For any thing amiss in mine,
Which, though I say it, still seems fair;
Thanks to my art as well as care!
Our grandmothers, they tell us, wore
Their fardingale and their bandore,
Their pinners, forehead-cloth, and ruff,
Content with their own cloth and stuff;
With hats upon their pates like hives;
Things might become such soldiers' wives;
Thought their own faces still would last them
In the same mould which Nature cast them.
Dark paper buildings then stood thick;
No palaces of stone or brick:
And then, alas! were no exchanges:
But see how time and fashion changes!
I hate old things and age. I see,
Thank Heaven, times good enough for me.
Your goldsmiths now are mighty neat:
I love the air of Lombard-street.
Whate'er a ship from India brings,
Pearls, diamonds, silks, are pretty things.
The cabinet, the screen, the fan,
Please me extremely, if Japan:
And, what affects me still the more,
They had none of them heretofore.
When you're unmarried, never load ye
With jewels; they may incommode ye.
Lovers mayn't dare approach; but mostly
They'll fear when married you'll be costly.
Fine rings and lockets best are tried,
When given to you as a bride.
In the mean time you show your sense
By going fine at small expense.
Sometimes your hair you upwards furl,
Sometimes lay down in favourite curl:
All must through twenty fiddlings pass,
Which none can teach you but your glass:
Sometimes they must dishevell'd lie
On neck of polish'd ivory:
Sometimes with strings of pearl they're fix'd,
And the united beauty mix'd;
Or, when you won't their grace unfold,
Secure them with a bar of gold.
Humour and fashions change each day;
Not birds in forests, flowers in May,
Would sooner number'd be than they.
There is a sort of negligence,
Which some esteem as excellence,

Your art with so much art to hide,
That nothing of it be descried;
To make your careless tresses flow
With so much air, that none should know
Whether they had been comb'd or no.
But, in this so neglected hair,
Many a heart has found its snare.
Nature indeed has kindly sent
Us many things; more we invent:
Little enough, as I may say,
To keep our beauty from decay.
As leaves that with fierce winds engage,
Our curling tresses fall with age.
But then by German herbs we find
Colour, for locks to grey inclin'd.
Sometimes we purchase hair; and why?
Is not all *that* our own we buy?
You buy it publicly, say they:
Why tell us that, when we don't pay.
Of French *pomades* the town is full:
Praise Heaven, no want of Spanish wool!
Let them look flusht, let them look dead,
That can't afford the white and red.
In Covent Garden you buy posies,
There we our lilies and our roses.
Who would a charming eye-brow lack,
Who can get any thing that's black?
Let not these boxes open lie:
Some folks are too much given to pry.
Art not dissembled would disgrace
The purchas'd beauties of our face:
This if such persons should discover,
'Twould rather lose than gain a lover.
Who is there now but understands
Searcloths to flea the face or hands?
Though the idea 's not so taking,
And the skin seems but odd in making,
Yet, when 'twill with fresh lustre shine,
Her spark will tell you 'tis divine.
That picture there your eye does strike;
It is the work of great Van Dyck,
Which by a Roman would be sainted:
What was 't but canvas till 'twas painted?
There 's several things should not be known:
O'er these there is a curtain drawn,
Till 'tis their season to be shown.
Your door on fit occasions keep
Fast shut: who knows but you're asleep?
When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
And what else at the toilet lies,
Are all put on, we 're said to rise.
" There was a lady whom I knew,
That must be nameless, 'cause 'tis true,
Who had the dismalest mischance
I 've heard of since I was in France:
I do protest, the thoughts of it
Have almost put me in a fit.
Old lady Mc anwell's chamber-door,
Just on the stairs of the first floor,
Stood open: and pray who should come,
But Knowall, flouncing in the room?
No single hair upon her head:
I thought she would have fell down dead.
At last she found a cap of hair,
Which she put on with such an air,
That every lock was out of place,
And it hung dangling down her face.
I would not mortify one so,
Except some twenty that I know.
Her carelessness and her defect
Were laid to mistress Prue's neglect;
And much ill-nature was betray'd,
By noise and scolding with the maid.
" The young look on such things as stuff,
Thinking their bloom has art enough.
When, smooth, we matter it not at all;
'Tis when the Thames is rough, we squall.
But, whate'er 'tis may be pretended,
No face or shape but may be mended.
All have our faults, and must abide them,
We therefore should take care to hide them.
You 're short; sit still, you 'll taller seem:
You 're only shorter from the stem.
By looser garb your leanness is conceal'd;
By want of stays the grosser shape 's reveal'd.
The more the blemishes upon the feet,
The greater care the lace and shoes be neat.
Some backs and sides are wav'd like billows:
These holes are best made up with pillows.
Thick fingers always should command
Without the stretching out the hand.
Who has bad teeth should never see
A play, unless a tragedy:
For we can teach you how to simper,
And when 'tis proper you should whimper.
Think that your grace and wit is now
Not in your laughing at a thing, but how.
Let room for something more than breath,
Just show the ends of milk-white teeth.
There is a *je n' scai quoi* is found
In a soft smooth affected sound:
But there 's a shricking crying tone,
Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done:
And there are some, who laugh like men,
As ne'er to shut their mouths again;
So very loud and *mal-propos*,
They seem like hautboys to a show.
But now for the reverse: 'tis skill
To let your tears flow when you will.
It is of use when people die;
Or else to have the spleen, and cry,
Because you have no reason why.
" Now for your talk—come, let me see:
Here lose your *H*, here drop your *T*;
Despise that *R*: your speech is better
Much for destroying of one letter.
Now lisp, and have a sort of pride
To seem as if your tongue were tied:
This is such a becoming fault,
Rather than want, it should be taught.
" And now that you have learnt to talk,
Pray let me see if you can walk.
There 's many dancing-masters treat
Of management of ladies feet.
There 's some their mincing gait have chose,
Treading without their heel or toes.
She that reads Tasso, or Malherbe[9],
Chooses a step that is *superbe*.
Some giddy creatures, as if shunning
Something dislik'd, are always running.
Some prance like French women, who ride,
As our life-guard men, all astride.

9 By the manner in which Tasso and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr. King, they seem not to have been the most fashionable authors of that age. Our author has translated what he calls An Incomparable Ode of Malherbe. *N.*

But each of these have decoration
According to their affectation.
That dance is graceful, and will please,
Where all the motions glide with ease.
We to the skilful theatre
This seeming want of art prefer.
" 'Tis no small art to give direction
How to suit knots to each complexion,
How to adorn the breast and head,
With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
As the morn rises, so that day
Wear purple, sky-colour, or grey:
Your black at Lent, your green in May;
Your filamot when leaves decay.
All colours in the summer shine:
The nymphs should be like gardens fine.
" It is the fashion now-a-days,
That almost every lady plays.
Basset and piquet grow to be
The subject of our comedy:
But whether we diversion seek
In these, in comet, or in gleek,
Or ombre, where true judgment can
Disclose the sentiments of man;
Let 's have a care how we discover,
Especially before a lover,
Some passions which we should conceal,
But heats of play too oft' reveal;
For, be the matter small or great,
There 's like abhorrence for a cheat.
There 's nothing spoils a woman's graces
Like peevishness and making faces:
Then angry words and rude discourse,
You may be sure, become them worse.
With hopes of gain when we 're beset,
We do too commonly forget
Such guards, as screen us from those eyes
Which may observe us, and despise.
I 'd burn the cards, rather than know
Of any of my friends did so:
I 've heard of some such things; but I,
Thanks to my stars, was never by.
" Thus we may pass our time: the men
A thousand ways divert their spleen,
Whilst we sit peevishly within;
Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
Puddling, swimming, fencing, smoking;
And little thinking how poor we
Must vent our scandal o'er our tea.
I see no reason but we may
Be brisk, and equally as gay.
Whene'er our gentlemen would range,
We 'll take our chariot for the 'Change:
If they 're disposing for the play,
We 'll hasten to the Opera:
Or when they 'll lustily carouse,
We 'll surely to the Indian house:
And at such cost whilst thus we roam,
For cheapness sake they 'll stay at home.
How wise men's thoughts e'er yet pursued
That which their eyes had never view'd;
And so our never being seen
Is the same thing as not t' have been.
Grandeur itself and poverty
Were equal if no witness by:
And they who always sing alone
Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.
Had Danaë been shut up still,
She 'd been a maid against her will,
And might have grown prodigious old,
And never had her story told.
'Tis fit fair maids should run a-gadding,
To set the amorous beaux a-madding.
To many a sheep the wolf has gone
Ere it can neatly seize on one;
And many a partridge scapes away
Before the hawk can pounce its prey:
And so, if pretty damsels rove,
They 'll find out *one* perhaps may love;
If they no diligence will spare,
And in their dressing still take care.
The fisher baits his hook all night,
In hopes by chance some eel may bite.
Each with their different grace appears,
Virgins with blush, widows with tears,
Which gain new husbands tender-hearted,
To think how such a couple parted.
But then there are some foppish beaux
Like us in all things but their clothes;
That we may seem the more robust,
And fittest to accost them first:
With powder, paint, false locks, and hair,
They give themselves a female air;
Who, having all their tale by rote,
And harping still on the same note,
Will tell us that, and nothing more
Than what a thousand heard before.
Though they all marks of love pretend,
There 's nothing which they less intend:
And, 'midst a thousand hideous oaths,
With jewels false and borrow'd clothes,
Our easiness may give belief
To one that is an errant thief."
The spark was coming; she, undrest,
Scuttles away as if possest.
The governess cries, " Where d'ye run?"
" Why, madam, I 've but just begun,"
She bawls; the other nothing hears,
But leaves her prattling to the chairs.
Virtue, without these little arts,
At first subdues, then keeps, our hearts:
And though more gracefully it shows
When it from lovely persons flows;
Yet often goodness most prevails
When beauty in perfection fails.
Though every feature mayn't be well,
Yet all together may excel.
There's nothing but will easy prove,
When all the rest 's made up by love.

PART XIII.

VIRGINS should not unskill'd in music be;
For what's more like themselves than harmony?
Let not Vice use it only to betray,
As Syrens by their songs entice their prey.
Let it with sense, with voice, and beauty join,
Grateful to eyes and ear, and to the mind divine:
For there 's a double grace when pleasing strings
Are touch'd by her that more delightful sings.
Thus Orpheus did the rage of deserts quel,
And charm'd the monstrous instruments of Hell.
New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
Whilst to the work officious marble ran.
Thus with his harp and voice Arion rode
On the mute fish safe through the rolling flood.
Nor are the essays of the female wit
Less charming in the verses they have writ,

From ancient ages, love has found the way
Its bashful thoughts by letters to convey;
Which sometimes run in such engaging strain,
That pity makes the fair write back again.
What's thus intended, some small time delay:
His passion strengthens rather by our stay.
Then with a cautious wit your pen withhold,
Lest a too free expression make him bold.
Create a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
And in reproof let tenderness appear.
As he deserves it give him hopes of life:
A cruel mistress makes a froward wife.
Affect not foreign words: love will impart
A gentle style more excellent than art.
Astrea's[1] lines flow on with so much ease,
That she who writes like them must surely please.
Orinda's[2] works, with courtly graces stor'd,
True sense in nice expressions will afford:
Whilst Chudleigh's[3] words seraphic thoughts ex-
In lofty grandeur, but without excess. [press
Oh, had not Beauty parts enough to wound,
But it must pierce us with poetic sound;
Whilst Phœbus suffers female powers to tear
Wreaths from his Daphne, which they justly wear!
If greater things to lesser we compare,
The skill of love is like the art of war.
The general says, "Let him the horse command:
You by that ensign, you that cannon stand:
Where danger calls, let t'other bring supplies."
With pleasure all obey, in hopes to rise.
So, if you have a servant skill'd in laws,
Send him with moving speech to plead your cause.
He that has native unaffected voice,
In singing what you bid him, will rejoice.
And wealth, as Beauty orders it, bestow'd,
Would make ev'n misers in expenses proud.

But they, o'er whom Apollo rules, have hearts
The most susceptible of lovers' smarts,
And, like their god, so they feel Cupid's darts:
The gods and kings are by their labours prais'd;
And they again by them to honour rais'd:
For none to Heaven or majesty exprest
Their duty well, but in return were blest.
Nor did the mighty Scipio think it scorn,
That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born,
His wars, retirements, councils, should attend,
In all distinguish'd by the name of friend.
He that, for want of worlds to conquer, wept,
Without consulting Homer never slept.
The poet's cares all terminate in fame;
As they obtain, they give, a lasting name.
Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia rise,
And Berenice's hair adorns the skies.
The sacred bard no treacherous craft displays,
But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays.
Far from ambition and wealth's sordid care,
In him good-nature and content appear:
And far from courts, from studious parties free,
He sighs forth Laura's charms beneath some tree;
Despairing of the valued prize he loves,
Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.
Poets have quick desire and passion strong;
Where once it lights, there it continues long.
They know that truth is the perpetual band,
By which the world and Heaven of love must stand.
The poet's art softens their tempers so,
That manners easy as their verses flow.
Oh, could they but just retribution find,
And as themselves what they adore be kind!
In vain they boast of their celestial fire; [aspire!
Whilst there remains a Heaven to which they can't
Apelles first brought Venus to our view,
With blooming charms and graces ever new,
Who else unknown to mortals might remain,
Hid in the caverns of her native main:
And with the painter now the poets join
To make the mother and her boy divine.
Therefore attend, and from their music learn
That which their minds inspir'd could best discern.
First see how Sidney, then how Cowley mov'd,
And with what art it was that Waller lov'd.
Forget not Dorset, in whose generous mind
Love, sense, wit, honour, every grace combin'd;
And if for me you one kind wish would spare,
Answer a poet to his friendly prayer.
Take Stepney's verse, with candour ever blest;
For love will there still with his ashes rest.
There let warm spice and fragrant odours burn,
And everlasting sweets perfume his urn.
Not that the living Muse is to be scorn'd:
Britain with equal worth is still adorn'd.
See Halifax, where sense and honour mixt
Upon the merits just reward have fixt:
And read their works, who, writing in his praise,
To their own verse immortal laurels raise.
Learn Prior's lines; for they can teach you more
Than sacred Ben, or Spenser, did before:
And mark him well that uncouth physic's art
Can in the softest tune of wit impart.
See Pastorella o'er Florello's grave,
See Tamerlane make Bajazet his slave;
And Phædra with her ancient vigour rave.
Through Rapin's nurseries and gardens walk,
And find how nymphs transform'd by amorous
colours talk.

[1] A name assumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady well known in the gay and poetical world in the licentious reign of king Charles II. She was authoress of seventeen plays, two volumes of novels, several translations, and many poems. *N.*

[2] The poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. She was the daughter of John Fowler, merchant, and born in London 1631; was married to James Philips, of the Priory of Cardigan, esq. about the year 1647; and died in Fleet-street, in the month of June 1664. Her poems have been several times printed. She was also the writer of a volume of letters, published many years after her death, to sir Charles Cotterel, entitled, Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus; which have been admired.—Mrs. Philips was as much famed for her friendship, as for her poetry; and had the good fortune to be equally esteemed by the best poet and the best divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addressed his discourse on the Nature and Effects of Friendship to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory, in an elegant ode preserved amongst his works. *N.*

[3] This lady was daughter to Richard Lee, of Winslade, in the county of Devon, esq. She was born in the year 1656; became the wife of sir George Chudleigh, of Ashton, in the same county, bart.; and died Dec. 15, 1710. Her poems were twice printed in her lifetime in one volume 8vo., the second edition in 1709. She also published a volume of essays upon several subjects in prose and verse, 1710. *N.*

Pomona see with Milton's grandeur rise,
The most delicious fruit of Paradise,
With apples might the first-born man deceive,
And more persuasive voice than tempting Eve,
Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has still in store,
Whom would I number up, I must outrun
The longest course of the laborious Sun.

PART XIV.

OUR manners like our countenance should be;
They always candid, and the other free:
But, when our mind by anger is possest,
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beast.
No feature then its wonted grace retains,
When the blood blackens in the swelling veins:
The eye-balls shoot out fiery darts, would kill
Th' opposer, if the Gorgon had its will.
When Pallas in a river saw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks, she let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face,
Which in that passion once consults her glass.
Let beauty ne'er be with this torment seiz'd,
But ever rest serene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and sullen brow seems to reprove
The first advances that are made to love,
To which there 's nothing more averse than pride.
Men without speaking often are denied:
And a disdainful look too oft' reveals
Those seeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.
When eyes meet eyes, and smiles to smiles return,
'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
And by their mutual passion soon will know,
That all are darts and shot from Cupid's bow.
But, when some lovely form does strike your eyes,
Be cautious still how you admit surprise.
What you would love, with quick discretion view:
The object may deceive by being new.
You may submit to a too hasty fate,
And would shake off the yoke when 'tis too late:
We often into our destruction sink,
By not allowing time enough to think.
Resist at first: for help in vain we pray,
When ills have gain'd full strength by long delay.
Be speedy; lest perhaps the growing hour
Put what is now within, beyond our power.
Love, as a fire in cities, finds increase,
Proceeds, and, till the whole's destroy'd, won't cease.
It with allurements does like rivers, rise
From little springs, enlarg'd by vast supplies.
Had Mirrha kept this guard, she had not stood
A monumental crime in weeping wood.
Because that love is pleasing in its pain,
We not without reluctance health obtain.
Physic may tarry till tomorrow's Sun,
Whilst the curs'd poisons through the vitals run.
The tree not to be shook has pierc'd the ground;
And death must follow the neglected wound.
O'er different ages Love bears different sway,
Takes various turns to make all sorts obey.
The colt unback'd we sooth with gentle trace;
We feed the runner destin'd for the race;
And 'tis with time and masters we prepare
The manag'd coursers rushing to the war.
Ambitious youth will have some sparks of pride,
And not without impatience be denied.
If to his love a rival you afford,
You then present a trial for his sword:
His eager warmth disdains to be perplext,
And rambles to the beauty that is next.
Maturer years proceed with care and sense,
And, as they seldom give, so seldom take offence;
For he that knows resistance is in vain,
Knows likewise struggling will increase his pain.
Like wood that 's lately cut in Paphian grove,
Time makes him a fit sacrifice for love.
By slow degrees he fans the gentle fire,
Till perseverance makes the flame aspire.
This love's more sure, the other is more gay;
But then he roves, whilst this is forc'd to stay.
There are some tempers which you must oblige,
Not by a quick surrender, but a siege;
That most are pleas'd, when driven to despair
By what they 're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think, unless their usage has been hard,
Their conquest loses part of its reward.
Thus some raise spleen from their abounding health.
wealth,
And, clog'd with sweets, from acids seek their
And many a boat does its destruction find
By having scanty sails, too full of wind.
Is it not treachery to declare
The feeble parts we have in war?
Is it not folly to afford
Our enemy a naked sword?
Yet 'tis my weakness to confess
What puts men often in distress:
But then it is such beaux[4] as be
Possest with so much vanity,
To think that wheresoe'er they turn,
Whoever looks on them must burn.
What they desire they think is true,
With small encouragement from you.
They will a single look improve,
And take civilities for love.
"We all expected you at play:
Was 't not a mistress made you stay?"
The beau is fir'd, cries, "Now I find
I out of pity must be kind:
She sigh'd, impatient till I came."
Thus, soaring to the lively flame,
We see the vain ambitious fly
Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.
Both sexes have their jealousy,
And ways to gain their ends thereby,
But oftentimes too quick belief
Has given a sudden vent to grief,
Occasion'd by some persons lying,
To set an easy wife a-crying:
And Procris long ago, alas!
Experienc'd this unhappy case.
There is a mount, Hymettus styl'd,
Where pinks and rosemary are wild,
Where strawberries and myrtles grow,
And violets make a purple show;
Where the sweet bays and laurel shine,
All shaded by the lofty pine;
Where Zephyrs, with their wanton motion,
Have all the leaves at their devotion.
Here Cephalus, who hunting lov'd,
When dogs and men were both remov'd,

[4] It is obvious that this word conveys at present a very different idea from its original signification; which was plainly that of *an accomplished gentleman*. *N.*

And all his dusty labour done,
In the meridian of the Sun,
Into some secret hedge would creep,
And sing, and hum himself asleep.
But commonly being hot and dry,
He thus would for some cooler cry:
" O now, if some
Cooler would come!
Dearest, rarest,
Loveliest, fairest,
Cooler, come!
Oh, Air,
Fresh and rare;
Dearest, rarest,
Loveliest, fairest,
Cooler, come; cooler, come; cooler, come!"
A woman, that had heard him sing,
Soon had her malice on the wing:
For females usually don't want
A fellow-gossip that will cant;
Who still is pleased with others' ails,
And therefore carries spiteful tales.
She thought that she might raise some strife
By telling something to his wife:
That once upon a time she stood
In such a place, in such a wood,
On such a day, and such a year,
There did, at least there did appear
('Cause for the world she would not lie,
As she must tell her by the by)
Her husband; first more loudly bawling,
And afterwards more softly calling
A person not of the best fame,
And mistress Cooler was her name.
" Now, Gossip, why should she come thither?
But that they might be naught together?"
When Cris heard all, her colour turn'd,
And though her heart within her burn'd,
And eyeballs sent forth sudden flashes,
Her cheeks and lips were pale as ashes.
Then, " Woe the day that she was born!"
The nightrail innocent was torn:
Many a thump was given the breast,
" And she, oh, she should never rest!
She straight would heigh her to the wood,
And he'd repent it—that he should."
With eager haste away she moves,
Never regarding scarf or gloves:
Into the grotto soon she creeps,
And into every thicket peeps,
And to her eyes there did appear
Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
" And now" (she cries) " I plainly see
How time and place, and all agree:
But here's a covert, where I'll lie,
And I shall have them by and by."
'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as last time,
Heated and ruffled with his pastime,
Came to the very self-same place
Where he was us'd to wash his face;
And then he sung, and then he hum'd,
And on his knee with fingers thrum'd.
When Crissy found all matters fair,
And that he only wanted air,
Saw what device was took to fool her,
And no such one as mistress Cooler;
Mistrusting then no future harms,
She would have rush'd into his arms;
But, as the leaves began to rustle,
He thought some beast had made the bustle.
He shot, then cried, " I've kill'd my deer."—
" Ay, so you have," (says Cris) " I fear."—
" Why, Crissy, pray what made you here?"
" By Gossip Trot, I understood
You kept a small girl in this wood."
Quoth Ceph, " 'Tis pity thou should'st die
For this thy foolish jealousy:
For 'tis a passion that does move
Too often from excess of love."
But, when they sought for wound full sore,
The petticoat was only torc,
And she had got a'lusty thump,
Which in some measure bruis'd her rump.
Then home most lovingly they went:
Neither had reason to repent.
Their following years pass'd in content;
And Crissy made him the best wife
For the remainder of his life.
The Muse has done, nor will more laws obtrude,
Lest she, by being tedious, should be rude.
Unbrace love's swans, let them unharness'd stray,
And eat ambrosia through the milky way.
Give liberty to every Paphian dove,
And let them freely with the Cupids rove.
But, when the Amazonian trophies rise
With monuments of their past victories;
With what discretion and what art they fought;
Let them record, " They were by Ovid taught."

AN

INCOMPARABLE ODE OF MALHERBE'S[1],

Written by him when the marriage was on foot between the king of France[2] and Anne of Austria.

Cette Anne si belle,
Qu'on vante si fort,
Pourquoy ne vient elle?
Vrayment, elle a tort!
Son Loüis soûpire
Apres ses appas:
Que veut elle dire,
Que elle ne vient pas?
Si il ne la posséde,
Il s'en va mourir;
Donnons y reméde,
Allons la querir.

Translated by a great admirer of the easiness of French poetry.

This Anna so fair,
So talk'd of by Fame,
Why don't she appear?
Indeed, she's to blame!

[1] The translator proposed to turn this ode with all imaginable exactness; and he hopes he has been pretty just to Malherbe: only in the sixth line he has made a small addition of these three words, " as they say;" which he thinks is excusable, if we consider the French poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's passion, as if the king himself had owned it to him. The translator thinks it more mannerly and respectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearsay. KING.

[2] Lewis the Fourteenth.

Lewis sighs for the sake
Of her charms, as they say;
What excuse can she make
For not coming away?
If he does not possess,
He dies with despair;
Let's give him redress,
And go find out the fair.

THE FURMETARY;

A VERY

INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM[1],

IN THREE CANTO'S.

First printed in 1699.

PREFACE.

THE author of the following poem may be thought to write for fame, and the applause of the town: but he wholly disowns it; for he writes only for the public good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well known, that *grave senators* have often, at the Palace-yard, refreshed themselves with barley-broth in a morning, which has had a very solid influence on their counsels; it is therefore hoped, that other persons may use it with the like success. No man can be ignorant, how of late years coffee and tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, cold waters have obtained their commendation; and wells are sprung up from Acton to Islington, and cross the water to Lambeth. These liquors have several eminent champions of all professions. But there have not been wanting persons, in all ages, that have shown a true love for their country, and the proper diet of it, as water-gruel, milk-porridge, rice-milk, and especially furmetry both with plums and without. To this end, several worthy persons have encouraged the eating such wholesome diet in the morning; and, that the poor may be provided, they have desired several matrons to stand at Smithfield-bars, Leadenhall-market, Stocks-market, and divers other noted places in the city, especially at Fleet-ditch; there to *dispense* furmetry to labouring people, and the poor, at reasonable rates, at three-half-pence and two-pence a dish, which is not dear, the plums being considered.

The places are generally styled furmetaries, because that food has got the general esteem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the most remarkable, and therefore I have styled it, The Furmetary; and could easily have had a certificate of the usefulness of this furmetary, signed by several eminent carmen, gardeners, journeymen-tailors, and basket-women, who have promised to contribute to the maintenance of the same, in case the coffee-houses should proceed to oppose it.

[1] Written to please a gentleman who thought nothing smooth or lofty could be written upon a mean subject; but had no intent of making any reflection upon The Dispensary, which has deservedly gained a lasting reputation. KING.

I have thought this a very proper subject for an heroic poem; and endeavoured to be as smooth in my verse, and as inoffensive in my characters, as was possible. It is my case with Lucretius, that I write upon a subject not treated of by the ancients. But, "the greater labour, the greater glory."

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I stand upon my own legs, without any support from abroad. I therefore shall have more occasion for the reader's favour, who, from the kind acceptance of this, may expect the description of other furmetaries about this city, from his most humble servant,

AND PER SE AND.

CANTO I.

No sooner did the grey-ey'd morning peep,
And yawning mortals stretch themselves from sleep;
Finders of gold were now but newly past,
And basket-women did to market haste;
The watchmen were but just returning home,
To give the thieves more liberty to roam;
When from a hill, by growing beams of light,
A stately pile was offer'd to the sight;
Three spacious doors let passengers go through,
And distant stones did terminate their view:
Just here, as ancient poets sing, there stood
The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
His image now appears in Portland stone,
Each side supported by a god-like son[2]:
But, underneath, all the three heroes shine,
In living colours, drawn upon a sign,
Which shows the way to ale, but not to wine.
Near is a place enclos'd with iron-bars,
Where many mortals curse their cruel stars,
When brought by usurers into distress,
For having little still must live on less:
Stern Avarice there keeps the relentless door,
And bids each wretch eternally be poor.
Hence Hunger rises, dismally he stalks,
And takes each single prisoner in his walks:

[2] As Dr. King's description of Ludgate, though familiar to the present age, will be less intelligible to the rising generation, it may not be improper to observe, that its name, which Geoffry of Monmouth has ascribed to king Lud, was with greater propriety derived from its situation near the rivulet Flud, or Fleet, which ran near it.—So early as 1373, Ludgate was constituted a prison for poor debtors who were free of the city; and was greatly enlarged in 1454, by sir Stephen Forster, who, after having been himself confined there, became lord mayor of London, and established several benevolent regulations for its government.—The old gate becoming ruinous, an elegant building, as above described by Dr. King, was erected in 1586, with the statue of queen Elizabeth on the west front, and those of the pretended king Lud and his two sons on the east. This was pulled down in 1760, and the statue of Elizabeth placed against the church of St. Dunstan in the West. Since that time, the city debtors have been confined in a part of the London workhouse in Bishopsgate-street. *N.*

This duty done, the meagre monster stares,
Holds up his bones, and thus begins his prayers:
"Thou, goddess Famine, that canst send us blights,
With parching heat by day, and *storm* by nights,
Assist me now: so may all lands be thine,
And shoals of orphans at thy altars pine!
Long may thy rain continue on each shore,
Where-ever peace and plenty reign'd before!
I must confess, that to thy gracious hand
I widows owe, that are at my command;
I joy to hear their numerous children's cries;
And bless thy power, to find they've no supplies.
I thank thee for those martyrs, who would flee
From superstitious rites and tyranny,
And find their fulness of reward in me.
But 'tis with much humility I own,
That generous favour you have lately shown,
When men, that bravely have their country serv'd,
Receiv'd the just reward that they deserv'd,
And are preferr'd to me, and shall be starv'd.
I can, but with regret, I can despise
Innumerable of the London cries,
When pease, and mackarel, with their harsher sound,
The tender organs of my ears confound;
But that which makes my projects all miscarry,
Is this inhuman, fatal Furmetary.
"Not far from hence, just by the Bridge of Fleet,
With spoons and porringers, and napkin neat,
A faithless syren does entice the sense,
By fumes of viands, which she does dispense
To mortal stomachs, for rewarding pence;
Whilst each man's earliest thoughts would banish [me,
Who have no other oracle but thee."

CANTO II.

WHILST such-like prayers keen Hunger would advance,
Fainting and weakness threw him in a trance:
Famine took pity on her careful slave,
And kindly to him this assistance gave.
She took the figure of a thin parch'd maid,
Who many years had for a husband staid;
And, coming near to Hunger, thus she said:
"My darling son, whilst Peace and Plenty smile,
And Happiness would over-run this isle,
I joy to see, by this thy present care,
I've still some friends remaining since the war:
In spite of us, A does on venison feed,
And bread and butter is for B decreed;
C D combines with E F's generous soul,
To pass their minutes with the sparkling bowl;
H I's good-nature, from his endless store,
Is still conferring blessings on the poor,
For none, except 'tis K, regards them more.
L, M, N, O, P, Q, is vainly great,
And squanders half his substance in a treat.
Nice eating by R, S, is understood;
T's supper, though but little, yet is good;
U's conversation is equal to his wine,
You sup with W, whene'er you dine:
X, Y, and Z, hating to be confin'd,
Ramble to the next eating-house they find;
Pleasant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
Sometimes with music, and sometimes with play,
Prolong their pleasures till th' approaching day.
And per se And alone, as poets use,
The starving dictates of my rules pursues;
No swinging coachman does afore him shine,
Nor has he any constant place to dine,
But all his notions of a meal are mine.
Haste, haste, to him, a blessing give from me,
And bid him write sharp things on furmetry.
But I would have thee to Coffedro go,
And let Tobacco too thy business know;
With famous Teedrums in this case advise,
Rely on Sagoe, who is always wise.
Amidst such counsel, banish all despair;
Trust me, you shall succeed in this affair:
That project which they Furmetary call,
Before next breakfast-time shall surely fall!"
This said, she quickly vanish'd in a wind
Had long within her body been confin'd.
Thus Hercules, when he his mistress found,
Soon knew her by her scent, and by her sound.

CANTO III.

HUNGER rejoic'd to hear the blest command,
That Furmetary should no longer stand;
With speed he to Coffedro's mansion flies,
And bids the pale-fac'd mortal quickly rise.
"Arise, my friend; for upon thee do wait
Dismal events and prodigies of Fate!
'Tis break of day, thy sooty broth prepare,
And all thy other liquors for a war:
Rouse up Tobacco, whose delicious sight,
Illuminated round with beams of light,
To my impatient mind will cause delight.
How will he conquer nostrils that presume
To stand th' attack of his impetuous fume!
Let handsome Teedrums too be call'd to arms,
For he has courage in the midst of charms:
Sagoe with counsel fills his wakeful brains,
But then his wisdom countervails his pains;
'Tis he shall be your guide, he shall effect
That glorious conquest which we all expect:
The brave Hectorvus shall command this force;
He'll meet Tubcarrio's foot, or, which is worse,
Oppose the fury of Carmanniel's horse.
For his reward, this he shall have each day,
Drink coffee, then strut out and never pay."
It was not long ere the grandees were met,
And round *newspapers* in full order set.
Then Sagoe, rising, said, "I hope you hear
Hunger's advice with an obedient ear;
Our great design admits of no delay,
Famine commands, and we must all obey:
That syren which does Furmetary keep
Long since is risen from the bands of sleep;
Her spoons and porringers, with art display'd,
Many of Hunger's subjects have betray'd."
"To arms," Hectorvus cried: "Coffedro stout,
Issue forth liquor from thy scalding spout!"
Great One-and-all-i gives the first alarms;
Then each man snatches up offensive arms.
To Ditch of Fleet courageously they run,
Quicker than thought; the battle is begun:
Hectorvus first Tubcarrio does attack,
And by surprise soon lays him on his back;
Thirsto and Drowtho then, approaching near,
Soon overthrow two magazines of beer.
The innocent Syrena little thought
That all these arms against herself were brought;

Nor that in her defence the drink was spilt:
How could she fear, that never yet knew guilt?
Her fragrant juice, and her delicious plums,
She does *dispense* (with gold upon her thumbs):
Virgins and youths around her stood; she sate,
Environ'd with a wooden-chair of state.
In the mean time, Tobacco strives to vex
A numerous squadron of the tender sex;
What with strong smoke, and with his stronger breath,
He funks Basketia and her son to death.
Coffedro then, with Teedrums, and the band
Who carried scalding liquors in their hand,
Throw watery ammunition in their eyes;
On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies:
Carmannio straight drives up a bulwark strong,
And horse opposes to Coffedro's throng.
Coledrivio stands for bright Syrena's guard,
And all her rallied forces are prepar'd;
Carmannio then to Teedrums' squadron makes,
And the lean mortal by the buttons takes;
Not Teedrums' arts Carmannio could beseech,
But his rough valour throws him in the ditch.
Syrena, though surpris'd, resolv'd to be
The great bonduca of her Furmetry:
Before her throne courageously she stands,
Managing ladles-full with both her hands.
The numerous plums like hail-shot flew about,
And Plenty soon dispers'd the *meagre* rout.
So have I seen, at fair that's nam'd from Horn,
Many a ladle's blow by prentice borne;
In vain he strives their passions to assuage,
With threats would frighten, with soft words engage;
Until, through milky gauntlet soundly beat,
His prudent heels secure a quick retreat.

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas!

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN[1].

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

Mountown[2]! thou sweet retreat from Dublin
Be famous for thy apples and thy pears; [cares,
For turnips, carrots, lettuce, beans, and pease;
For Peggy's butter, and for Peggy's cheese.
May clouds of pigeons round about thee fly!
But condescend sometimes to make a pie.
May fat geese gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want gooseberries or apple-sauce!
Ducks in thy ponds, and chicken in thy pens,
And be thy turkeys numerous as thy hens!
May thy black pigs lie warm in little sty,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die!
Mountown! the Muses' most delicious theme;
Oh! may thy codlins ever swim in cream!
Thy rasp-and straw-berries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder tincture to their own!

Thy white-wine, sugar, milk, together club,
To make that gentle viand syllabub.
Thy tarts to tarts, cheese-cakes to cheese-cakes
To spoil the relish of the flowing wine. [join,
But to the fading palate bring relief,
By thy Westphalian ham, or Belgic beef;
And, to complete thy blessings, in a word,
May still thy soil be generous as its lord[3]!

Oh! Peggy, Peggy, when thou goest to brew,
Consider well what you're about to do;
Be very wise, very sedately think
That what you're going now to make is *drink*;
Consider who must drink that drink; and then,
What 'tis to have the praise of *honest* men:
For surely, Peggy, while that drink does last,
'Tis Peggy will be *toast'd* or *disgrac'd*.
Then, if thy ale in *glass* thou would'st confine,
To make its sparkling rays in beauty shine,
Let thy clean bottle be entirely dry,
Lest a white substance to the surface fly,
And, floating there, disturb the curious eye.
But this great maxim must be understood,
"Be sure, nay very sure, thy *cork* be good!"
Then future ages shall of Peggy tell,
That nymph that *brew'd* and *bottled* ale so well.

How fleet is air! how many things have breath,
Which in a moment they resign to death;
Depriv'd of light, and all their happiest state,
Not by their fault, but some o'er-ruling Fate!
Although fair flowers, that justly might invite,
Are cropt, nay torn away, for man's delight;
Yet still those flowers, alas! can make no moan,
Nor has Narcissus now a power to groan!
But all those things which breathe in different frame,
By tie of common breath, man's pity claim.
A gentle lamb has rhetoric to plead,
And, when she sees the butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed:
But cruel gain, and luxury of taste,
With pride, still lays man's *fellow-mortals* waste:
What earth and waters breed, or air inspires,
Man for his palate fits by torturing fires.
Mully, a cow, sprung from a beauteous race,
With spreading front, did Mountown's pastures grace.
Gentle she was, and, with a gentle stream,
Each morn and night gave milk that equal'd cream.
Offending none, of none she stood in dread,
Much less of persons which she daily *fed*:
"But Innocence cannot itself defend
'Gainst treacherous arts, veil'd with the name of friend."
Robin of Derbyshire, whose temper shocks
The constitution of his native rocks;
Born in a place[4], which, if it once be nam'd,
Would make a blushing modesty asham'd:
He with indulgence kindly did *appear*
To make poor Mully his peculiar care;
But inwardly this sullen churlish thief
Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's beef;
His fancy fed on her; and thus he'd cry,
"Mully, as sure as I'm alive, you die!

[1] It was taken for a state poem, and to have many mysteries in it; though it was only made, as well as Orpheus and Eurydice, for country diversion. KING.

[2] A pleasant villa to the south of Dublin, near the sea.

[3] Judge Upton.

[4] The Devil's Arse of Peak; described by Hobbes in a poem De Mirabilibus Pecci, the best of his poetical performances. *N.*

'Tis a brave cow. O, sirs, when Christmas comes,
These shins shall make the porridge grac'd with plums;
Then, 'midst our cups, whilst we profusely *dine*,
This blade shall enter deep in Mully's chine.
What ribs, what rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, stew'd, and roast!
There shan't one single tripe of her be lost!"
When Peggy, nymph of Mountown, heard these sounds,
She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.
"What crime," said she, "has gentle Mully done?
Witness the rising and the setting Sun,
That knows what milk she constantly would give!
Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live."
Daniel, a sprightly swain, that us'd to slash
The vigorous steeds that drew his lord's calash,
To Peggy's side inclin'd; for 'twas well known
How well he lov'd those cattle of his own.
Then Terence spoke, oraculous and sly,
He'd neither grant the question nor deny;
Pleading for milk, his thoughts were on mince-pie:
But all his arguments so dubious were,
That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.
"You've spoke," says Robin; "but now, let me tell ye,
'Tis not fair spoken *words* that fill the *belly*:
Pudding and beef I love; and cannot stoop
To recommend your bonny-clapper soup.
You say she's innocent: but what of that?
'Tis more than crime sufficient that she's *fat!*
And that which is prevailing in this case
Is, there's another cow to fill her place.
And, granting Mully to have milk in store,
Yet still this other cow will give us more.
She dies."—Stop here, my Muse: forbear the rest:
And veil that grief which cannot be exprest!

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

As poets say, one Orpheus went
To Hell upon an odd intent.
First tell the story, then let's know,
If any one will do so now.
This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
Born long before the siege of Troy;
His parents found the lad was sharp,
And taught him on the Irish harp;
And, when grown fit for marriage-life,
Gave him Eurydice for wife;
And they, as soon as match was made,
Set up the ballad-singing trade.
The cunning varlet could devise,
For country folks, ten thousand lies;
Affirming all those monstrous things
Were done by force of *harp* and *strings*;
Could make a tiger in a trice
Tame as a cat, and catch your mice;
Could make a lion's courage flag,
And straight could animate a stag,
And, by the help of pleasing ditties,
Make mill-stones run, and build up cities;
Each had the use of fluent tongue,
If Dicé scolded, Orpheus sung.
And so, by discord without strife,
Compos'd one harmony of life;
And thus, as all their matters stood,
They got an honest livelihood.
Happy were mortals, could they be
From any sudden danger free!
Happy were poets, could their song
The feeble thread of life prolong!
But, as these two went strolling on,
Poor Dicé's scene of life was done:
Away her fleeting breath must fly,
Yet no one knows wherefore, or why.
This caus'd the general lamentation,
To all that knew her in her station;
How brisk she was still to advance
The harper's gain, and lead the dance,
In every tune observe her thrill,
Sing on, yet change the money still.
Orpheus best knew what loss he had,
And, thinking on't, fell almost mad,
And in despair to Linus ran,
Who was esteem'd a cunning-man;
Cried, "He again must Dicé have,
Or else be buried in her grave."
Quoth Linus, "Soft, refrain your sorrow:
What fails today, may speed tomorrow.
Thank you the gods for whate'er happens,
But don't fall out with your fat capons.
'Tis many an honest man's petition,
That he may be in your condition.
If such a blessing might be had,
To change a living wife for dead,
I'd be your chapman; nay, I'd do't,
Though I gave forty pounds to boot.
Consider first, you save her diet;
Consider next, you keep her quiet:
For, pray, what was she all along,
Except the burthen of your song?
What, though your Dicé's under ground;
Yet many a woman may be found,
Who, in your gains if she may part take,
Trust me, will quickly make your heart ach:
Then, rest content, as widowers should—
The gods best know what's for our good!"
Orpheus no longer could endure
Such wounds, where he expected cure.
"Is't possible!" cried he: "and can
That noble creature, married man,
In such a cause be so profane?
I'll fly thee far as I would Death,
Who from my Dicé took her breath."
Which said, he soon outstript the wind,
Whilst puffing Boreas lagg'd behind;
And to Urganda's cave he came,
A lady of prodigious fame,
Whose hollow eyes and hopper breech
Made common people call her witch;
Down at her feet he prostrate lies,
With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.
"Tell me," said he, "for sure you know
The powers above, and those below,
Where does Eurydice remain?
How shall I fetch her back again?"
She smilingly replied, "I'll tell
This easily without a spell:
The wife you look for's gone to Hell—
Nay, never start, man, for 'tis so;
Except one ill-bred wife or two,
The fashion is, for all to go.
Not that she will be damn'd; ne'er fear
But she may get preferment there.
Indeed, she might be fried in pitch,
If she had been a bitter bitch;

If she had leapt athwart a sword,
And afterwards had broke her word.
But your Eurydice, poor soul!
Was a good-natur'd harmless fool;
Except a little cattervawling,
Was always painful in her calling;
And, I dare trust old Pluto for't,
She will find favour in his court:
But then to fetch her back, that still
Remains, and may be past my skill;
For, 'tis too sad a thing to jest on,
You're the first man e'er ask'd the question;
For husbands are such selfish elves,
They care for little but themselves.
And then one rogue cries to another,
Since this wife's gone, e'en get another:"
Though most men let such thoughts alone,
And swear they've had enough of *one*.
But, since you are so kind to Dicé,
Follow the course which I advise ye;
E'en go to Hell yourself, and try
Th' effect of music's harmony;
For you will hardly find a friend,
Whom you in such a case might send:
Besides, their Proserpine has been
The briskest dancer on the green,
Before old Pluto ravish'd her,
Took her to Hell—and you may swear,
She had but little music there;
For, since she last beheld the Sun,
Her merry dancing days are done:
She has a colt's-tooth still, I warrant,
And will not disapprove your errand.
Then your request does reason seem,
For what's one single ghost to them?
Though thousand *phantoms* should invade ye,
Pass on—faint heart ne'er won fair lady!
The bold a way will find, or make;
Remember, 'tis for Dicé's sake."
Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half so well,
As news that he must go to Hell.
Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
As most folks seek their own undoing;
Ne'er thought of what he left behind;
Never consider'd he should find
Scarce any passenger beside
Himself, nor could he hire a guide.
"Will music do't?" cried he. "Ne'er heed:
My harp shall make the marble bleed;
My harp all dangers shall remove,
And dare all flames, but those of love."
Then kneeling begs, in terms most civil,
Urganda's passport to the Devil.
Her pass she kindly to him gave,
Then bade him 'noint himself with salve;
Such as those hardy people use,
Who walk on fire without their shoes,
Who, on occasion, in a dark hole,
Can gormandize on lighted charcoal,
And drink eight quarts of flaming fuel,
As men in flux do water-gruel.
She bade him then go to those caves,
Where conjurers keep fairy slaves,
Such sort of creatures as will baste ye
A kitchen-wench, for being nasty,
But, if she neatly scour her pewter,
Give her the money that is due t' her.
Orpheus went down a narrow hole,
That was as dark as any coal;
He did at length some glimmering spy,
By which, at least, he might descry
Ten-thousand little fairy elves,
Who there were solacing themselves.
All ran about him, cried, "Oh, dear!
Who thought to have seen Orpheus here?
'Tis that queen's birth-day which you see,
And you are come as luckily:
You had no ballad but we bought it,
Paid Dicé when she little thought it;
When you beneath the yew-tree sat,
We've come, and all danc'd round your hat;
But whereabouts did Dicé leave ye?
She had been welcome, sir, believe me."
"These little chits would make one swear,"
Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt disdain and fear.
"And dare these imps jeer my crosses,
And laugh at mine and Dicé's losses?
Hands off—the monkeys hold the faster;
Sirrahs, I'm going to your master!"
"Good words," quoth Oberon: "don't flinch;
For, every time you stir, I'll pinch;
But, if you decently sit down,
I'll first equip you with a crown;
Then for each dance, and for each song,
Our pence apiece the whole night long."
Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of necessity;
Though all was out of tune, their dance
Would only hinder his advance.
Each note that from his fingers fell
Seem'd to be Dicé's passing-bell;
At last, night let him ease his crupper,
Get on his legs, to go to supper.
Quoth Nab, "We here have strangers seldom,
But, sir, to what we have you're welcome."
"Madam, they seem of light digestion.
Is it not rude to ask a question,
What they may be, fish, flesh, or fruit?
For I ne'er saw things so minute."

"SIR,

"A roasted ant, that's nicely done,
By one small atom of the Sun.
These are flies' eggs, in moon-shine poach'd;
This a flea's thigh in collops scotch'd,
'Twas hunted yesterday i'th' Park,
And like t' have 'scap'd us in the dark.
This is a dish entirely new,
Butterflies' brains dissolv'd in dew;
These lover's vows, these courtiers' hopes,
Things to be eat by microscopes;
These sucking mites, a glow-worm's heart,
This a delicious rainbow-tart!"
"Madam, I find, they're very nice,
And will digest within a trice;
I see there's nothing you esteem,
That's half so gross as our whipt-cream;
And I infer, from all these meats,
That such light suppers keep clean sheets."
"But, sir," said she, "perhaps you're dry!"
Then, speaking to a fairy by,
"You've taken care, my dear Endia,
All's ready for my ratifia."

"SIR,

"A drop of water, newly torn
Fresh from the rosy-finger'd Morn;

A pearl of milk, that's gently prest
From blooming Hebe's early breast;
With half a one of Cupid's tears,
When he in embryo first appears;
And honey from an infant bee:
Makes liquor for the gods and me!"
"Madam," says he, "an't please your grace,
I'm going to a droughty place;
And, if I an't too bold, pray charge her,
The draught I have be somewhat larger."
"Fetch me," said she, "a mighty bowl,
Like Oberon's capacious soul,
And then fill up the burnish'd gold
With juice that makes the Britons bold.
This from seven barley-corns I drew,
Its years are seven, and to the view
'Tis clear, and sparkles fit for you.
"But stay—
When I by Fate was last time hurl'd,
To act my pranks in t'other world,
I saw some sparks as they were drinking,
With mighty mirth and little thinking,
Their jests were *supernaculum*,
I snatch'd the rubies from each thumb,
And in this crystal have them here,
Perhaps you'll like it more than beer."
Wine and late hours dissolv'd the feast,
And men and fairies went to rest.
The bed where Orpheus was to lie
Was all stuff'd full of harmony:
Purling streams and amorous rills,
Dying sound that never kills,
Zephyrus breathing, love delighting,
Joy to slumber soft inviting,
Trembling sounds that make no noise,
And songs to please without a voice,
Were mixt with down that fell from Jove,
When he became a swan for love.
'Twas night, and Nature's self lay dead,
Nodding upon a feather-bed;
The mountain's seem'd to bend their tops,
And shutters clos'd the milleners' shops,
Excluding both the punks and fops;
No ruffled streams to mill do come,
The silent fish were still more dumb;
Look in the chimney, not a spark there,
And darkness did itself grow darker.
But Orpheus could not sleep a wink,
He had too many things to think:
But, in the dark, his harp he strung,
And to the listening fairies sung.
Prince Prim, who pitied so much youth
Join'd with such constancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to understand;
"Sir, I last night receiv'd command
To see you out of fairy land,
Into the realm of Nosnotbocai;
But let not fear of sulphur choak ye;
For he's a fiend of sense and wit,
And has got many rooms to let."
As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpse,
Out walk the fidler and the prince.
They soon arrive; find Bocai brewing
Of claret for a vintner's stewing.
"I come from Oberon," quoth prince Prim.
"'Tis well," quoth Bocai: "what from him?'
"Why, something strange; this honest man
Had his wife died; now, if he can,
He says, he'd have her back again."
Then Bocai, smiling, cried, "You see,
Orpheus, you'd better stay with me.
For, let me tell you, sir, this place,
Although it has an ugly face,
If to its value it were sold,
Is worth ten thousand ton of gold;
And very famous in all story,
Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
For, when some ages shall have run,
And Truth by Falsehood be undone,
Shall rise the whore of Babylon;
And this same whore shall be a man,
Who, by his lies and cheating, can
Be such a trader in all evil,
As to outdo our friend the Devil:
He and his pimps shall say, that when
A man is dying, thither then
The Devil comes to take the soul,
And carry him down to this hole;
But, if a man have store of wealth,
To get some prayers for his soul's health,
The Devil has then no more to do,
But must be forc'd to let him go.
But we are no more fools than they,
Thus to be bubbled of our prey.
By these same pious frauds and lies,
Shall many monasteries rise:
Friars shall get good meat and beer,
To pray folks out that ne'er came here;
Pans, pots, and kettles, shall be given,
To fetch a man from hence to Heaven.
Suppose a man has taken purses,
Or stolen sheep, or cows, or horses,
And chances to be hang'd; you'd cry,
Let him be hang'd, and so good-by.
Hold, says the friar; let me alone,
He's but to Purgatory gone;
And, if you'll let our convent keep
Those purses, cows, horses, and sheep,
The fellow shall find no more pain,
Than if he were alive again."
Here Orpheus sigh'd, began to take on,
Cried, "Could I find the whore you spake on,
I'd give him my best flitch of bacon:
I'd give him cake and sugar'd sack,
If he would bring my Dicé back:
Rather than she should longer stay,
I'd find some lusty man to *pray*.
And then poor Dicé, let him try her,
I dare say, would requite the friar."
Great Nosnotbocai smil'd to see
Such goodness and simplicity.
Then kindly led them to a cell,
An outward granary of Hell;
A filthy place, that's seldom swept,
Where seeds of villany are kept.
"Orpheus," said he, "I'd have you take
Some of these seeds here, for my sake;
Which, if they are discreetly hurl'd
Throughout the parts of t'other world,
They may oblige the fiend you sue to,
And fill the palace of old Pluto.
"Sow *pride-seed* uppermost; then above
Envy and *scandal* plant *self-love*.
Here take *revenge*, and *malice without cause*,
And here *contempt of honesty and laws*;
This hot seed's *anger*, and this hotter *lust*,
Best sown with *breach of friendship*, and *of trust*.
These *storm*, *hail*, *plague*, and *tempest* seeds;
And this a quintessence of weeds;

This the worst sort of artichoke,
A plant that Pluto has himself bespoke,
Nourish it well; 'tis useful *treachery;*
This is a choice though little seed, a *lie:*
Here take some now from these prodigious loads,
Of tender things that look like toads:
In future times, these, finely drest,
Shall each invade a prince's breast;
'Tis *flattery* seed; though thinly sown,
It is a mighty plant when grown,
When rooted deep, and fully blown;
Now see these things like bubbles fly;
These are the seeds of *vanity.*
Take *tyrant acorns,* which will best advance,
If sown in eastern climates, or in France;
But these are things of most prodigious hopes,
They're *Jesuit bulbs* tied up with ropes,
And these the Devil's grafts for future popes,
Which with fanaticism are join'd so clean,
You'd scarce believe a knife had pass'd between.
False-witness seed had almost been forgot,
'Twill be your making, should there be a plot.
And now, dear Orpheus, scatter these but well;
And you'll deserve the gratitude of Hell."
Quoth Orpheus, "You shall be obey'd
In every thing that you have said,
For mischief is the poet's trade:
And whatsoever they shall bring,
You may assure yourself, I'll sing.
But pray what poets shall we have,
At my returning from the grave?"
"Sad dogs!" quoth Bocai,—"let me see—
But, since what I say cannot shame them,
I'll e'en resolve to never name them.
"But now," says Bocai, "sir, you may
Long to be going on your way,
Unless you'll drink some arsenic claret:
'Tis burnt, you see: but Sam can spare it."
Orpheus replied, "Kind sir, 'tis neither
Brandy nor whets that brought me hither;
But love, and I an instance can be,
Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy;
Yet, gentle sir, you may command
A tune from a departing hand;
The style and passion both are good,
'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood.*"
He sang; and pains themselves found ease;
For griefs, when well express'd, can please.
When he describ'd the children's loss,
And how the robins cover'd them with moss;
To hear the pity of those birds,
Ev'n Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words.

RUFINUS; OR, THE FAVOURITE[1].

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

Oft, as I wondering stand, a secret doubt
Puzzles my reason, and disturbs my thought,
Whether this lower world by Chance does move,
Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.

When I survey the world's harmonious frame,
How Nature *lives* immutably the same;
How stated bounds and ambient shores restrain
The rolling surges of the briny main;
How constant Time revolves the circling year;
How day and night alternately appear;
Then am I well convinc'd some secret soul,
Some first informing power directs the whole;
Some great intelligence, who turns the spheres,
Who rules the steady motion of the stars,
Who decks with *borrow'd light* the waning Moon,
And fills with *native light* th' unchanging Sun,
Who hangs the Earth amidst surrounding skies,
And bids her various fruits in various seasons rise.
But, soon as I reflect on human state,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate;
How *ill men,* crown'd with blessings, smoothly pass
A golden circle of delightful days;
How *good men* bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endless cares, to endless strife;
Then am I lost again; religion fails;
Then Epicurus' bolder *scheme* prevails, [dance,
Which through the void makes wandering *atoms*
And calls the medley world the work of Chance,
Which God's eternal Providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the distant skies.
At length Rufinus' fate my doubt removes,
And God's *existence* and his *justice* proves.
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain,
The wicked flourish, and triumphant reign;
Since they to Fortune's heights are rais'd alone,
To rush with greater ruin headlong down.
But here instruct thy bard, Pierian dame,
Whence, and of whom, the dire contagion came.
Alecto's breast with rage and envy glows,
To see the world possess'd of sweet repose.
Down to the dreary realms below she bends,
There summons a *cabal* of sister fiends;
Thither unnumber'd plagues direct their flight,
The cursed progeny of Hell and Night.
First, Discord rears her head, the nurse of War;
Next, Famine fiercely stalks with haughty air;
Then Age scarce drags her limbs, scarce draws her breath,
But, tottering on, approaches neighbouring Death;
Here grows Disease, with inbred tortures worn;
There Envy snarls, and others' good does mourn;
There Sorrow sighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear skulks behind, and trembling hides her face,
But Rashness headlong thrusts her front of brass;
Then Luxury, Wealth's bane, profusely shines,
Whilst Want, attending in a *cloud,* repines.
A train of sleepless self-tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears;
Who, as around her wither'd *neck* they cling,
Confess the parent *hag* from whence they spring.
Here ills of each malignant kind resort,
A thousand monsters guard the dreadful court.
Amidst th' *infernal crowd,* Alecto stands,
And a deep silence awfully commands;
Then, in tumultuous terms like these, express'd
A passion long had swell'd within her breast:
"Shall we supine permit these *peaceful days,*
So smooth, so gay, so undisturb'd, to pass?
Shall Pity melt, shall Clemency control,
A Fury's fierce and unrelenting *soul?*
What do our iron whips, our brands, avail;
What all the horrid implements of Hell;
Since mighty Jove debars us of his *skies,*
Since Theodosius too his *Earth* denies:

[1] The essay, to which this poem was originally annexed, was written in 1711, as a harsh satire on the duke of Marlborough, dictated perhaps rather by party rage than truth. It is printed in Dr. King's works, vol. ii. p. 280. *N.*

Such were the days, and so their tenour ran,
When the first happy golden age began:
Virtue and Concord, with their heavenly train,
With Piety and Faith, securely reign;
Nay, Justice, in imperial pomp array'd,
Boldly explores this everlasting shade;
Me she, insulting, menaces and awes;
Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
And shall we then, neglected and forlorn,
From every region banish'd, idly mourn?
Assert yourselves; know what, and whence, you are:
Attempt some glorious mischief worth your care;
Involve the universe in endless war.
Oh! that I could in Stygian vapour rise,
Darken the *Sun*, pollute the balmy *skies*;
Let loose the *rivers*, deluge every plain,
Break down the *barriers* of the roaring main,
And shatter Nature into chaos once again!"
So rag'd the fiend, and toss'd her *vipers* round,
Which hissing pour'd their poison on the ground.
A murmur through the jarring audience rung,
Different resolves from different reasons sprung.
So when the fury of the storm is past,
When the rough winds in softer murmurs waste;
So sounds, so fluctuates, the troubled sea,
As the expiring *tempest* plows its way.
Megæra, rising then, address'd the throng,
To whom Sedition, Tumult, Rage, belong:
Whose food is entrails of the guiltless dead,
Whose drink is children's blood by parents shed.
She scorch'd Alcides with a frantic flame,
She broke the bow, the savage world did tame;
She nerv'd the arm, she flung the deadly dart,
When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart:
She prompted Agamemnon's monstrous wife
To take her injur'd lord's devoted life:
She breath'd revenge and rage into the son,
So did the mother's blood the sire's atone:
She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
Forc'd him incestuous to a mother's arms:
She stung Thyestes, and his fury fed;
She taught him to pollute a daughter's bed.
Such was her dreadful speech:
"Your *schemes* not practical nor lawful are,
With Heaven and Jove to wage unequal war:
But, if the peace of man you would invade,
If o'er the ravag'd Earth *destruction* spread;
Then shall Rufinus, fram'd for every *ill*,
With your own vengeance execute your will;
A prodigy from savage parents sprung,
Impetuous as a tigress new with young;
Fierce as the hydra, fickle as the flood,
And keen as meagre harpies for their food.
"Soon as the infant drew the vital air,
I first receiv'd him to my nursing care;
And often he, when tender yet and young,
Cried for the teat, and on my bosom hung:
Whilst my *horn'd serpents* round his *visage* play'd,
His features form'd, and there their *venom* shed;
Whilst I, infusing, breath'd into his heart
Deceit and *craft*, and every hurtful art;
Taught him t' involve his soul in secret clouds,
With false dissembling smiles to veil his frauds.
"Not dying patriots' tortures can assuage
His inborn cruelty, his native rage:
Not Tagus' yellow torrent can suffice
His boundless and unsated *avarice*:
Nor all the metal of Pactolus' streams,
Nor Hermus glittering as the solar beams.
"If you the stratagem propos'd approve,
Let us to court this *bane* of *crowns* remove.
There shall he soon, with his intriguing art,
Guide uncontrol'd the willing prince's *heart*.
Not Numa's wisdom shall that *heart* defend,
When the false *favourite* acts the faithful *friend*."
Soon as she ended, the surrounding crowd
With peals of joy the black design applaud.
Now with an *adamant* her hair she bound,
With a blue *serpent* girt her vest around;
Then hastes to Phlegethon's impetuous stream,
Whose pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame;
There lights a torch, and straight, with wings display'd,
Shoots swiftly through the *dun* Tartarian glade.
A place on Gallia's utmost verge there lies,
Extended to the sea and southern skies;
Where once Ulysses, as old fables tell,
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of Hell;
Where oft', with staring eyes, the trembling *hind*
Sees airy *phantoms* skim before the wind:
Hence springs the Fury into upper skies,
Infecting all the region as she flies:
She roars, and shakes the atmosphere around,
And earth and sea rebellow to the sound.
Then straight transform'd her snakes to silver hairs,
And like an old decrepid *sage* appears;
Slowly she creeps along with trembling gait,
Scarce can her languid limbs sustain her weight.
At length, arriving at Rufinus' cell,
Which, from his monstrous birth, she knew so well,
She mildly thus Hell's *darling hope* address'd,
Sooth'd his ambition, and inflam'd his breast:
"Can sloth dissolve Rufinus; canst thou pass
Thy sprightly youth in soft inglorious ease?
Know, that thy better fate, thy kinder star,
Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
If thou an *old* man's counsel canst obey,
The subject world shall own thy sovereign sway:
For my enlight'd soul, my conscious breast,
Of magic's *secret science* is possess'd.
Oft' have I forc'd, with *mystic midnight* spells,
Pale *spectres* from their subterranean cells:
Old Hecaté attends my powerful song,
Powerful to hasten fate, or to prolong;
Powerful the rooted stubborn oak to move,
To stop the thunder bursting from above,
To make the rapid flood's descending stream
Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.
Nor doubt my truth—behold, with just surprise,
An effort of my art—a *palace rise*."
She said; and, lo! a *palace* towering seems,
With Parian pillars and metallic beams.
Rufinus, ravish'd with the vast delight,
Gorges his *avarice*, and gluts his sight.
Such was his transport, such his sudden pride,
When Midas first his *golden wish* enjoy'd:
But, as his stiffening food to metal turn'd,
He found his rashness, and his ruin mourn'd.
"Be thou or man or god," Rufinus said,
"I follow wheresoe'er thy dictates lead."
Then from his *hut* he flies, assumes the state
Propounded by the fiend, prepar'd by Fate.
Ambition soon began to lift her head,
Soaring, she mounts with restless pinions spread;
But Justice, conscious, shuns the poison'd air,
Where only *prostituted tools* repair;
Where Stilico and Virtue not avail;
Where *royal favours* stand expos'd to sale;

Where now Rufinus, scandalously great,
Loads labouring nations with oppressive weight;
Keeps the obsequious world depending still
On the proud dictates of his lawless will;
Advances those, whose fierce and factious zeal
Prompts ever to *resist*, and to *rebel*;
But those *impeaches*, who their prince commend,
Who, dauntless, dare his *sacred rights* defend;
Expounds small *riots* into *highest crimes*,
Brands *loyalty* as *treason* to the *times*.
An *haughty minion*, mad with *empire* grown,
Enslaves the *subjects*, and insults the *throne*.
A thousand disemboguing *rivers* pay
Their everlasting homage to the *sea*;
The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour constant down their tributary streams:
But yet the *sea* confesses no increase,
For all is swallow'd in the deep abyss.
In craving, still Rufinus' soul remains,
Though fed with showers of gold, and floods of gains;
For he despoils and ravages the land,
No state is free from his rapacious hand;
Treasures immense he hoards; erects a tower,
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected store:
Unmeasur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his power.
Oh! whither would'st thou rove, *mistaken man?*
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquisitions vain:
For now, suppose thy *avarice* possess'd
Of all the splendour of the glittering East,
Of Croesus' mass of wealth, of Cyrus' crown,
Suppose the ocean's treasure all thy own;
Still would thy soul repine, still ask for more,
Unblest with plenty, with abundance poor.
Fabricius, in himself, in virtue great,
Disdain'd a monarch's bribe, despis'd his state.
Serranus, as he grac'd the consul's chair,
So could he guide the plough's laborious share.
The fam'd, the warlike, Curii deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.
Such a retreat to me's more glorious far,
Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are:
Give me my solitary native home,
Take thou thy rising tower, thy lofty *dome*;
Though there thy furniture of radiant dye
Abstracts and ravishes the curious eye;
Though each apartment, every spacious room,
Shines with the glories of the Tyrian *loom*;
Yet here I view a more delightful scene,
Where Nature's freshest bloom and beauties *reign*;
Where the warm Zephyr's genial balmy wing,
Playing, diffuses an eternal spring:
Though there thy lewd lascivious limbs are laid
On a rich downy couch, or *golden bed*:
Yet here, extended on the flowery grass,
More free from care, my guiltless hours I pass:
Though there thy *sycophants*, a servile race,
Cringe at thy levees, and resound thy praise;
Yet here a murmuring stream, or warbling bird,
To me does sweeter harmony afford.
Nature on all the power of bliss bestows,
Which from her bounteous source perpetual flows.
But he alone with happiness is blest,
Who knows to use it rightly when possest:
A doctrine, if well poiz'd in Reason's scale,
Nor luxury nor want would thus prevail;
Nor would our fleets so frequent plough the main,
Nor our embattled *armies* strew the plain.
But, oh! Rufinus is to reason blind!
A strange hydropic thirst inflames his mind.
No *bribes* his growing appetite can sate;
For new possessions new desires create.
No sense of shame, no modesty, restrains,
Where Avarice or where Ambition reigns.
When with strict *oaths* his proffer'd faith he binds,
False are his vows, and treacherous his designs.
Now, should a patriot rise, his power oppose,
Should he assert a sinking *nation's* cause,
He stirs a vengeance nothing can control,
Such is the rancour of his haughty soul;
Fell as a lioness in Libya's plain,
When tortur'd with the javelin's pointed pain;
Or a spurn'd serpent, as she shoots along,
With lightning in her eyes, and poison in her tongue.
Nor will those families eraz'd suffice;
But provinces and cities he destroys:
Urg'd on with blind revenge and settled hate,
He labours the confusion of the *state*;
Subverts the nation's old-establish'd frame,
Explodes her laws, and tramples on her fame.
If e'er in *mercy* he pretends to save
A man, pursu'd by *Faction*, from the *grave*;
Then he invents new punishments, *new pains*,
Condemns to *silence*, and from *truth* restrains[1];
Then *racks* and *pillories*, and *bonds* and *bars*,
Then *ruin* and *impeachments* he prepares.
O dreadful mercy! more than Death severe!
That doubly tortures whom it seems to spare!
All seem enslav'd, all bow to him alone;
Nor dare their hate their just resentments own;
But inward grieve, their sighs and pangs confin'd,
Which with *convulsive sorrow* tear the *mind*.
Envy is mute—'tis treason to disclose
The baneful source of their eternal woes.
But Stilico's superior soul appears
Unshock'd, unmov'd, by base ignoble fears.
He is the polar star, directs the *state*,
When *parties* rage, and *public tempests* beat;
He is the safe *retreat*, the sweet repose,
Can sooth and calm afflicted Virtue's *woes*;
He is the solid, firm, unshaken force,
That only knows to stem th' invader's course.
So when a river, swell'd with winter's rains,
The limits of its wonted shore disdains;
Bridges, and stones, and trees, in vain oppose;
With unresisted rage the torrent flows:
But as it, rolling, meets a mighty rock,
Whose fix'd foundations can repel the shock,
Elided *surges* roar in *eddies* round,
The rock, *unmov'd*, reverberates the sound.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN[2].

AN APOLOGUE;

Translated from the original of Æsop, written two thousand years since, and now rendered in familiar verse by H. G. *L. Mag.*

GOOD precepts and true gold are more valuable for their antiquity. And here I present my good

[1] Alluding to the sentence then recently passed on Dr. Sacheverell, for whom our author was a professed advocate. *N.*

[2] The political moral of this little apologue is too evident to need any other comment, than barely mentioning that the lady was queen Anne; desir-

reader with one, delivered by the first founder of mythology, Æsop himself. Maximus Planudes takes notice of it, as a very excellent part of his production; and Phædrus, Camerarius, and others, seem to agree, that his Eagle, and five others not yet translated, are equal to any of his that are handed down to us. Though Mr. Ogleby and sir Roger L'Estrange had the unhappiness to be unacquainted with them, yet I had the good fortune to discover them by the removal of my old library, which has made me amends for the trouble of getting to where I now teach. They were written, or dictated at least, by Æsop, in the fifty-fourth Olympiad: and though I designed them chiefly for the use of my school, (this being translated by a youth designed for a Greek professor) yet no man is so wise as not to need instruction, aye, and by the way of fable too; since the holy scriptures themselves, the best instructors, teach us by way of parable, symbol, image, and figure; and David was more moved with Nathan's "Thou art the man," than all the most rigid lectures in the world would have done. Whoever will be at the trouble of comparing this version with the original, let them begin at the tenth line, and they will find it metaphrastically done, *verbum verbo*, as the best way of justice to the author. Those that are mere adorers of ψίλοι λόγοι will not be angry that it is in this sort of metre, for which I gave leave, the lad having a turn to this sort of measure, which is pleasant and agreeable, though not lofty. For my own part, I concur with my master Aristotle, that ῥυθμὸς ἢ ἁρμονία are very far from being unnecessary or unpleasant. May this be of use to thee; and it will please thine in all good wishes.

HORAT. GRAM.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

A LADY liv'd in former days,
That well deserv'd the utmost praise;
For greatness, birth, and justice fam'd,
And every virtue could be nam'd;
Which made her course of life so even,
That she's a saint (if dead) in Heaven.
This lady had a little seat
Just like a palace, 'twas so neat,
From aught (but goodness) her retreat.
One morning, in her giving way,
As was her custom every day,
To cheer the poor, the sick, and cold,
Or with apparel, food, or gold,
There came a gazing stranger by,
On whom she quickly cast an eye.
The man, admiring, made a stand;
He had a bird upon his hand:
"What's that," says she, "that hangs its head,
Sinking and faint? 'Tis almost dead."
"Madam, a red-breast that I found,
By this wet season almost drown'd."
"Oh! bring him in, and keep him warm;
Robins do never any harm."

They soon obey'd, and chopt him meat,
Gave him whatever he would eat;
The lady care herself did take,
And made a nest for Robin's sake:
But he perkt up into her chair,
In which he plenteously did fare,
Assuming quite another air.
The neighbours thought, when this they spy'd,
The world well mended on his side.
With well-tun'd throat he whistled long,
And every body lik'd his song.
"At last," said they, "this little thing
Will kill itself, so long to sing;
We'll closet him among the rest
Of those my lady loves the best."
They little thought, that saw him come,
That Robins were so quarrelsome:
The door they open'd, in he pops,
And to the highest perch he hops;
The party-colour'd birds he chose,
The gold-finches, and such as those;
With them he'd peck, and bill, and feed,
And very well (at times) agreed:
Canary-birds were his delight,
With them he'd *tête-à-tête* all night;
But the brown linnets went to pot,
He kill'd them all upon the spot.
The servants were employ'd each day,
Instead of work, to part some fray,
And wish'd the aukward fellow curst
That brought him to my lady first.
At last they all resolv'd upon't,
Some way to tell my lady on't.
Meanwhile he'ad had a noble swing,
And rul'd just like the Gallic king;
Having kill'd or wounded all,
Unless the Eagle in the hall;
With whom he durst but only jar,
He being the very soul of war,
But hated him for his desert,
And bore him malice at his heart.
This Eagle was my lady's pride,
The guardian safety of her side:
He often brought home foreign prey,
Which humbly at her feet he lay.
For colour, pinions, and stature,
The fairest workmanship of Nature;
'Twould do one good to see him move,
So full of grandeur, grace, and love:
He was indeed a bird for Jove.
He soar'd aloft in Brucum's field,
And thousand kites and vultures kill'd;
Which made him dear to all that flew,
Unless to Robin and his crew.
One day poor Bob, puff'd up with pride,
Thinking the combat to abide,
A goose-quill on for weapon ty'd,
Knowing by use, that, now and then,
A sword less hurt does than a pen.
As for example—What at home
You've well contriv'd to do at Rome,
A pen blows up—before you come.
You are suppos'd to undermine
The foe—in some immense design.
A pen can bite you with a line;
There's forty ways to give a sign.
Well—all on fire away he stalk'd,
Till come to—where the Eagle walk'd.
Bob did not shill-I shall-I go,
Nor said one word of friend or foe;

ing the reader to recollect the change which she made in her ministry in 1709, the year in which this poem was written; and referring to Rufinus. *N.*

But flirting at him made a blow,
As game-cocks with their gauntlets do.
At which the eagle gracefully
Cast a disdaining, sparkling eye;
As who should say—What's this, a fly?
But no revenge at all did take,
He spar'd him for their lady's sake,
Who ponder'd these things in her mind,
And took the conduct of the eagle kind.
Upon reflection now—to show
What harm the least of things may do,
Mad Robin, with his cursed flirt,
One of the eagle's [3] eyes had hurt;
Inflam'd it, made it red and sore:
But the affront inflam'd it more.
Oh, how the family did tear!
To fire the house, could scarce forbear:
With scorn, not pain, the eagle fir'd,
Murmur'd disdain, and so retir'd.
Robin, to offer some relief,
In words like these would heal their grief:
"Should th' Eagle die (which Heaven forbid!)
We ought some other to provide.
I do not say that any now
Are fit, but in a year or two:
And should this mighty warrior fall,
They should not want a general."
As men have long observ'd, that one
Misfortune seldom comes alone;
Just in the moment this was done,
Ten thousand foes in sight were come:
Vultures, and kites, and birds of prey,
In flocks so thick—they darken'd day.
A long-concerted force and strong,
Vermin of all kinds made the throng;
Foxes were in the faction join'd,
Who waited their approach to ground.
By every hand, from common fame,
The frightful face of danger came.
One cries, "What help now—who can tell?
I'm glad the Eagle's here, and well!"
Another out of breath with fear,
Says, "Thousands more near sea appear;
They'll swop our chicken from the door;
We never were so set before:
We're glad the Eagle will forget,
And the invaders kill or beat."
Reserv'd and great, his noble mind,
Above all pretty things inclin'd,
Abhorr'd the thoughts of any thing,
But what his lady's peace could bring:
Who bless'd him first, and bade him do
As he was wont, and beat the foe.
Burning and restless as the Sun,
Until this willing work was done;
He whets his talons, stretch'd his wings,
His lightning darts, and terrour flings;
Towers with a flight into the sky,
These million monsters to descry,
Prepar'd to conquer, or to die.
The party, that so far was come,
Thought not the eagle was at home:
To fame and danger us'd in field,
They knew he'd quickly make them yield:
But, on assurance he was near,
Incumber'd, faint, and dead with fear,
They made with hurry towards the lakes;
And he his pinions o'er them shakes.
They had not (with such horrour fill'd)
The courage to let one be kill'd:
They fled, and left no foe behind,
Unless it were the fleeting wind:
Only—a man by water took
Two fine young merlins and a rook.
The family had now repose:
But with the Sun the Eagle rose;
Th' imperial bird pursu'd the foe,
More toil than rest inur'd to know.
He wing'd his way to Latian land,
Where first was hatch'd this murdering band;
He darted death where'er he came,
Some of them dying at his name.
Their mighty foe—a fatal pledge,
Their bowels tore through every hedge:
They flutter, shriek, and caw, and hiss,
Their strength decays, and fears increase:
But most the chevaliers the geese.
So many slaughter'd fowl there was,
Their carcases block'd-up the ways;
The rest he drove, half spent, pell-mell,
Quite to the walls of Pontifell.
Robin at home, though mad to hear
He should so conquer every where,
Expostulated thus with fear:
"Ungrateful I, that so have stirr'd
Against this generous, noble bird,
Wast thou not first by him preferr'd?"
Let's leave him in his gall to burn,
And back to Pontifell return.
There some to chimney-tops aspire,
To turrets some that could fly higher;
Some 'bove a hundred miles were gone,
To roost them at Byzantium.
Alas! in vain was their pretence,
He broke through all their strong defence:
Down went their fences, wires, and all;
Perches and birds together fall.
None hop'd his power to withstand,
But gave the nest to his command:
They told him of ten thousand more,
In flocks along the Ganges' shore,
Safe in their furrows, free from trouble,
Like partridges among the stubble.
He spreads himself, and cuts the air,
And steady flight soon brought him there.
Lord, how deceiv'd and vex'd he was!
To find they were but meer jackdaws.
A hundred thousand all in light,
They all could chatter, not one fight.
"I'll deal by them as is their due:
Shough!" cry'd the eagle; off they flew.
His flashing eye their hearts confounds,
Though by their flight secure from wounds,
Which was a signal, fatal baulk
To a late swift Italian hawk.
The Eagle would no rest afford,
Till he had sent my lady word;
Who when she heard the dear surprise,
Wonder and joy stood in her eyes.
"My faithful Eagle, hast thou then
My mortal foes destroy'd again?
Return, return, and on me wait;
Be thou the guardian of my gate;
Thee and thy friends are worth my care,
Thy foes (if any such there are)
Shall my avenging anger share."

[3] Οφθαλμός, amongst the Greeks, signifies "Honour as tender as the eye." *KING.*

So—lest new ills should intervene,
She turn'd the Robin out again.
The Samians now, in vast delight,
Bless the good lady day and night;
Wish that her life might ne'er be done,
But everlasting as the Sun.
The Eagle high again did soar;
The lady was disturb'd no more,
But all things flourish'd as before.

ROBIN RED BREAST, WITH THE BEASTS,

AN OLD CAT'S PROPHECY;

Taken out of an old copy of verses supposed to be written by John Lidgate, a monk of Bury.

One that had in her infant state,
While playing at her father's gate,
Seen and was most hugely smitten
With young dog and dirty kitten,
Had took them up and lug'd them in,
And made the servants wash them clean[1].
When she to a fit age was grown,
To be sole mistress of her own,
Then to her favour and strange trust
She rais'd these two; in rank the first
The dog: who, with gilt collar grac'd,
Strutted about. The cat was plac'd
O'er all the house to domineer,
And kept each wight of her in fear;
While he o'er all the plains had power,
That savage wolves might not devour
Her flocks. She gave him charge great care
To take: but beasts uncertain are!
Now see by these what troubles rise
To those who in their choice unwise
Put trust in such; for he soon join'd
With beast of prey the dog combin'd,
Who kill'd the sheep, and tore the hind;
While he would stand, and grin, and bark,
Concealing thus his dealings dark.
A wolf, or so, sometimes he'd take,
And then, O what a noise he'd make!
But with wild-beasts o'er-run yet are
The plains: some die for want of fare,
Or torn, or kill'd; the shepherds find
Each day are lost of every kind.
Thy silly sheep lament in vain;
Of their hard fate, not him, complain.
The shepherds, and the servants all,
Against the traitor loudly bawl:
But there was none that dar'd to tell
Their lady what to them befel;
For puss a fox of wondrous art
Brought-in, to help, and take their part,
By whose assistance to deceive,
She made her every lye believe.
One lucky day, when she was walking
In her woods, with servants talking,
And stopp'd to hear how very well
A red-breast sung, then him to dwell
With her she call'd: he came, and took
His place next to a favourite rook;
Where Robin soon began to sing
Such songs as made the house to ring;
He sung the loss and death of sheep,
In notes that made the lady weep:
How for his charge the dog unfit,
Took part with foes, and shepherds bit;
Ev'n from his birth he did him trace,
And show him cur of shabby race;
The first by wandering beggars fed,
His sire, advanc'd, turn'd spit for bread;
Himself each trust had still abus'd;
To steal what he should guard, was us'd
From puppy: known where-e'er he came
Both vile and base, and void of shame.
The cat he sung, that none could match
For venom'd spite, or cruel scratch;
That from a witch transform'd she came,
Who kitten'd three of equal fame:
This first, one dead, of tabby fur
The third survives, much noise of her
Had been: a cat well known, with ease
On errands dark, o'er land and seas,
She'd journies take to cub of bear,
From these intriguing beasts, who swear
They'll bring him to defend the wrong
That they have done. Again he sung,
How tabby once, in moon-light night,
Trotted with letter fox did write;
In which he sends his best respects
To the she-bear, and thus directs:
"Madam," said he, "your cub safe send,
None shall his worship soon offend;
It's all I can at present do
To serve him, as his friends well know."
At this the beasts grew in such rage,
That none their fury could assuage;
Nay, puss her lady would have scratch'd,
And tore her eyes, but she was watch'd;
For she'd set up her back, and mew,
And thrice ev'n in her face she flew.
The dog, like an ungrateful spark,
At her would dare to snarl and bark.
Her tenants wondering stood to hear
That she their insolence would bear;
And offer'd their assistance to
Soon make them better manners know:
But she, to avoid all farther rout,
Her window opening, turn'd Bob out;
Hoping that then her beasts would live
In peace, and no disturbance give.
Yet nothing she can do avails,
Their rage against her still prevails;
Though puss was warn'd to fear their fate
In lines (by old prophetic cat
Writ before her transformation,
When she was in the witch's station)
Foretelling thus: "When beasts are grown
To certain heights, before unknown
Of human race, some shall aloud
Inflame and arm a dreadful crowd,
Who in vast numbers shall advance,
And to new tunes shall make them dance:
When this begins, no longer hope,
For all remains is axe and rope."
But, not deterr'd by this, they dar'd,
With some who of their plunder shar'd,
T' affront their lady, and conspire
To many with her money hire;
Contemning her, to pay undue
Regards unto this bestial crew:

[1] The political drift of this intended prophecy is still more evident than that of the preceding poem; the satire being abundantly more personal. *N.*

Though these resembled human shapes,
They were indeed no more than apes;
Who some in house, and some in wood,
And others in high boxes stood,
That chattering made such noise and stir,
How all was due to fox and cur;
Till, by their false deluding way,
She found her flocks begin to stray.
Still Robin does for her his care
And zeal express; on whom yet are
His thoughts all fix'd. On her he dreams
Each night. Her praises are his themes
In songs all day. Now perch'd on tree,
Finding himself secure and free,
He pertly shakes his little wings,
Sets up his throat: again he sings,
"That she had left no other way
To save her flocks, and end this fray,
But soon to her assistance take
One who could make these monsters shake;
A well-known huntsman, who has skill
The fiercest beasts to tame or kill:
At her command he'd come, and he
Would make her great, and set them free;
That, should these beasts some evil day
Bring cub into her grounds, she may
Depend that not herself they'll spare,
Since to insult her now they dare:
All she at best can hope for then,
Is to be safe shut up in den;
Since by sure signs all these ingrate
Are known to bear her deadly hate."
He ends his song, and prays to Heaven
That she may have the wisdom given,
Before it be too late, to take
Such resolutions as may make
Her safe, and that these beasts no more
To ravage in the plains have power.

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM;

OR,

LORD BOLINGBROKE'S WELCOME FROM FRANCE[1].

Et thure, et fidibus juvat
Placare, et vituli sanguine debito
Custodes Numidæ Deos.
Hor. lib. i. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium Numidam, ob cujus ex Hispaniâ redditum gaudio exultat.

WHAT noise is this, that interrupts my sleep?
What echoing shouts rise from the briny deep?
Neptune a solemn festival prepares,
And peace through all his flowing orb declares:
That dreadful trident which he us'd to shake,
Make Earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake,
Now, by his side, on ouzy couch reclin'd,
Gives a smooth surface and a gentle wind:
Innumerable Tritons lead the way,
And crowds of Nereids round his chariot play.
The ancient sea-gods with attention wait,
To learn what's now the last result of Fate;
What earthly monarch Neptune now decrees
Alone his great vi egerent of the seas.
By an auspicious gale, Britannia's fleet
On Gallia's coast this shining triumph meet;
These pomps divine their mortal sense surprise,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes:
Whilst scaly Tritons, with their shells, proclaim
The names that must survive to future fame;
And nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
For monarchs who, to purchase peace, make war:
Then Neptune his majestic silence broke,
And to the trembling sailors mildly spoke:
"Throughout the world Britannia's flag display;
'Tis my command, that all the globe obey;
Let British streamers wave their heads on high,
And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure sky;
The rest let Nereus tell"—
"If I have truth," says Nereus, "and foresee
The intricate designs of Destiny;
I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
With sharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood;
I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,
Phœnician wealth, and Carthaginian doom;
Must surely know what, in the womb of Time,
Was fore-ordain'd for Britain's happy clime;
How wars upon the watery realm shall cease,
And Anna give the world a glorious peace;
Restore the spicy traffic of the east,
And stretch her empire to the distant west:
Her fleets descry Aurora's purple bed,
And Phœbus' steeds after their labours fed.
The southern coasts, to Britain scarcely known,
Shall grow as hospitable as their own:
No monsters shall be feign'd, to guard their store,
When British trade secures their golden ore:
The fleecy product of the Cotswold field
Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield:
Iron shall there intrinsic value show,
And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
"Britannia's royal fishery shall be
Improv'd by a kind guardian deity:
That mighty task to Glaucus we assign,
Of more importance than the richest mine;
He shall direct them how to strike the whale,
How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
What treasure lies upon the frozen coast
Not yet explor'd, nor negligently lost.
"In vast Arcadia's plains, new theme for fame,
Towns shall be built, sacred to Anna's[2] name:
The silver fir and lofty pine shall rise
From Britain's own united colonies;
Which to the mast shall canvas-wings afford;
And pitch, to strengthen the unfaithful board;
Norway may then her naval stores with-hold,
And proudly starve for want of British gold.
"O happy isle! to such advantage plac'd,
That all the world is by thy counsels grac'd;
Thy nation's genius, with indu trious arts,
Renders thee lovely to remotest parts.
Eliza first the sable scene withdrew,
And to the ancient world display'd the new;
When Burleigh at the helm of state was seen,
The truest subject to the greatest queen;
The Indians, from the Spanish yoke made free,
Bless'd the effects of English liberty;

[1] Lord Bolingbroke set out for France (accompanied by Mr. Hare, one of his under-secretaries, Mr. Prior, and the Abbé Gualtier) Aug. 2; and arrived again in London, Aug. 21, 1712. *N.*

[2] Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

Drake round the world his sovereign's honour spread,
Through straits and gulphs immense her fame convey'd;
Nor rests inquiry here; his curious eye
Descries new constellations in the sky,
In which vast space, ambitious mariners
Might place their names on high, and choose their stars.
Raleigh, with hopes of new discoveries fir'd,
And all the depths of human wit inspir'd,
Rov'd o'er the western world in search of fame,
Adding fresh glory to Eliza's name;
Subdued new empires that will records be
Immortal of a queen's virginity[3].
"But think not, Albion, that thy sons decay,
Or that thy princes have less power to sway;
Whatever in Eliza's reign was seen,
With a redoubled vigour springs again:
Imperial Anna shall the seas controul,
And spread her naval laws from pole to pole:
Nor think her conduct or her counsels less,
In arts of war, or treaties for a peace;
In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by stealth.
No nation can fear want, or dread surprise,
Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loss supplies;
On him the public most securely leans,
To ease the burthen of the best of queens:
On him the merchants fix their longing eyes,
When war shall cease, and British commerce rise.
"Alcides' strength and Atlas' firmer mind
To narrow straights of Europe were confin'd.
The British sailors, from their royal change,
May find a nobler liberty to range
Oxford shall be their pole-star to the south,
And there reward the efforts of their youth:
Whence, through his conduct, traffic shall increase,
Ev'n to those seas which take their *name* from *peace*[4].
"Peace is the sound must glad the Britons' ears:
But see! the noble Bolingbroke appears;
Gesture compos'd and looks serene declare
Th' approaching issue of a doubtful war.
Now my cerulean race, safe in the deep,
Shall hear no cannons' roar disturb their sleep;
But smoothest tides and the most halcyon gales
Shall to their port direct Britannia's sails.
"Ye Tritons, sons of gods! 'tis my command,
That you see Bolingbroke in safety land;
Your concave shells for softest notes prepare,
Whilst Echo shall repeat the gentlest air;
The river-gods shall there your triumphs meet,
And, in old Ocean mix'd, your hero greet;
Thames shall stand wondering, Isis shall rejoice,
And both in tuneful numbers raise their voice;
The rapid Medway, and the fertile Trent,
In swiftest streams, confess their true content;
Avon and Severn shall in raptures join,
And Fame convey them to the northern Tine.
Tweed then no more the Britons shall divide,
But peace and plenty flow on either side;
Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feasts,
And all the world invite for welcome guests."
Faction, that through the land so fatal spread,
No more shall dare to raise her Hydra's head;
But all her votaries in silence mourn
The happiness of Bolingbroke's return;

Far from the common pitch, he shall arise,
With great designs, to dazzle Envy's eyes;
Search deep, to know of whiggish plots the source,
Their ever-turning schemes, and restless course.
Who shall hereafter British annals read,
But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
How artfully his conduct overcame
A stubborn race, and quench'd a raging flame;
Retriev'd the Britons from unruly Fate,
And overthrow the Phaëtons of state!
These wise exploits through Gallia's nation ran,
And fir'd their souls, to see the wond'rous man:
The aged counsellors, without surprise,
Found wit and prudence sparkling in his eyes;
Wisdom that was not gain'd in course of years,
Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
But struck by force of genius; such as drove
The goddess Pallas from the brain of Jove.
The youth of France, with pleasure, look'd to see
His graceful mien and beauteous symmetry:
The virgins ran, as to unusual show,
When he to Paris came, and Fontainbleau;
Viewing the blooming minister desir'd,
And still, the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
Nor did the court, that best true grandeur knows,
Their sentiments by lesser facts disclose,
By common pomp, or ceremonious train,
Seen heretofore, or to be seen again;
But they devis'd new honours, yet unknown,
Or paid to any subject of a crown.
The Gallic king, in age and counsels wise,
Sated with war, and weary of disguise,
With open arms salutes the British peer,
And gladly owns his prince and character.
As Hermes from the throne of Jove descends,
With grateful errand, to Heaven's choicest friends;
As Iris from the bed of Juno flies,
To hear her queen's commands through yielding skies,
Whilst o'er her wings fresh beams of glory flow,
And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;
So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' sight,
With message heavenly; and, with equal light,
Dispels all clouds of doubt, and fear of wars,
And in his mistress' name for peace declares:
Accents divine! which the great king receives
With the same grace that mighty Anna gives.
Let others boast of blood, the spoil of foes,
Rapine and murder, and of endless woes,
Detested pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
With spangled ensigns, streaming in the air;
Count how they made Bavarian subjects feel
The rage of fire, and edge of harden'd steel;
Fatal effects of foul insatiate pride;
That deal their wounds alike on either side,
No limits set to their ambitious ends;
For who bounds them, no longer can be friends.
By different methods Bolingbroke shall raise
His growing honours and immortal praise.
He, fir'd with glory and the public good,
Betwixt the people and their danger stood:
Arm'd with convincing truths, he did appear;
And all he said was sparkling, bright, and clear.
The listening senate with attention heard,
And some admir'd, while others trembling fear'd;
Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,
But Demosthenic strength and weight of sense,
Such as fond Oxford to her son supplied,
Design'd her own, as well as Britain's pride;
Who, less beholden to the ancient strains,
Might show a nobler blood in English veins;

[3] Alluding to the first settlement of Virginia.
[4] The Pacific Ocean.

Out-do whatever Homer sweetly sung
Of Nestor's counsels, or Ulysses' tongue.
Oh! all ye nymphs, whilst time and youth allow,
Prepare the rose and lily for his brow.
Much he has done, but still has more in view;
To Anna's interest and his country true.
More I could prophesy; but must refrain:
Such truths would make another mortal vain!

TO THE

DUKE OF BEAUFORT[1].

A PARAPHRASE ON NAUDÆUS'S ADDRESS TO CARDINAL DE BAGNI.

THE time will come (if Fate shall please to give
This feeble thread of mine more space to live)
When I shall you and all your acts rehearse,
In a much loftier and more fluent verse;
To Ganges' banks, and China farther east,
To Carolina, and the distant west,
Your name shall fly, and every where be blest;
Through Spain and tracts of Lybian sands shall go
To Russian limits, and to Zembla's snow.
Then shall my eager Muse expand her wing,
Your love of justice and your goodness sing;
Your greatness, equal to the state you hold;
In counsel wise, in execution bold;
How there appears, in all that you dispense,
Beauty, good-nature, and the strength of sense.
These let the world admire.—From you a smile
Is more than a reward of all my toil.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

SONG.

YOU say you love; repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing sound,
Repeat the ease of all my pain,
The cure of every wound.

What you to thousands have denied,
To me you freely give;
Whilst I in humble silence died,
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night,
Endymion sighing lay;
Gaz'd on the Moon's transcendent light,
Despair'd, and durst not pray.

But divine Cynthia saw his grief,
Th' effect of conquering charms:
Unask'd the goddess brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

SONG.

TO CÆLIA.

THE cruel Cælia loves, and burns
In flames she cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrsis, cold returns,
Treat her with scorn and pride.

You know the captives she has made,
The torment of her chain:
Let her, let her be once betray'd,
Or rack her with disdain!

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
She bends her knee divine;
Her tears, for Damon's sake, despise;
Let her kneel still, for mine.

Pursue thy conquest, charming youth,
Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth—
Men can revenge their sex!

THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were past,
When men in bonfires did their firing waste:
Yet still my monumental log did last:
To begging boys it was not made a prey
On the king's birth or coronation day.
Why with those oaks, under whose sacred shade
Charles was preserv'd, should any fire be made?
At last a frost, a dismal frost, there came,
Like that which made a market upon Thame:
Unruly company would then have made
Fire with this log, whilst thus its owner pray'd:
"Thou that art worship'd in Dodona's grove,
From all thy sacred trees fierce flames remove:
Preserve this groaning branch, O hear my prayer,
Spare me this one, this one poor billet spare;
That, having many fires and flames withstood,
Its ancient testimonial may last good,
In future times to prove, I once had wood!"

TO LAURA.

IN IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

AT sight of murder'd Pompey's head
Cæsar forgets his sex and state,
And, whilst his generous tears are shed,
Wishes he had at least a milder fate.

At Absalom's untimely fall,
David with grief his conquest views:
Nay, weeps for unrelenting Saul,
And in soft verse the mournful theme pursues.

The mightier Laura, from Love's darts secure,
Beholds the thousand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with most cruel pain;
Yet no frail pity in her looks appears;
Her eyes betray no careless tears,
But persecute me still with anger and disdain.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LATE EARL OF ——[1].

UPON HIS DISPUTING PUBLICLY AT CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

MUSE, to thy master's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodness won't deny;

[1] Dr. King dedicated his English version of that work to the duke of Beaufort.

[1] Probably James the third earl of Anglesea. *N.*

With due submission, tell him you are mine;
And that you trouble him with this design,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard just now from vanquish'd Truth:
" Conquer'd, undone! 'Tis strange that there should be
In this confession pleasure ev'n to me.
With well-wrought terms my hold I strongly barr'd,
And rough distinctions were my surly guard.
Whilst I, sure of my cause, this strength possess;
A noble youth, advancing with address,
Led glittering Falsehood on with so much art,
That I soon felt sad omens in my heart.
Words with that grace," said I, " must needs persuade;
I find myself insensibly betray'd.
Whilst he pursues his conquest, I retreat,
And by that name would palliate my defeat.
" But here methinks I do the prospect see
Of all those triumphs he prepares for me,
When Virtue or when Innocence oppress
Fly for sure refuge to his generous breast;
When with a noble mien his youth appears,
And gentle voice persuades the listening peers,
Judges shall wonder when he clears the laws,
Dispelling mists, which long have hid their cause:
Then, by his aid, aid that can never fail,
Ev'n I, though conquer'd now, shall sure prevail:
Thousands of wreaths to me he shall repay,
For that one laurel Errour wears to-day."

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

When your kind wishes first I sought,
'Twas in the dawn of youth:
I toasted you, for you I fought,
But never thought of truth.

You saw how still my fire increas'd;
I griev'd to be denied:
You said, " Till I to wander ceas'd,
You'd guard your heart with pride."

I, that once feign'd too many lies,
In height of passion swore,
By you and other deities,
That I would range no more.

I've sworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer false and vain:
My passion is with honour mix'd,
And both shall ever reign.

THE MAD LOVER.

I'll from my breast tear fond desire,
Since Laura is not mine:
I'll strive to cure the amorous fire,
And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling shade
Soft slumbers I may find:
There all the vows to Laura made,
Shall vanish with the wind.

The speaking strings and charming song
My passion may remove:
Oh, music will the pain prolong,
And is the food of love.

I'll search Heaven, Earth, Hell, seas, and air,
And that shall set me free:
Oh, Laura's image will be there
Where Laura will not be.

My soul must still endure the pain,
And with fresh torment rave:
For none can ever break the chain
That once was Laura's slave.

THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING.

A SOLILOQUY BY NAN THRASHERWELL.

Being part of a play called The New Troop.

O my dear Thrasherwell, you're gone to sea,
And happiness must ever banish'd be
From our flock-bed, our garret, and from me!
Perhaps he is on land at Portsmouth now
In the embraces of some Hampshire sow,
Who, with a wanton pat, cries, " Now, my dear,
You're wishing for some Wapping doxy here."—
" Pox on them all! but most on bouncing Nan,
With whom the torments of my life began:
She is a bitter one!"—You lye, you rogue;
You are a treacherous, false, ungrateful dog.
Did not I take you up without a shirt? [dirt!
Woe worth the hand that scrubb'd off all your
Did not my interest list you in the guard?
And had not you ten shillings, my reward?
Did I not then, before the serjeant's face,
Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with disgrace?
And Thrasherwell before all others choose,
When I had the whole regiment to louse?
Curs'd be the day when you produc'd your sword,
The just revenger of your injur'd word!
The martial youth round in a circle stood,
With envious looks of love, and itching blood:
You, with some oaths that signified consent,
Cried " Tom is Nan's!" and o'er the sword you went.
Then I with some more modesty would step:
The ensign thump'd my bum, and made me leap.
I leap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
Leave us no power of leaping back again.

THE OLD CHEESE.

Young Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted;
Yet still into his story she would break
With, " 'Tis not so—pray give me leave to speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;
Told him, he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.

He said, "That the next Tuesday noon would show
Whether he were the lord at home, or no;
When their good company he would entreat
To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast. [see
"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may
'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."
The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowsy farmer with his simpering dame.
"Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, "why dost not thou appear!
Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is here?"
"I pardon ask," says Sue; "I'd not offend
Any my dear invites, much less his friend."
Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying, "There was nothing fit to eat:
The boil'd pork stinks, the roast beef's not enough,
The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough;
The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil;
And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
'Tis we are the first Slouches ever sate
Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat.
What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed
Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?
Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be drest,
When there's so many squab ones in the nest?
This beer is sour; this musty, thick, and stale,
And worse than any thing, except the ale."
Sue all this while many excuses made:
Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.
Then cheese was brought. Says Slouch, "This e'en shall roll:
I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl:
This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go;
And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waste;
Nor longer could dissimulation last.
"Pray let me rise," says Sue, "my dear; I'll find
A cheese perhaps may be to lovy's mind."
Then in an entry, standing close, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might see;
And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occasion smelt;
"I'll try, my joy!" she cried, "if I can please
My dearest with a taste of his old cheese!"
Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
Knew well the twang: "Is't the old cheese, my dear?
No need, no need of cheese," cries Slouch: "I'll swear,
I think I've din'd as well as my lord mayor!"

THE SKILLET.

Two neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would married be;
But did not in their choice of wives agree.
Clod thought a cuckold was a monstrous beast,
With two huge glaring eyes and spreading crest:
Therefore, resolving never to be such,
Married a wife none but himself could touch.
Jolt, thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
Which shows us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young, handsome, jolly lass, made court,
And gave his friends convincing reasons for't,
That, since in life such mischief must be had,
Beauty had something still that was not bad.
Within two months, Fortune was pleas'd to send
A tinker to Clod's house, with "Brass to mend."
The good old wife survey'd the brawny spark,
And found his chine was large, though countenance dark.
First she appears in all her airs, then tries
The squinting efforts of her amorous eyes.
Much time was spent, and much desire exprest:
At last the tinker cried, "Few words are best:
Give me that skillet then; and, if I'm true,
I dearly earn it for the work I do."
They 'greed; they parted. On the tinker goes,
With the same stroke of pan, and twang of nose,
Till he at Jolt's beheld a sprightly dame
That set his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, sighs, faints, at last begins to cry,
"And can you then let a young tinker die?"
Says she, "Give me your skillet then, and try."
"My skillet! Both my heart and skillet take;
I wish it were a copper for your sake."
After all this, not many days did pass,
Clod, sitting at Jolt's house, survey'd the brass
And glittering pewter standing on the shelf;
Then, after some gruff muttering with himself,
Cried, "Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that skillet thine?"
"You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; "'t'en't mine; [matter
But I'll ask Nan." 'Twas done; Nan told the
In truth as 'twas; then cried, "You've got the better:
For, tell me, dearest, whether you would chuse
To be a gainer by me, or to lose.
As for our neighbour Clod, this I dare say,
We've beauty and a skillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

Tom Banks by native industry was taught
The various arts how fishes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and single hair,
And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcast eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in rivulet quick, and water clear,
They'd meet a fate more generous from his spear.
To basket oft he'd pliant oziers turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he'd sometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below.
But, when he would a quick destruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take, [set
He'd through the stream, where most descending,
From side to side his strong capacious net;
And then his rustic crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
And so pursue them down the rolling flood,
Gasping for breath, and almost choak'd with mud,
Till they, of farther passage quite bereft,
Were in the mash with gills entangled left.
Trot, who liv'd down the stream, ne'er thought his beer
Was good, unless he had his water clear.

He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale:
"Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!
They cannot boil, nor wash, nor rinse, they say,
With water sometimes ink, and sometimes whey,
According as you meet with mud or clay.
Besides, my wife these six months could not brew,
And now the blame of this all's laid on you:
For it will be a dismal thing to think
How we old Trots must live, and have no drink:
Therefore, I pray, some other method take
Of fishing, were it only for our sake."
Says Banks, "I'm sorry it should be my lot
Ever to disoblige my gossip Trot:
Yet 'ten't my fault; but so 'tis Fortune tries one,
To make his meat become his neighbour's poison;
And so we pray for winds upon this coast,
By which on t'other navies may be lost.
Therefore in patience rest, though I proceed:
There's no ill-nature in the case, but need.
Though for your use this water will not serve,
I'd rather you should choak, than I should starve."

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Old Paddy Scot, with none of the best faces,
Had a most knotty pate at solving cases;
In any point could tell you, to a hair,
When was a grain of honesty to spare.
It happen'd, after prayers, one certain night,
At home he had occasion for a light
To turn Socinus, Lessius, Escobar,
Fam'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre:
And therefore, as he from the chapel came,
Extinguising a yellow taper's flame,
By which just now he had devoutly pray'd,
The useful remnant to his sleeve convey'd.
There happen'd a physician to be by,
Who thither came but only as a spy,
To find out others' faults, but let alone
Repentance for the crimes that were his own.
This doctor follow'd Paddy; said, "He lack'd
To know what made a sacrilegious fact."
Paddy with studied gravity replies,
"That's as the place or as the matter lies:
If from a place unsacred you should take
A sacred thing, this sacrilege would make;
Or an unsacred thing from sacred place,
There would be nothing different in the case;
But, if both thing and place should sacred be,
'Twere height of sacrilege, as doctors all agree."
"Then," says the doctor, "for more light in this,
To put a special case, were not amiss.
Suppose a man should take a Common Prayer
Out of a chapel where there's some to spare?"
"A Common Prayer!" says Paddy, "that would be
A sacrilege of an intense degree."
"Suppose that one should in these holidays
Take thence a bunch of rosemary or bays?"
"I'd not be too censorious in that case,
But 'twould be sacrilege still from the place."
"What if a man should from the chapel take
A taper's end: should he a scruple make,
If homeward to his chambers he should go,
Whether 'twere theft, or sacrilege, or no?"
The sly insinuation was perceiv'd;
Says Paddy, "Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,
Unless in cases you distinguish right;
But this may be resolv'd at the first sight.
As to the taper, it could be no theft,
For it had done its duty, and was left:
And sacrilege in having it is none,
Because that *in* my sleeve I now have one."

THE CONSTABLE.

One night a fellow wandering without fear,
As void of money as he was of care,
Considering both were wash'd away with beer,
With Strap the constable by fortune meets,
Whose lanterns glare in the most silent streets.
Resty, impatient any one should be
So bold as to be drunk that night but he:
"Stand; who goes there," cried Strap, "at hours so late?
Answer. Your name; or else have at your pate."—
"I wo'nt stand, 'cause I can't. Why must you know
From whence it is I come, or where I go?"
"See here my staff," cries Strap; trembling behold
Its radiant paint, and ornamental gold:
Wooden authority when thus I wield,
Persons of all degrees obedience yield.
Then, be you the best man in all the city,
Mark me! I to the Counter will commit ye."
"You! kiss, and so forth. For that never spare:
If that be all, commit me if you dare;
No person yet, either through fear or shame,
Durst commit me, that once had heard my *name*."—
"Pray then, what is't?"—"My name's Adultery;
And, faith, your future life would pleasant be,
Did your wife know you once committed *me*."

LITTLE MOUTHS.

From London Paul the carrier coming down
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town;
They both accost with salutation pretty,
As, "How do'st, Paul?"—"Thank you: and how do'st, Betty?"
"Didst see our Jack, nor sister? No, you've seen,
I warrant, none but those who saw the queen."
"Many words spoke in jest," says Paul, "are true,
I came from Windsor*; and, if some folks knew
As much as I, it might be well for you."
"Lord, Paul! what is't?"—"Why give me something for't,
This kiss; and this. The matter then is short:
The parliament have made a proclamation,
Which will this week be sent all round the nation;
That maids with *little mouths* do all prepare
On Sunday next to come before the mayor,
And that all bachelors be likewise there:
For maids with little mouths shall, if they please,
From out of these young men choose two apiece."
Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with simpering grace,
Cries, "Hem! pray what must all the huge ones do
For husbands, when we little mouths have two?"

* Where queen Anne and her court frequently resided.

"Hold, not so fast," cries he; "pray pardon me:
Maids with huge, gaping, *wide mouths*, must have three."
Betty distorts her face with hideous squall,
And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
"Oh! ho! is't so? The case is alter'd, Paul.
Is that the point? I wish the three were ten;
I warrant I'd find *mouth*, if they'll find *men*."

HOLD FAST BELOW.

THERE was a lad, th' unluckiest of his crew,
Was still contriving something bad, but new.
His comrades all obedience to him paid,
In executing what designs he laid:
'Twas they should rob the orchard, he'd retire,
His foot was safe whilst theirs was in the fire.
He kept them in the dark to that degree,
None should presume to be so wise as he;
But, being at the top of all affairs,
The profit was his own, the mischief theirs.
There fell some words made him begin to doubt,
The rogues would grow so wise to find him out;
He was not pleas'd with this, and so next day
He cries to them, as going just to play,
"What a rare jack-daw's nest is there! look up,
You see 'tis almost at the steeple's top."
"Ah," says another, "we can have no hope
Of getting thither to't without a rope."
Says then the fleering spark, with courteous grin,
By which he drew his infant cullies in;
"Nothing more easy; did you never see
How, in a swarm, bees, hanging bee by bee,
Make a long sort of rope below the tree.
Why mayn't we do the same, good Mr. John?
For that contrivance pray let me alone.
Tom shall hold Will, you Will, and I'll hold you;
And then I warrant you the thing will do.
But, if there's any does not care to try,
Let us have no jack-daws, and what care I!"
That touch'd the quick, and so they soon com-[plied,
No argument like that was e'er denied.
And therefore instantly the thing was tried.
They hanging down on strength above depend:
Then to himself mutters their trusty friend,
"The dogs are almost useless grown to me,
I ne'er shall have such opportunity
To part with them; and so e'en let them go."
Then cries aloud, "So ho! my lads! so ho!
You're gone, unless ye all hold fast below.
They've serv'd my turn, so 'tis fit time to drop them;
The Devil, if he wants them, let him stop them."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode astray;
More out of choice, than that he lost his way:
He let his company the hare pursue,
For he himself had other game in view:
A beggar by her trade; yet not so mean,
But that her cheeks were fresh, and linen clean.
"Mistress," quoth he, "and what if we two
Retire a little way into the wood?" [shou'd
She needed not much courtship to be kind,
He ambles on before, she trots behind;
For little Bobby, to her shoulders bound,
Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.
He often ask'd her to expose; but she
Still fear'd the coming of his company.
Says she, "I know an unfrequented place,
To the left hand, where we our time may pass,
And the mean while your horse may find some grass."
Thither they come, and both the horse secure;
Then thinks the squire, I have the matter sure.
She's ask'd to sit: but then excuse is ready,
"Sitting," says she, "'s not usual in my trade:
Should you be rude, and then should throw me down,
I might perhaps break more backs than my own."
He smiling cries, "Come, I'll the knot untie,
And, if you mean the child's, we'll lay it by."
Says she, "That can't be done, for then 'twill cry.
I'd not have us, but chiefly for your sake,
Discover'd by the hideous noise 'twould make.
Use is another nature, and 'twould lack,
More than the breast, its custom to the back."
"Then," says the gentleman, "I should be loth
To come so far and disoblige you both: [do?"
Were the child tied to me, d'ye think 'twould
"Mighty well, sir! Oh, Lord! if tied to you!"
With speed incredible to work she goes,
And from her shoulder soon the burthen throws;
Then mounts the infant with a gentle toss
Upon her generous friend, and, like a cross,
The sheet she with a dextrous motion winds,
Till a firm knot the wandering fabric binds.
The gentleman had scarce got time to know
What she was doing; she, about to go,
Cries, "Sir, good b'ye; ben't angry that we part,
I trust the child to you with all my heart:
But, ere you get another, 't'en't amiss
To try a year or two how you'll keep this."

THE VESTRY.

WITHIN the shire of Nottingham there lies
A parish fam'd, because the men were wise:
Of their own strain they had a teacher sought,
Who all his life was better fed than taught.
It was about a quarter of a year
Since he had snor'd, and eat, and fatten'd there;
When he the house-keepers, their wives, and all,
Did to a sort of parish-meeting call;
Promising something, which, well understood,
In little time would turn to all their good. [find,
When met, he thus harangues: "Neighbours, I
That in your principles you're well inclin'd:
But then you're all solicitous for Sunday;
None seem to have a due regard for Monday,
Most people then their dinners have to seek,
As if 'twere not the first day of the week;
But, when you have hash'd meat and nothing more,
You only curse the day that went before.
On Tuesday all folks dine by one consent,
And Wednesdays only fast by parliament,
But fasting sure by Nature ne'er was meant.
The market will for Thursday find a dish,
And Friday is a proper day for fish;
After fish, Saturday requires some meat;
On Sunday you're obliged by law to treat;

And the same law ordains a pudding then,
To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
Take hens, geese, turkies, then, or something light,
Because their legs, if broil'd, will serve at night,
And, since I find that roast beef makes you sleep,
Corn it a little more, and so 'twill keep.
Roast it on Monday, pity it should be spoil'd;
On Tuesday mutton either roast or boil'd.
On Wednesday should be some variety,
A loin or breast of veal, and pigeon-pye.
On Thursday each man of his dish make choice,
'Tis fit on market-days we all rejoice.
And then on Friday, as I said before,
We'll have a dish of fish, and one dish more.
On Saturday stew'd beef, with something nice,
Provided quick, and toss'd up in a trice,
Because that in the afternoon, you know,
By custom, we must to the ale-house go;
For else how should our houses e'er be clean,
Except we gave some time to dust them?
From whence, unless we value not our lives,
None part without rememb'ring first our wives.
But these are standing rules for every day,
And very good ones, as I so may say:
After each meal, let's take a hearty cup;
And where we dine, 'tis fitting that we sup.
" Now for the application, and the use:
I found your care for Sunday an abuse:
All would be asking, Pray, sir, where d'you dine?
I have roast beef, choice venison, turkey, chine:
Every one's hawling me. Then say poor I,
It is a bitter business to deny;
But, who is't cares for fourteen meals a day,
As for my own part, I had rather stay,
And take them now and then,—and here and [there,—
According to my present bill of fare.
You know I'm single: if you all agree
To treat by turns, each will be sure of me."
The vestry all applauded with a hum,
And the seven wisest of them bade him come.

THE MONARCH.

When the young people ride the Skimmington,
There is a general trembling in a town:
Not only he for whom the person rides
Suffers, but they sweep other doors besides;
And by that hieroglyphic does appear
That the good woman is the master there.
At Jenny's door the barbarous heathens swept,
And his poor wife scolded until she wept;
The mob swept on, whilst she sent forth in vain
Her vocal thunder and her briny rain.
Some few days after, two young sparks came there,
And whilst she does her coffee fresh prepare,
One for discourse of news the master calls,
T'other on this ungrateful subject falls.
" Pray, Mrs. Jenny, whence came this report,
For I believe there's no great reason for't,
As if the folks t'other day swept your door,
And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"
" There's nothing in't," says Jenny; " that is done
Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone,
And, gentlemen, you'd much mistaken be,
If any one should not think that of me.
Within these walls, my suppliant vassals know
What due obedience to their prince they owe,
And kiss the shadow of my papal toe.
My word's a law; when I my power advance,
There's not a greater monarch ev'n in France.
Not the mogul or czar of Muscovy,
Not Prester John, or cham of Tartary,
Are in their houses monarch more than I.
My house my castle is, and here I'm king,
I'm pope, I'm emperor, monarch, every thing.
What though my wife be partner of my bed,
The monarch's crown sits only on this head."
His wife had plaguy ears, as well as tongue,
And, hearing all, thought this discourse too long:
Her conscience said, he should not tell such lies,
And to her knowledge such; she therefore cries,
" D'ye hear—you—Sirrah—Monarch—there?—
come down
And grind the coffee—or I'll crack your crown."

JUST AS YOU PLEASE;

OR,

THE INCURIOUS.

A virtuoso had a mind to see
One that would never discontented be,
But in a careless way to all agree.
He had a servant, much of Æsop's kind,
Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind:
" Humpus," says he, " I order that you find
Out such a man, with such a character,
As in this paper now I give you here;
Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
For I will break your back, and set you strait.
Bring him to dinner." Humpus soon withdrew,
Was safe, as having such a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtless air and look profound,
Who, solitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to say, " Who is't? wilt go any where?"
Says Humpus, " Sir, my master bade me pray
Your company to dine with him to-day."
He snuffs; then follows; up the stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
But, looking round him, saw a handsome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Close to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And, lolling easy, doth for sleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he sits still,
Thinks, " Let them take the other chairs that
will!"
The master thus accosts him, " Sir, you're wet,
Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, " If I do spoil it, need I care?
I see he has eleven more to spare."
Dinner's brought up; the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end must be his seat.
" This is not every usual," thinks the clown:
But is not all the family his own?
And why should I, for contradiction's sake,
Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?
If from this table she discarded be,
What need I care! there is the more for me."
After a while, the daughter's bid to stand,
And bring him whatsoever he'll command.
Thinks he, " The better from the fairer hand!"
Young master next must rise, to fill him wine,
And starve himself, to see the booby dine:

He does. The father asks, "What have you there?
How dare you give a stranger vinegar?"
Sir, 'twas Champagne I gave him."—"Sir, indeed!
Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed;
Don't spare him for his tears or age: I'll try
If cat-o'-nine-tails can excuse a lie." [lieve;
Thinks the clown, "That 'twas wine I do be-
But such young rogues are aptest to deceive:
He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
And how know I but 't may be for his good?"
When the desert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the dismal scene of finding fault:
They were such hideous, filthy, poisonous stuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
Humpus was ask'd who made them. Trembling he
Said, "Sir, it was my lady gave them me."—
No more such poison shall she ever give,
I'll burn the witch; 't'ent fitting she should live:
Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry;
And pray, good sir, may't please you to be by?"
Then, smiling, says the clown, "Upon my life,
A pretty fancy this, to burn one's wife!
And, since I find 'tis really your design, [mine."
Pray let me just step home, and fetch you

OF DREAMS.

For a dream cometh through the multitude of business.

ECCLES. v. 4.

Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbris,
Non delubra deûm nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
Sed sibi quisque facit, &c.

PETRONIUS.

The flitting dreams, that play before the wind,
Are not by Heaven for prophesies design'd;
Nor by ethereal beings sent us down,
But each man is creator of his *own*:
For, when their weary limbs are sunk in ease,
The souls essay to wander where they please;
The scatter'd images have space to play,
And night repeats the labours of the day.

THE ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

I. HASTY PUDDING.

I sing of food, by British nurse design'd,
To make the stripling brave, and maiden kind.
Delay not, Muse, in numbers to rehearse
The pleasures of our life, and sinews of our verse.
Let pudding's dish, most wholesome, be thy theme,
And dip thy swelling lines in fragrant cream.
Sing then that dish so fitting to improve
A tender modesty and trembling love;
Swimming in butter of a golden hue,
Garnish'd with drops of rose's spicy dew.
Sometimes the frugal matron seems in haste,
Nor cares to beat her pudding into paste:
Yet milk in proper skillet she will pl e,
And gently spice it with a blade of mace;
Then set some careful damsel to look to't,
And still to stir away the bishop's-foot;
For, if burnt milk should to the bottom stick,
Like over-heated zeal, 'twould make folks sick.
Into the milk her flour she gently throws,
As valets now would powder tender beaux:
The liquid forms in hasty mass unite
Forms equally delicious, as they're white,
In shining dish the hasty mass is thrown,
And seems to want no graces but its own.
Yet still the housewife brings in fresh supplies,
To gratify the taste, and please the eyes.
She on the surface lumps of butter lays,
Which, melting with the heat, its beams displays;
From whence it causes, wondrous to behold,
A silver soil bedeck'd with streams of gold!

II. A HEDGE-HOG AFTER A QUAKING-PUDDING.

As Neptune, when the three-tongu'd fork he takes,
With strength divine the globe terrestrial shakes,
The highest hills, Nature's stupendous piles,
Break with the force, and quiver into isles;
Yet on the ruins grow the lofty pines,
And snow unmelted in the vallies shines:
Thus when the dame her hedge-hog-pudding [breaks,
Her fork indents irreparable streaks.
The trembling lump, with butter all around,
Seems to perceive its fall, and then be drown'd;
And yet the tops appear, whilst almonds thick
With bright loaf-sugar on the surface stick.

III. PUDDINGS OF VARIOUS COLOURS IN A DISH.

You, painter-like, now variegate the shade,
And thus from puddings there's a landscape made.
And Wise and London[1], when they would dispose
Their ever-greens into well-order'd rows,
So mix their colours, that each different plant
Gives light and shadow as the others want.

IV. MAKING OF A GOOD PUDDING GETS A GOOD HUSBAND.

Ye virgins, as these lines you kindly take,
So may you still such glorious pudding make,
That crouds of youth may ever be at strife,
To gain the sweet-composer for his wife!

V. SACK AND SUGAR TO QUAKING-PUDDING.

"Oh, delicious!"
But where must our confession first begin,
If sack and sugar once be thought a sin?

VI. BROILED PUDDING.

Hid in the dark, we mortals seldom know
From whence the source of happiness may flow:
Who to broil'd pudding would their thoughts have bent
From bright Pewteria's love-sick discontent?
Yet so it was, Pewteria felt love's heat
In fiercer flames than those which roast her meat.
No pudding's lost, but may with fresh delight
Be either *fried* next day, or *broil'd* at night.

VII. MUTTON PUDDING.

But mutton, thou most nourishing of meat,
Whose single joint[2] may constitute a treat;
When made a pudding, you excel the rest
As much as that of other food is best!

[1] The two royal gardeners. *KING.*
[2] A loin. *KING.*

VIII. OATMEAL PUDDING.

Of oats decorticated take two pound,
And of new milk enough the same to drown;
Of raisins of the sun, ston'd, ounces eight;
Of currants, cleanly pick'd, an equal weight;
Of suet, finely slic'd, an ounce at least;
And six eggs newly taken from the nest:
Season this mixture well with salt and spice;
'Twill make a pudding far exceeding rice;
And you may safely feed on it like farmers,
For the receipt is learned Dr. Harmer's.

IX. A SACK-POSSET.

From far Barbadoes, on the western main,
Fetch sugar, half a pound; fetch sack, from Spain,
A pint; then fetch, from India's fertile coast,
Nutmeg, the glory of the British toast.

UPON A GIANT'S ANGLING.

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sate upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

ADVICE TO HORACE,

TO TAKE HIS LEAVE OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Horace, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool:
Take back your criticing stuff
To Epicurus' school,

But, in excuse of this, you'll say,
You're so unwieldy grown,
That, if amongst that herd you lay,
You scarcely should be known.

How many butter'd crusts you've tost
Into your weem so big,
That you're more like (at college cost)
A *porpoise* than a *pig*.

But you from head to foot are *brawn*,
And so from side to side:
You measure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than you're wide.

Then, bless me, sir, how many craggs
You've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly swaggs
That's rival to a *whale*.

E'en let the Fellows take the rest,
They've had a jolly taster:
But no great likelihood to feast,
'Twixt Horace and the master!

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.

Cæsar, possess'd of Ægypt's queen,
And conqueror of her charms,
Would envy, had he Darco seen
When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA.

Should Memnon, that fam'd Black, revive,
Aurora's darling son,
For Zabra's heart in vain he'd strive,
Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO.

Fresh mulberries new-press'd disclose
A blood of purple hue;
And Zabra's lips, like crimson rose,
Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA.

The amorous Sun has kiss'd his face;
And, now those beams are set,
A lovely night assumes the place,
And tinges all with jet.

DARCO.

Darkness is mystic priest to love,
And does its rites conceal;
O'erspread with clouds, such joys we'll prove
As day shall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA.

In gloom of night, when Darco's eyes
Are guides, what heart can stray?
Whoever views his teeth, descries
The bright and milky way.

DARCO.

Though born to rule fierce Libya's sands,
That with gold's lustre shine,
With ease I quit those high commands
Whilst Zabra thus is mine.

ZABRA.

Should I to that blest world repair,
Where Whites no portion have;
I'd soon, if Darco were not there,
Fly back, *and be a slave.*

EPIGRAM.

Who could believe that a fine needle's smart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart;
That, from an orifice so very small
The spirits and the vital blood should fall?
Strephon and Phaon, I'll be judg'd by you,
If more than this has not been found too true.
From smaller darts, much greater wounds arise,
When shot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

Sam Wills had view'd Kate Bets, a smiling lass;
And for her pretty mouth admir'd her face.
Kate had lik'd Sam, for nose of Roman size,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met—says Sam, "Alas, to say the truth,
I find myself deceiv'd by that small mouth!"
"Alas," cries Kate, "could any one suppose,
I could be so deceiv'd by such a nose!
But I henceforth shall hold this maxim just,
To have experience first, and then to trust!"

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWARD TO THE LORD CARTERET.

ACCEPT of health from one, who, writing this,
Wishes you in the same that now he is;
Though to your person he may be unknown,
His wishes are as hearty as your own:
For Carter's drink, when in his master's hand,
Has pleasure and good-nature at command.
What though his lordship's lands are in your trust,
'Tis greater to his brewing to be just.
As to that matter, no one can find fault,
If you supply him still with well-dried malt.
Still be a servant constant to afford
A liquor fitting for your generous lord;
Liquor, like him, from seeds of worth in light,
With sparkling atoms still ascending bright:
May your accompts so with your lord stand clear,
And have your reputation like your beer;
The main perfection of your life pursue,
In March, October, every month, still brew,
And get the character of "Who but you?"

NERO.

A SATIRE.

WE know how ruin once did reign,
When Rome was fir'd, and senate slain;
The prince, with brother's gore imbru'd;
His tender mother's life pursued;
How he the carcase, as it lay,
Did without tear or blush survey,
And censure each majestic grace
That still adorned that breathless face:
Yet he with sword could domineer
Where dawning light does first appear,
From rays of Phœbus; and command
Through his whole course, ev'n to that strand
Where he, abhorring such a sight,
Sinks in the watery gloom of night:
Yet he could death and terrour throw,
Where Thulé starves in northern snow;
Where southern heats do fiercely pass
O'er burning sands that melt to glass.
Fond hopes! could height of power assuage
The mad excess of Nero's rage?
Hard is the fate, when subjects find
The sword unjust to poison join'd!

AD AMICUM.

PRIMUS ab Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus[1] in oras,
Palladias artes secum, cytharamque sonantem
Attulit; ast illi comites Parnassida una
Adveniunt, autorque iis consultis Apollo:
Ille idem sparsos longè latèque colonos
Legibus in cœtus æquis, atque oppida cogit;
Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
Crescere divitias et surgere tecta deorum.
Talibus auspiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
Sic byrsa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
Carthago regum domitrix; sic aurea Roma
Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit astris.

[1] Major Tynte, governor of Carolina.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

TYNTE was the man who first, from British shore,
Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
His tuneful harp attending Muses strung,
And Phœbus' skill inspir'd the lays he sung.
Strong towers and palaces their rise began,
And listening stones to sacred fabrics ran.
Just laws were taught, and curious arts of peace,
And trade's brisk current flow'd with wealth's increase.
On such foundations learned Athens rose;
So Dido's thong did Carthage first enclose:
So Rome was taught *old* empires to subdue,
As Tynte creates and governs, now, the *new*.

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

TELL me, old prophet, tell me how,
Estate when sunk, and pocket low,
What subtle arts, what secret ways,
May the desponding fortune raise?
You laugh: thus misery is scorn'd!

TIRESIAS.

Sure 'tis enough, you are return'd
Home by your wit, and view again
Your farm of Ithac, and wife Pen.

ULYSSES.

Sage friend, whose word's a law to me,
My want and nakedness you see:
The sparks who made my wife such offers,
Have left me nothing in my coffers:
They 've kill'd my oxen, sheep, and geese,
Eat up my bacon and my cheese.
Lineage and virtue, at this push,
Without the *gelt*, 's not worth a rush.

TIRESIAS.

Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averse to being poor;
Therefore find out some rich old cuff,
That never thinks he has enough:
Have you a swan, a turkey-pie,
With woodcocks, thither let them fly,
The first-fruits of your early spring,
Not to the gods, but to him bring.
Though he a foundling bastard be,
Convict of frequent perjury;
His hands with brother's blood imbrued,
By justice for that crime pursued;
Never the wall, when ask'd, refuse,
Nor lose your friend, to save your shoes.

ULYSSES.

'Twixt Damas and the kennel go!
Which is the filthiest of the two?
Before Troy-town it was not so.
There with the best I us'd to strive.

TIRESIAS.

Why, by that means you'll never thrive.

ULYSSES.

It will be very hard, that's true:
Yet I 'll my generous mind subdue.

TRANSLATION FROM TASSO,

CANTO III. ST. 3.

So when bold mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to seek some unfrequented shore;
The sea grown high, and pole unknown, do find
How false is every wave, and treacherous every wind!
If wish'd-for land some happier sight descries,
Distant huzzas, saluting clamours, rise:
Each strives to show his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets past danger, and the tedious way,

FROM HESIOD.

When Saturn reign'd in Heaven, his subjects here
Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
Care, pain, old age, and grief, were banish'd far,
With all the dread of laws and doubtful war:
But cheerful friendship, mix'd with innocence,
Feasted their understanding and their sense;
Nature abounded with unenvied store,
Till their discretest wits could ask no more;
And when, by Fate, they came to breathe their last,
Dissolv'd in sleep their flitting vitals pass'd.
Then to much happier mansions they remov'd,
There prais'd their god, and were by him belov'd.

THAME AND ISIS.

So the god Thame, as through some pond he glides,
Into the arms of wandering Isis slides:
His strength, her softness, in one bed combine,
And both with bands inextricable join.
Now no cerulean nymph, or sea god, knows,
Where Isis, or where Thame, distinctly flows;
But with a lasting charm they blend their stream,
Producing one imperial river—Thame.

I WAKED, SPEAKING THESE OUT OF A DREAM IN THE MORNING.

Nature a thousand ways complains,
A thousand words express her pains:
But for her laughter has but three,
And very small ones, Ha, ha, he!

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

FROM CLAUDIAN'S RUFINUS[1].

Twenty conundrums have of late
Been buzzing in my addle pate.
If earthly things are rul'd by Heaven,
Or matters go at six and seven,
The coach without a coachman driven?
A pilot at the helm to guide,
Or the ship left to wind and tide?
A great first cause to be ador'd,
Or whether all's a lottery-board?
For when, in viewing Nature's face,
I spy so regular a grace!
So just a symmetry of features,
From stem to stern, in all her creatures!
When on the boistrous sea I think,
How 'tis confin'd like any sink!
How summer, winter, spring, and fall,
Dance round in so exact a hawl!
How, like a chequer, day and night,
One's mark'd with black, and one with white!
Quoth I, "I ken it well from hence,
There's a presiding influence!
Which won't permit the rambling stars
To fall together by the ears:
Which orders still the proper season
For hay and oats, and beans and peasen:
Which trims the Sun with its own beams;
Whilst the Moon ticks for her's, it seems,
And, as asham'd of the disgrace,
Unmasks but seldom all her face:
Which bounds the ocean within banks,
To hinder all its mad-cap pranks:
Which does the globe to an axle fit,
Like wheel to nave, or joint to spit!
"But then again! How can it be
Whilst such vast tracks of earth we see
O'er-run by barbarous tyranny!
Vile sycophants in clover bless'd;
Whilst patriots with duke Humphry feast,
Brow-beaten, bullied, and oppress'd!
Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule;
Whilst he, who seems to be a tool,
Is the priest's knave, the placeman's fool!"
This whimsical phænomenon,
Confounding all my *pro* and *con*,
Bamboozles the account again,
And draws me *nolens volens* in,
Like a press'd soldier, to espouse
The sceptic's hypothetic cause:
Who Kent will to a codling lay us,
That cross-or-pile refin'd the chaos;
That jovial atoms once did dance,
And form'd this merry orb by chance,
No art or skill were taken up,
But all fell out as round as hoop!
A *vacuum* 's another maxim;
Where, he brags, experience backs him:
Denying that all space is full,
From inside of a Tory's skull.
As to a deity; his tenet
Swears by it, there is nothing in it;
Else 'tis too busy, or too idle,
With our poor bagatelles to meddle.
Anna 's a curb to lawless Louis,
Which as illustrious as true is;
Her victories o'er despotic right,
That passive non-resisting bite,
Have brought this mystery to light:
Have fairly made the riddle out,
And answer'd all the squeamish doubt;
Have clear'd the regency on high,
From every presumptuous why.
No more I boggle as before,
But with full confidence adore;
Plain, as nose on face, expounding
All this intricate dumb-founding;
Which to the mean'st conception is,
As followeth hereunder, viz.
"Tyrants mount but like a meteor,
To make their headlong fall the greater."

[1] See a serious translation, above, p. 287.

THE GARDEN PLOT. 1709.

WHEN Naboth's vineyard look'd so fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail,
To bring the owners to a sale;
Jezabel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab griev'd to be denied:
And thus accosted him with scorn,
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
A king, and weep! The ground's your own:
I'll vest the garden in the crown."
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head.
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became the forfeit of his guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands perhaps were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezabel as near.
Hall, of small scripture-conversation,
Yet howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident had got
The story of this garden plot;
Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezabel should please to want
His small addition to her grant;
Therefore resolv'd in humble sort
To begin first, and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two.

EPISTLE TO MR. GODDARD[1];

WRITTEN BY DR. KING,

IN THE CHARACTER OF THE REVIEW.

TO Windsor Canon, his well-chosen friend,
The just Review does kindest greeting send,
I've found the man by Nature's gift design'd
To please my ear and captivate my mind,
By sympathy the eager passions move,
And strike my soul with wonder and with love!
Happy that place, where much less care is had
To save the virtuous, than protect the bad;
Where pastors must their stubborn flock obey,
Or that be thought a scandal which they say:
For, should a sin, by some grand soul belov'd,
Chance with an awkward zeal to be reprov'd,
And tender conscience meet the fatal curse,
Of hardening by reproof, and growing worse:
When things to such extremities are brought,
'Tis not the sinner's, but the teacher's, fault.
With great men's wickedness, then, rest content,
And give them their own leisure to repent;
Whilst their own head-strong will alone must curb them,
And nothing vex, or venture to disturb them,
Lest they should lose their favour in the court,
And no one but themselves be sorry for 't.
Were I in panegyric vers'd like you,
I'd bring whole offerings to your merit due.
You've gain'd the conquest; and I freely own,
Dissenters may by churchmen be out-done.
Though once we see'd to be at such a distance,
Yet both concentre in divine resistance:
Both teach what kings must do when subjects fight,
And both disclaim hereditary right.
By Jove's command, two eagles took their flight,
One from the east, the source of infant light,
The other from the west, that bed of night.
The birds of thunder both at Delphi meet,
The centre of the world, and Wisdom's seat.
So, by a power not decent here to name,
To one fixt point our various notions came,
Your thoughts from Oxford and from Windsor flew,
Whilst shop and meeting-house brought forth [Review[2].
Your brains fierce eloquence and logic tried,
My humbler strain choice socks and stockings cried;
Yet in our common principles we meet,
You sinking from the head, I rising from the feet.
Pardon a hasty Muse, ambitious grown,
T' extol a merit far beyond his own.
For, though a moderate painter can't command
The stroke of Titian's or of Raphael's hand:
Yet their transcendent works his fancy raise;
And there 's some skill in knowing *what* to praise.

[1] Taken from an admirable banter of our author's, entituled, Two Friendly Letters from honest Tom Boggy, to the rev. Mr. Goddard, Canon of Windsor, very proper to be tacked to the canon's sermon; first printed in 8vo, 1710. This sermon (full of high treason against high-church, hereditary right, and Sacheverell) was entituled, The Guilt, Mischief, and Aggravation of Censure; set forth in a Sermon preached in St. George's Chapel within her Majesty's Castle of Windsor, on Sunday the 25th of June, 1710. By Thomas Goddard, A. M. Canon of Windsor, London, printed for B. Lintot, 1710.—Mr. Goddard was installed canon May 26, 1707, and was also rector of St. Bennet Finch, London. He published a 30th of January sermon, in 4to, 1703; and The Mercy of God to this Church and Kingdom, exemplified in the several Instances of it, from the Beginning of the Reformation down to the present Time. A Sermon preached in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, on Tuesday the 7th of November, the Day of Thanksgiving, 1710, 8vo. They were all reprinted in 1715, with three others, under the title of Six Sermons on several Occasions, 8vo. *N.*

[2] A well-known political paper by De Foe, in which Mr. Goddard's sermon was immoderately commended. See a long account of this writer, and of Ridpath and Tutchin his associates, in the Supplement to Swift. *N.*

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. THOMAS SPRAT.

THE

LIFE OF SPRAT.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THOMAS SPRAT was born in 1636, at Tallaton in Devonshire, the son of a clergyman; and having been educated, as he tells of himself, not at Westminster or Eton, but at a little school by the church-yard side, became a commoner of Wadham College in Oxford in 1651; and, being chosen scholar next year, proceeded through the usual academical course; and, in 1657, became master of arts. He obtained a fellowship, and commenced poet.

In 1659, his poem on the death of Oliver was published, with those of Dryden and Waller. In his dedication to Dr. Wilkins, he appears a very willing and liberal encomiast, both of the living and the dead. He implores his patron's excuse of his verses, both as falling "so infinitely below the full and sublime genius of that excellent poet who made this way of writing free of our nation," and being "so little equal and proportioned to the renown of a prince on whom they were written; such great actions and lives deserving to be the subject of the noblest pens and most divine phansies." He proceeds: "Having so long experienced your care and indulgence, and been formed, as it were, by your own hands, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanness produces would be not only injustice, but sacrilege."

He published, the same year, a poem on the Plague of Athens; a subject of which it is not easy to say what could recommend it. To these he added afterwards a poem on Mr. Cowley's death.

After the Restoration he took orders, and by Cowley's recommendation was made chaplain to the duke of Buckingham, whom he is said to have helped in writing the Rehearsal. He was likewise chaplain to the king.

As he was the favourite of Wilkins, at whose house began those philosophical conferences and inquiries which in time produced the Royal Society, he was consequently engaged in the same studies, and became one of the fellows; and when, after their incorporation, something seemed necessary to reconcile the public to the new institution, he undertook to write its history, which he published in 1667. This is one of the few books which selection of sentiment and elegance of diction have been able to preserve, though written upon a subject flux and transitory. The History of the Royal Society

is now read, not with the wish to know what they were then doing, but how their Transactions are exhibited by Sprat.

In the next year he published Observations on Sorbiere's Voyage into England, in a Letter to Mr. Wren. This is a work not ill performed; but perhaps rewarded with at least its full proportion of praise.

In 1668, he published Cowley's Latin poems, and prefixed in Latin the life of the author; which he afterwards amplified, and placed before Cowley's English works, which were by will committed to his care.

Ecclesiastical benefices now fell fast upon him. In 1668, he became a prebendary of Westminster, and had afterwards the church of St. Margaret, adjoining to the Abbey. He was, in 1680, made canon of Windsor; in 1683, dean of Westminster; and, in 1684, bishop of Rochester.

The court having thus a claim to his diligence and gratitude, he was required to write the history of the Rye-house Plot; and, in 1685, published A true Account and Declaration of the horrid Conspiracy against the late King, his present Majesty, and the present Government; a performance which he thought convenient, after the Revolution, to extenuate and excuse.

The same year, being clerk of the closet to the king, he was made dean of the chapel-royal; and, the year afterwards, received the last proof of his master's confidence, by being appointed one of the commissioners for ecclesiastical affairs. On the critical day when the Declaration distinguished the true sons of the church of England, he stood neuter, and permitted it to be read at Westminster; but pressed none to violate his conscience; and, when the bishop of London was brought before them, gave his voice in his favour.

Thus far he suffered interest or obedience to carry him; but further he refused to go. When he found that the powers of the ecclesiastical commission were to be exercised against those who had refused the declaration, he wrote to the lords, and other commissioners, a formal profession of his unwillingness to exercise that authority any longer, and withdrew himself from them. After they had read his letter, they adjourned for six months, and scarcely ever met afterwards.

When king James was frighted away, and a new government was to be settled, Sprat was one of those who considered, in a conference, the great question, Whether the crown was vacant? and manfully spoke in favour of his old master.

He complied, however, with the new establishment, and was left unmolested; but, in 1692, a strange attack was made upon him by one Robert Young and Stephen Blackhead, both men convicted of infamous crimes, and both, when the scheme was laid, prisoners in Newgate. These men drew up an Association, in which they whose names were subscribed declared their resolution to restore king James, to seize the princess of Orange dead or alive, and to be ready with thirty thousand men to meet king James when he should land. To this they put the names of Sancroft, Sprat, Marlborough, Salisbury, and others. The copy of Dr. Sprat's name was obtained by a fictitious request, to which an answer in his own hand was desired. His hand was copied so well that he confessed it might have deceived himself. Blackhead, who had carried the letter, being sent again with a plausible message, was very curious to see the house, and particularly importunate to be let into the study; where, as is supposed, he designed to leave the Association. This, however, was denied him; and he dropped it in a flower-pot in the parlour.

Young now laid an information before the privy council; and May 7, 1692, the bishop was arrested, and kept at a messenger's under a strict guard eleven days. His house was searched, and directions were given that the flower-pots should be inspected. The messengers, however, missed the room in which the paper was left. Blackhead went therefore a third time; and finding his paper where he had left it, brought it away.

The bishop, having been enlarged, was, on June the 10th and 13th, examined again before the privy council, and confronted with his accusers. Young persisted, with the most obdurate impudence, against the strongest evidence; but the resolution of Blackhead by degrees gave way. There remained at last no doubt of the bishop's innocence, who, with great prudence and diligence, traced the progress, and detected the characters of the two informers, and published an account of his own examination and deliverance; which made such an impression upon him, that he commemorated it through life by an yearly day of thanksgiving.

With what hope, or what interest, the villains had contrived an accusation, which they must know themselves utterly unable to prove, was never discovered.

After this, he passed his days in the quiet exercise of his function. When the cause of Sacheverell put the public in commotion, he honestly appeared among the friends of the church. He lived to his seventy-ninth year, and died May 20, 1713.

Burnet is not very favourable to his memory; but he and Burnet were old rivals. On some public occasion they both preached before the House of Commons. There prevailed in those days an indecent custom: when the preacher touched any favourite topic in a manner that delighted his audience, their approbation was expressed by a loud hum, continued in proportion to their zeal or pleasure. When Burnet preached, part of his congregation hummed so loudly and so long, that he sat down to enjoy it, and rubbed his face with his handkerchief. When Sprat preached, he likewise was honoured with the like animating hum; but he stretched out his hand to the congregation, and cried, "Peace, peace, I pray you peace."

This I was told in my youth by my father, an old man, who had been no careless observer of the passages of those times.

Burnet's sermon, says Salmon, was remarkable for sedition, and Sprat's for loyalty. Burnet had the thanks of the house; Sprat had no thanks, but a good living from the king, which, he said, was of as much value as the thanks of the commons.

The works of Sprat, besides his few poems, are, The History of the Royal Society, The Life of Cowley, The Answer to Sorbiere, The History of the Rye-house Plot, The Relation of his own Examination, and a volume of Sermons. I have heard it observed, with great justness, that every book is of a different kind, and that each has its distinct and characteristical excellence.

My business is only with his poems. He considered Cowley as a model; and supposed that, as he was imitated, perfection was approached. Nothing, therefore, but Pindaric liberty was to be expected. There is in his few productions no want of such conceits as he thought excellent; and of those our judgment may be settled by the first that appears in his praise of Cromwell, where he says, that Cromwell's "fame, like man, will grow white as it grows old."

TO THE REVEREND

DOCTOR WILKINS,

WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

SIR,

SEEING you are pleased to think fit that these papers should come into the public, which were at first designed to live only in a desk, or some private friend's hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the security which your name and protection will give them with the most knowing part of the world. There are two things especially in which they stand in need of your defence: one is, that they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty genius of that excellent poet, who made this way of writing free of our nation: the other, that they are so little proportioned and equal to the renown of that prince on whom they were written. Such great actions and lives deserving rather to be the subjects of the noblest pens and divine fancies, than of such small beginners and weak essayers in poetry as myself. Against these dangerous prejudices, there remains no other shield, than the universal esteem and authority which your judgment and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, sir, is not only on the account of the relation you had to this great person, nor of the general favour which all arts receive from you; but more particularly by reason of that obligation and zeal with which I am bound to dedicate myself to your service: for, having been a long time the object of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my studies and fortune, having been moulded as it were by your own hands, and formed under your government, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be injustice, but sacrilege: so that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves pardon, it is yours, sir, as well as he, who is,

your most devoted,

and obliged servant,

THO. SPRAT.

POEMS

OF

BISHOP SPRAT.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF

THE LATE LORD PROTECTOR.

'TIS true, great name, thou art secure
From the forgetfulness and rage
Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;
Thou canst the force and teeth of Time endure:
Thy fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of itself turn whiter too,
Without what needless art can do;
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy hearse,
Though it were never heard or sung in verse.
Without our help thy memory is safe;
They only want an epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an inscription,
Remember'd only on the brass, or marble-stone.
'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our roses and perfumes
Will but officious folly show,
And pious nothings to such mighty tombs.
All our incense, gums and balm,
Are but unnecessary duties here:
The poets may their spices spare,
Their costly numbers, and their tuneful feet:
That need not be embalm'd, which of itself is sweet.

We know to praise thee is a dangerous proof
Of our obedience and our love:
For when the Sun and fire meet,
The one's extinguish'd quite:
And yet the other never is more bright.
So they that write of thee and join
Their feeble names with thine;
Their weaker sparks with thy illustrious light,
Will lose themselves in that ambitious thought;
And yet no fame to thee from hence be brought.
We know, bless'd spirit, thy mighty name
Wants no addition of another's beam;
It's for our pens too high, and full of theme:
The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them,
Thy fame's eternal lamp will live,
And in thy sacred urn survive,
Without the food of oil, which we can give.
'Tis true; but yet our duty calls our songs;
Duty commands our tongues;
Though thou want not our praises, we
Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
For so men from religion are not freed,
But from the altars clouds must rise,
Though Heaven itself doth nothing need,
And though the gods don't want an earthly sacrifice.

Great life of wonders, whose each year
Full of new miracles did appear!
Whose every month might be
Alone a chronicle, or history!
Others great actions are
But thinly scatter'd here and there;
At best, but all one single star;
But thine the milky-way,
All one continued light, of undistinguish'd day;
They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
Scarce any common sky did come between:
What shall I say, or where begin?
Thou may'st in double shapes be shown
Or in thy arms, or in thy gown;
Like Jove, sometimes with warlike thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful sceptre in his hand;
Or in the field, or on the throne.
In what thy head, or what thy arm hath done,
All that thou didst was so refin'd,
So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,
So pure, so weighty gold,
That the least grain of it,
If fully spread and beat,
Would many leaves and mighty volumes hold.

Before thy name was publish'd, and whilst yet
Thou only to thyself wert great,
Whilst yet the happy bud
Was not quite seen or understood,
It then sure signs of future greatness show'd:
Then thy domestic worth
Did tell the world what it would be,
When it should fit occasion see,
When a full spring should call it forth:
As bodies in the dark and night
Have the same colours, the same red and white,
As in the open day and light;
The Sun doth only show
That they are bright, not make them so.

So whilst but private walls did know
What we to such a mighty mind should owe,
Then the same virtues did appear,
Though in a less and more contracted sphere,
As full, though not as large as since they were:
And like great rivers' fountains, though
At first so deep thou didst not go:
Though then thine was not so enlarg'd a flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

'Tis true thou was not born unto a crown,
Thy sceptre's not thy father's, but thy own:
Thy purple was not made at once in haste,
But after many other colours past,
It took the deepest princely dye at last.
Thou didst begin with lesser cares,
And private thoughts took up thy private years:
Those hands which were ordain'd by Fates
To change the world and alter states,
Practis'd at first that vast design
On meaner things with equal mien.
That soul, which should so many sceptres sway,
To whom so many kingdoms should obey,
Learn'd first to rule in a domestic way:
So government itself began
From family, and single man,
Was by the small relation first
Of husband and of father nurs'd,
And from those less beginnings past,
To spread itself o'er all the world at last.

But when thy country (then almost enthrall'd)
Thy virtue and thy courage call'd;
When England did thy arms entreat,
And 't had been sin in thee not to be great:
When every stream, and every flood,
Was a true vein of earth, and run with blood:
When unus'd arms, and unknown war,
Fill'd every place, and every ear;
When the great storms and dismal night
Did all the land affright;
'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our light.
Thou left'st thy more delightful peace,
Thy private life and better ease;
Then down thy steel and armour took,
Wishing that it still hung upon the hook:
When Death had got a large commission out,
Throwing the arrows and her sting about;
Then thou (as once the healing serpent rose)
Wast lifted up, not for thyself but us.

Thy country wounded was, and sick, before
Thy wars and arms did her restore:
Thou know'st where the disease did lie,
And, like the cure of sympathy,
The strong and certain remedy
Unto the weapon didst apply;
Thou didst not draw the sword, and so
Away the scabbard throw,
As if thy country shou'd
Be the inheritance of Mars and blood:
But that, when the great work was spun,
War in itself should be undone:
That peace might land again upon the shore,
Richer and better than before:
The husbandmen no steel shall know,
None but the useful iron of the plough;
That bays might creep on every spear:
And though our sky was overspread
With a destructive red,
'Twas but till thou our Sun didst in full light appear.

When Ajax dy'd, the purple blood,
That from his gaping wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into letter, every leaf
Had on it wrote his epitaph:
So from that crimson flood,
Which thou by fate of times wert led
Unwillingly to shed,
Letters and learning rose, and arts renew'd:
Thou fought'st, not out of envy, hope, or hate,
But to refine the church and state;
And like the Romans, whate'er thou
In the field of Mars didst mow,
Was, that a holy island hence might grow.
Thy wars, as rivers raised by a shower,
Which welcome clouds do pour,
Though they at first may seem
To carry all away with an enraged stream;
Yet did not happen that they might destroy,
Or the better parts annoy,
But all the filth and mud to scour,
And leave behind another slime,
To give a birth to a more happy power.

In fields unconquer'd, and so well
Thou didst in battles and in arms excel;
That steely arms themselves might be
Worn out in war as soon as thee;
Success so close upon thy troops did wait,
As if thou first hadst conquer'd Fate;
As if uncertain Victory
Had been first o'ercome by thee;
As if her wings were clipt, and could not flee:
Whilst thou didst only serve,
Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve,
Others by thee did great things do,
Triumph'dst thyself, and mad'st them triumph too;
Though they above thee did appear,
As yet in a more large and higher sphere:
Thou, the great Sun, gav'st light to every star:
Thyself an army wert alone,
And mighty troops contain'd in one.
Thy only sword did guard the land,
Like that which, flaming in the Angel's hand,
From men God's garden did defend;
But yet thy sword did more than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this land a Paradise.

Thou fought'st not to be high or great,
Nor for a sceptre or a crown,
Or ermin, purple, or the throne;
But, as the vestal heat,
Thy fire was kindled from above alone:
Religion, putting on thy shield,
Brought thee victorious to the field.
Thy arms, like those which ancient heroes wore,
Were given by the God thou didst adore:
And all the swords thy armies had,
Were on an heavenly anvil made;
Not interest, or any weak desire
Of rule or empire, did thy mind inspire:
Thy valour, like the holy fire,
Which did before the Persian armies go,
Liv'd in the camp, and yet was sacred too:
Thy mighty sword anticipates
What was design'd by Heaven and those blest feats,
And makes the church triumphant here below.

Though Fortune did hang on thy sword,
And did obey thy mighty word;
Though Fortune, for thy side and thee,
Forgot her lov'd inconstancy:

Amidst thy arms and trophies thou
Wert valiant and gentle too;
Woundedst thyself, when thou didst kill thy foe.
Like steel, when it much work has past,
That which was rough does shine at last,
Thy arms by being oftener us'd did smoother grow.
Nor did thy battles make thee proud or high,
Thy conquest rais'd the state, not thee:
Thou overcam'st thyself in every victory.
As when the Sun in a directer line
Upon a polish'd golden shield doth shine,
The shield reflects unto the Sun again his light:
So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in fight;
When thy propitious God hath lent
Success and victory to thy tent;
To Heaven again the victory was sent.

England, till thou didst come,
Confin'd her valour home;
Then our own rocks did stand
Bounds to our fame as well as land,
And were to us as well
As to our enemies unpassable:
We were asham'd at what we read,
And blush'd at what our fathers did,
Because we came so far behind the dead.
The British lion hung his mane, and droop'd,
To slavery and burthen stoop'd,
With a degenerate sleep and fear
Lay in his den and languish'd there;
At whose least voice before,
A trembling echo ran through every shore,
And shook the world at every roar:
Thou his subdued courage didst restore,
Sharpen'd his claws, and from his eyes
Mad'st the same dreadful lightning rise;
Mad'st him again affright the neighbouring floods.
His mighty thunder sounds through all the woods:
Thou hast our military fame redeem'd,
Which was lost, or clouded seem'd:
Nay, more, Heaven did by thee bestow
On us, at once an iron age and happy too.

Till thou command'st, that azure chain of waves,
Which Nature round about us sent,
Made us to every pirate slaves,
Was rather burthen than an ornament;
Those fields of sea, that wash'd our shores,
Were plough'd and reap'd by other hands than ours:
To us the liquid mass,
Which doth about us run,
As it is to the Sun,
Only a bed to sleep on was:
And not as now a powerful throne,
To shake and sway the world thereon.
Our princes in their hand a globe did show,
But not a perfect one,
Compos'd of earth and water too.
But thy commands the floods obey'd,
Thou all the wilderness of water sway'd:
Thou didst not only wed the sea,
Not make her equal, but a slave to thee.
Neptune himself did bear thy yoke,
Stoop'd, and trembled at thy stroke:
He that ruled all the main,
Acknowledg'd thee his sovereign:
And now the conquer'd sea doth pay
More tribute to thy Thames than that unto the sea.

Till now our valour did ourselves more hurt;
Our wounds to other nations were a sport;
And as the earth, our land produc'd
Iron and steel, which should to tear ourselves be us'd:
Our strength within itself did break,
Like thundering cannons crack,
And kill'd those that were near,
While th' enemies secure and untouch'd were.
But now our trumpets thou hast made to sound
Against their enemies walls in foreign ground;
And yet no echo back to us returning found.
England is now the happy peaceful isle,
And all the world the while
Is exercising arms and wars
With foreign or intestine jars.
The torch extinguish'd here, we lent to others oil.
We give to all, yet know ourselves no fear;
We reach the flame of ruin and of death,
Where'er we please our swords t' unsheath,
Whilst we in calm and temperate regions breathe:
Like to the Sun, whose heat is hurl'd
Through every corner of the world;
Whose flame through all the air doth go,
And yet the Sun himself the while no fire does know.

Besides, the glories of thy peace
Are not in number nor in value less.
Thy hand did cure, and close the scars
Of our bloody civil wars;
Not only lanc'd but heal'd the wound,
Made us again as healthy and as sound:
When now the ship was well nigh lost,
After the storm upon the coast,
By its mariners endanger'd most;
When they their ropes and helms had left,
When the planks asunder cleft,
And floods came roaring in with mighty sound,
Thou a safe land and harbour for us found, [drown'd;
And savedst those that would themselves have
A work which none but Heaven and thou could do,
Thou mad'st us happy whether we would or no:
Thy judgment, mercy, temperance so great,
As if those virtues only in thy mind had seat:
Thy piety not only in the field, but peace,
When Heaven seem'd to be wanted least;
Thy temples not like Janus only were
Open in time of war,
When thou hadst greater cause to fear:
Religion and the awe of Heaven possest
All places and all times alike thy breast.

Nor didst thou only for thy age provide,
But for the years to come beside;
Our after-times and late posterity
Shall pay unto thy fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee.
When Fate did call thee to a higher throne,
And when thy mortal work was done,
When Heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
Thou him to bear thy burthen chose,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss;
Nor hadst thou him design'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy blood, but virtue kin,
Not only heir unto thy throne, but mind:
'Tis he shall perfect all thy cares,
And with a finer thread weave out thy loom:
So one did bring the chosen people from
Their slavery and fears,
Led them through their pathless road;
Guided himself by God,
H'as brought them to the borders; but a second hand
Did settle and secure them in the promis'd land.

TO A

PERSON OF HONOUR

(MR. EDWARD HOWARD),

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM, ENTITULED,

THE BRITISH PRINCES.

Your book our old knight-errants' fame revives,
Writ in a stile agreeing with their lives.
All rumours' strength their prowess did out-go,
All rumours' skill your verses far out-do:
To praise the Welsh the world must now combine,
Since to their leeks you do your laurel join:
Such lofty strains your country's story fit,
Whose mountain nothing equals but your wit.
Bonduca, were she such as here we see
(In British paint), none could more dreadful be:
With naked armies she encounter'd Rome,
Whose strength with naked Nature you o'ercome.
Nor let small critics blame this mighty queen,
That in king Arthur's time she here is seen:
You that can make immortal by your song,
May well one life four hundred years prolong.
Thus Virgil bravely dar'd for Dido's love,
The settled course of time and years to move,
Though him you imitate in this alone,
In all things else you borrow help from none:
No antique tale of Greece or Rome you take,
Their fables and examples you forsake.
With true heroic glory you display
A subject new, writ in the newest way.
Go forth, great author, for the world's delight;
Teach it, for none e'er taught you, how to write;
They talk strange things that ancient poets did,
How streets and stones they into buildings lead:
For poems to raise cities, now, 'tis hard,
But yours, at least, will build half Paul's churchyard.

ON HIS MISTRESS DROWN'D.

Sweet stream, that dost with equal pace
Both thyself fly and thyself chase,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And listen to my woe.

Then go and tell the sea that all its brine
Is fresh, compar'd to mine:
Inform it that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,
I' th' glory of her bud
Has pass'd the fatal flood,
Death by this only stroke triumphs above
The greatest power of love:
Alas, alas! I must give o'er,
My sighs will let me add no more.
Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled breast;
And if my sad complaints have made thee stay,
These tears, these tears, shall mend thy way.

THE

PLAGUE OF ATHENS,

WHICH HAPPENED IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR:

First described in Greek by Thucydides; then in Latin by Lucretius.

To my worthy and learned friend Dr. Walter Pope, late proctor of the University of Oxford.

SIR,

I know not what pleasure you could take in bestowing your commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which nature sometimes cherishes and allows monsters, the love of variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolished copy, and comparing it with my excellent patterns, the Greek and Latin. By this you will see how much a noble subject is changed and disfigured by an ill hand, and what reason Alexander had to forbid his picture to be drawn but by some celebrated pencil. In Greek, Thucydides so well and so lively expresses it, that I know not which is more a poem, his description or that of Lucretius. Though it must be said, that the historian had a vast advantage over the poet; he, having been present on the place, and assaulted by the disease himself, had the horrour familiar to his eyes, and all the shapes of the misery still remaining on his mind, which must needs make a great impression on his pen and fancy; whereas the poet was forced to follow his footsteps, and only work on that matter he allowed him. This I speak, because it may in some measure too excuse my own defects: for being so far removed from the place whereon the disease acted his tragedy, and time having denied us many of the circumstances, customs of the country, and other small things which would be of great use to any one who did intend to be perfect on the subject; besides only writing by an idea of that which I never yet saw, nor care to feel (being not of the humour of the painter in sir Philip Sidney, who thrust himself into the midst of a fight, that he might the better delineate it). Having, I say, all these disadvantages, and many more for which I must only blame myself, it cannot be expected that I should come near equalling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus then, sir, by emboldening me to this rash attempt, you have given opportunity to the Greek and Latin to triumph over our mother-tongue. Yet I would not have the honour of the countries or languages engaged in the comparison, but that the inequality should reach no farther than the authors. But I have much reason to fear the just indignation of that excellent person (the present ornament and honour of our nation) whose way of writing I imitate: for he may think himself as much injured by my following him, as were the Heavens by that bold man's counterfeiting the sacred and unimitable noise of thunder, by the sound of brass and horses hoofs. I shall only say for myself, that I took Cicero's advice, who bids us, in imitation, propose the noblest pattern to our thoughts; for so we may be sure to be raised above the common level, though we come infinitely short of what we

aim at. Yet I hope that renowned poet will have none of my crimes any way reflect on himself; for it was not any fault in the excellent musician, that the weak bird, endeavouring by straining its throat to follow his notes, destroyed itself in the attempt. Well, sir, by this, that I have chosen rather to expose myself than to be disobedient, you may guess with what zeal and hazard I strive to approve myself,

Sir, your most humble and
affectionate servant,
THO. SPRAT.

THUCYDIDES, Lib. II.

AS IT IS EXCELLENTLY TRANSLATED BY MR. HOBBES.

In the very beginning of summer, the Peloponnesians, and their confederates, with two-thirds of their forces, as before, invaded Attica, under the conduct of Archidamus, the son of Zeuxidamas, king of Lacedemon: and after they had encamped themselves, wasted the country about them.

They had not been many days in Attica, when the plague first began amongst the Athenians, said also to have seized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos, and elsewhere; but so great a plague, and mortality of men, was never remembered to have happened in any place before. For at first neither were the physicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the men that most approached the sick, nor any other art of man availed whatsoever. All supplications to the gods, and inquiries of oracles, and whatsoever other means they used of that kind, proved all unprofitable, insomuch as, subdued with the greatness of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) first in that part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt and Afric, and into the greatest part of the territories of the king. It invaded Athens on a sudden, and touched first upon those that dwelt in Pyræus, insomuch as they reported that the Peloponnesians had cast poison into their wells; for springs there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high city, and then they died a great deal faster. Now let every man, physician or other, concerning the ground of this sickness, whence it sprung, and what causes he thinks able to produce so great an alteration, speak according to his own knowledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only such things as one may take his mark by to discover the same if it come again, having been both sick of it myself, and seen others sick of the same. This year, by confession of all men, was of all other, for other diseases, most free and healthful. If any man were sick before, his disease turned to this; if not, yet suddenly, without any apparent cause preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken first with an extreme ache in their heads, redness and inflammation in the eyes; and then inwardly their throats and tongues grew presently bloody, and their breath noisome and unsavoury. Upon this followed a sneezing and hoarseness, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breast. And when once it was settled in the stomach, it caused vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of bilious purgation that physicians ever named. Most of them had also the hickyexe, which brought with it a strong convulsion, and in some ceased quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch were neither very hot nor pale, but reddish, livid, and beflowered with little pimples and whelks; but so burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lightest clothes or linen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but mere nakedness, but rather most willingly to have cast themselves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, possessed with insatiate thirst, ran unto the wells; and to drink much or little was indifferent, being still from ease and power to sleep as far as ever.

As long as the disease was at the height, their bodies wasted not, but resisted the torment beyond all expectation, insomuch as the most of them either died of their inward burning in nine or seven days, whilst they had yet strength; or if they escaped that, then, the disease falling down in their bellies, and causing there great exulcerations and immoderate looseness, they died many of them afterwards through weakness: for the disease (which first took the head) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole body: and he that overcame the worst of it was yet marked with the loss of his extreme parts; for, breaking out both at their privy members, and at their fingers and toes, many with the loss of these escaped. There were also some that lost their eyes, and many that presently upon their recovery were taken with such an oblivion of all things whatsoever, as they neither knew themselves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of sickness which far surmounted all expression of words, and both exceeded human nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared also otherwise to be none of those diseases that are bred among us, and that especially by this: for all, both birds and beasts, that used to feed on human flesh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or tasting, perished. An argument whereof, as touching the birds, was the manifest defect of such fowl, which were not then seen, either about the carcases, or any where else; but by the dogs, because they are familiar with men, this effect was seen much clearer. So that this disease (to pass over many strange particulars of the accidents that some had differently from others) was in general such as I have shown; and for other usual sicknesses at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, some for want of attendance, and some again with all the care and physic that could be used. Nor was there any, to say, certain medicine, that applied must have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another; nor any difference of body for strength or weakness that was able to resist it; but carried all away, what physic soever was administered. But the greatest misery of all was, the defection of mind, in such as found themselves

beginning to be sick (for they grew presently desperate, and gave themselves over without making any resistance); as also their dying thus like sheep, infected by mutual visitation: for if men forbore to visit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many families became empty, for want of such as should take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themselves, and principally the honestest men: for out of shame they would not spare themselves, but went in unto their friends, especially after it was come to that pass, that even their domestics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatness of the calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But those that were recovered, had much compassion both on them that died, and on them that lay sick, as having both known the misery themselves, and now no more subject to the like danger; for this disease never took a man a second time so as to be mortal. And these men were both by others counted happy; and they also themselves, through excess of present joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other sickness hereafter. Besides the present affliction, the reception of the country people and of their substance into the city, oppressed both them, and much more the people themselves that so came in: for, having no houses, but dwelling at that time of the year in stifling booths, the mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the streets, and men half dead about every conduit through desire of water. The temples also where they dwelt in tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for, oppressed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing what to do, men grew careless, both of holy and profane things alike. And the laws which they formerly used touching funerals were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things necessary, after so many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends. For when one had made a funeral pile, another getting before him would throw on his dead, and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come, and, having cast thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiousness, which also in other kinds was used in the city, began at first from this disease. For that which a man before would dissemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuousness, he durst now do freely, seeing before his eyes such quick revolution, of the rich dying and men worth nothing inheriting their estates; insomuch as they justified a speedy fruition of their goods, even for their pleasure, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of honour, to take any, because they thought it uncertain whether they should die or not before they achieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the gods, nor laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, because they concluded it was alike to worship or not worship, from seeing that alike they all perished: nor the latter, because no man expected that his life would last till he received punishment of his crimes by judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads some far greater judgment decreed against them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy some little part of their lives.

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

UNHAPPY man! by Nature made to sway,
And yet is every creature's prey,
Destroy'd by those that should his power obey.
Of the whole world we call mankind the lords,
  Flattering ourselves with mighty words;
  Of all things we the monarchs are,
And so we rule, and so we domineer;
  All creatures else about us stand
  Like some pretorian band,
  To guard, to help, and to defend;
  Yet they sometimes prove enemies,
  Sometimes against us rise;
Our very guards rebel, and tyrannize.
  Thousand diseases sent by Fate
  (Unhappy servants!) on us wait;
  A thousand treacheries within
  Are laid, weak life to win;
  Huge troops of maladies without
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout!)
  Some formal sieges make,
And with sure slowness do our bodies take;
Some with quick violence storm the town,
  And throw all in a moment down:
  Some one peculiar fort assail,
Some by general attempts prevail.
Small herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
And small is the assistance they can give:
  How can the fading offspring of the field
    Sure health and succour yield?
    What strong and certain remedy,
  What firm and lasting life can ours be, [die?
When that which makes us live doth every winter
Nor is this all: we do not only breed
    Within ourselves the fatal seed
  Of change, and of decrease in every part,
Head, belly, stomach, and root of life, the heart;
  Not only have our autumn, when we must
    Of our own nature turn to dust,
    When leaves and fruit must fall;
  But are expos'd to mighty tempests too,
  Which do at once what they would slowly do,
Which throw down fruit and tree of life withal.
    From ruin we in vain
  Our bodies by repair maintain,
    Bodies compos'd of stuff
  Mouldering and frail enough;
  Yet from without as well we fear
  A dangerous and destructive war.
From heaven, from earth, from sea, from air,
We like the Roman empire shall decay,
  And our own force would melt away
    By the intestine jar
  Of elements, which on each other prey,
The Cæsars and the Pompeys within which we bear;
    Yet are (like that) in danger too
  Of foreign armies, and external foe.
Sometimes the Gothish and the barbarous rage
Of plague or pestilence attends man's age,
    Which neither force nor arts asswage;
  Which cannot be avoided or withstood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected flood.

On Ethiopia, and the southern sands,
The unfrequented coasts, and parched lands,
Whither the Sun too kind a heat doth send,
(The Sun, which the worst neighbour is, and the best friend)
Hither a mortal influence came,
A fatal and unhappy flame,
Kindled by Heaven's angry beam.
With dreadful frowns, the Heavens scatter'd here
Cruel infectious heats into the air:
Now all the stores of poison sent,
Threatening at once a general doom,
Lavish'd out all their hatred meant
In future ages to be innocent,
Not to disturb the world for many years to come,
Hold, Heavens! hold; why should your sacred fire
Which doth to all things life inspire,
By whose kind beams you bring
Forth yearly every thing,
Which doth th' original seed
Of all things in the womb of earth that breed,
With vital heat and quickening seed;
Why should you now that heat employ,
The earth, the air, the fields, the cities to annoy?
That which before reviv'd, why should it now destroy?

Those Afric deserts straight were double deserts grown,
The ravenous beasts were left alone,
The ravenous beasts then first began
To pity their old enemy, man,
And blam'd the Plague for what they would themselves have done.
Nor staid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one air;
Plagues presently forsake
The wilderness which they themselves do make.
Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
Driven by a mighty wind,
They a new booty and fresh forage find:
The loaded wind went swiftly on,
And as it pass'd, was heard to sigh and groan.
On Egypt next it seiz'd,
Nor could but by a general ruin be appeas'd,
Egypt, in rage, back on the south did look,
And wonder'd thence should come th' unhappy stroke,
From whence before her fruitfulness she took.
Egypt did now curse and revile
Those very lands from whence she has her Nile;
Egypt now fear'd another Hebrew god,
Another angel's hand, a second Aaron's rod.

Then on it goes, and through the sacred land
Its angry forces did command;
But God did place an angel there
Its violence to withstand,
And turn into another road the putrid air.
To Tyre it came, and there did all devour;
Though that by seas might think itself secure.
Nor staid, as the great conqueror did,
Till it had fill'd and stopp'd the tide,
Which did it from the shore divide,
But pass'd the waters, and did all possess,
And quickly all was wilderness.
Thence it did Persia over-run,
And all that sacrifice unto the Sun:
In every limb a dreadful pain they felt,
Tortur'd with secret coals they melt;
The Persians call'd their Sun in vain,
Their god increas'd the pain.
They look'd up to their god no more,
But curse the beams they worshipped before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

Glutted with ruin of the east,
She took her wings, and down to Athens pass'd;
Just Plague! which dost no parties take,
But Greece as well as Persia sack,
While in unnatural quarrels they
(Like frogs and mice) each other slay;
Thou in thy ravenous claws took'st both away.
Thither it came, and did destroy the town,
Whilst all its ships and soldiers looked on;
And now the Asian plague did more
Than all the Asian force could do before.
Without the wall the Spartan army sate,
The Spartan army came too late:
For now there was no further work for Fate.
They saw the city open lay,
An easy and a bootless prey;
They saw the rampires empty stand,
The fleets, the walls, the forts unmann'd.
No need of cruelty or slaughters now,
The plague had finish'd what they came to do;
They might now unresisted enter there,
Did they not the very air
More than the Athenians fear.
The air itself to them was wall and bulwarks too.

Unhappy Athens! it is true thou wert
The proudest work of Nature and of Art:
Learning and strength did thee compose,
As soul and body us:
But yet thou only thence art made
A nobler prey for Fates t' invade;
Those mighty numbers that within thee breathe,
Do only serve to make a fatter feast for Death.
Death in the most frequented places lives;
Most tribute from the crowd receives;
And though it bears a scythe, and seems to own
A rustic life alone,
It loves no wilderness,
No scatter'd villages,
But mighty populous palaces,
The throng, the tumult, and the town.
What strange unheard-of conqueror is this,
Which by the forces that resist it doth increase!
When other conquerors are
Oblig'd to make a slower war,
Nay sometimes for themselves may fear,
And must proceed with watchful care,
When thicker troops of enemies appear;
This stronger still, and more successful grows,
Down sooner all before it throws,
If greater multitudes of men do it oppose.

The tyrant first the haven did subdue;
Lately th' Athenians (it knew)
Themselves by wooden walls did save,
And therefore first to them th' infection gave,
Lest they new succour thence receive.
Cruel Pyræus! now thou hast undone
The honour thou before hadst won;
Not all thy merchandize,
Thy wealth, thy treasuries,

Which from all coasts thy fleet supplies,
Can to atone this crime suffice.
Next o'er the upper town it spread,
With mad and undiscerning speed;
In every corner, every street,
Without a guide did set its feet,
And too familiar every house did greet.
Unhappy queen of Greece! great Theseus now
Did thee a mortal injury do,
When first in walls he did thee close,
When first he did thy citizens reduce,
Houses and government, and laws to use.
It had been better if thy people still
Dispersed in some field or hill,
Though savage and undisciplin'd, did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame, and rude,
Than by their numbers thus to be subdu'd,
To be by their own arms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be destroy'd.

Minerva started when she heard the noise,
And dying men's confused voice.
From Heaven in haste she came, to see
What was the mighty prodigy.
Upon the castle pinnacles she sat,
And dar'd not nearer fly,
Nor midst so many deaths to trust her very deity.
With pitying look she saw at every gate
Death and Destruction wait;
She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
And all th' immortal powers above;
But though a goddess now did pray,
The Heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.
She brought her olive and her shield,
Neither of these, alas! assistance yield.
She lookt upon Medusa's face,
Was angry that she was
Herself of an immortal race,
Was angry that her Gorgon's head
Could not strike her as well as others dead:
She sat and wept a while, and then away she fled.

Now Death began her sword to whet,
Not all the Cyclops sweat,
Nor Vulcan's mighty anvils, could prepare
Weapons enough for her.
No weapons large enough, but all the age
Men felt the heat within them rage,
And hop'd the air would it assuage,
Call'd for its help, but th' air did them deceive,
And aggravate the ills it should relieve.
The air no more was vital now,
But did a mortal poison grow;
The lungs, which us'd to fan the heart,
Only now serv'd to fire each part;
What should refresh, increas'd the smart:
And now their very breath,
The chiefest sign of life, was turn'd the cause of death.

Upon the head first the disease,
As a bold conqueror, doth seize,
Begins with man's metropolis,
Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew
It could at pleasure weaker parts subdue.
Blood started through each eye;
The redness of that sky
Foretold a tempest nigh.
The tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;
As doth a lion's when some innocent prey
He hath devour'd and brought away:
Hoarseness and sores the throat did fill,
And stopt the passages of speech and life;
No room was left for groans or grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill!
Which, not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadful pain,
Dost take from men the very power to complain.

Then down it went into the breast,
There all the seats and shops of life possess'd.
Such noisome smells from thence did come,
As if the stomach were a tomb;
No food would there abide,
Or if it did, turn'd to the enemy's side,
The very meat new poisons to the plague supply.
Next, to the heart the fires came,
The heart did wonder what usurping flame,
What unknown furnace, should
On its more natural heat intrude;
Straight call'd its spirits up, but found too well,
It was too late now to rebel.
The tainted blood its course began,
And carried death where'er it ran;
That which before was Nature's noblest art,
The circulation from the heart,
Was most destructful now,
And nature speedier did undo,
For that the sooner did impart
The poison and the smart,
Th' infectious blood to every distant part.

The belly felt at last its share,
And all the subtile labyrinths there
Of winding bowels did new monsters bear.
Here seven days it rul'd and sway'd,
And oftner kill'd, because it death so long delay'd.
But if through strength and heat of age
The body overcame its rage,
The plague departed as the Devil doth,
When driven by prayers away he goeth.
If prayers and Heaven do him control,
And if he cannot have the soul,
Himself out of the roof or window throws,
And will not all his labour lose,
But takes away with him part of the house:
So here the vanquish'd evil took from them
Who conquer'd it, some part, some limb.
Some lost the use of hands and eyes,
Some arms, some legs, some thighs;
Some all their lives before forgot,
Their minds were but one darker blot;
Those various pictures in the head,
And all the numerous shapes were fled;
And now the ransack'd memory
Languish'd in naked poverty,
Had lost its mighty treasury;
They pass'd the Lethe lake, although they did not die.

Whatever lesser maladies men had,
They all gave place and vanished;
Those petty tyrants fled,
And at this mighty conqueror shrunk their head.
Fevers, agues, palsies, stone,
Gout, colic, and consumption,
And all the milder generation,
By which mankind is by degrees undone,
Quickly were rooted out and gone;

Men saw themselves freed from the pain,
Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain:
'Twas an unhappy remedy,
Which cur'd them that they might both worse
and sooner die.

Physicians now could nought prevail,
They the first spoils to the proud victor fall;
Nor would the Plague their knowledge trust,
But fear'd their skill, and therefore slew them first:
So tyrants, when they would confirm their yoke,
First make the ch[illegible]lest men to feel the stroke,
The chiefest and the wisest [illegible]lest they
Should soonest disobey, [way.
Should first rebel, and others learn from them the
No aid of herbs, or juices' power,
None of Apollo's art could cure,
But help'd the Plague the speedier to devour,
Physic itself was a disease,
Physic the fatal tortures did increase,
Prescriptions did the pains renew,
And Æsculapius to the sick did come,
As afterwards to Rome, [too.
In form of serpent, brought new poisons with him

The streams did wonder that, so soon
As they were from their native mountains gone,
They saw themselves drunk up, and fear
Another Xerxes' army near.
Some cast into the pit the urn,
And drink it dry at its return:
Again they drew, again they drank;
At first the coolness of the stream did thank,
But straight the more were scorch'd, the more
did burn;
And, drunk with water, in their drinking sank:
That urn, which now to quench their thirst they
Shortly their ashes shall enclose: [use,
Others into the crystal brook
With faint and wondering eyes did look,
Saw what a ghastly shape themselves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their legs
forsook.
Some snatch the waters up,
Their hands, their mouths the cup;
They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning store.
So have I seen on lime cold water thrown,
Straight all was to a ferment grown,
And hidden seeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the finger could endure;
But, when the moistures it provoke,
Did rage, did swell, did smoke, [ashes broke.
Did move, and flame, and burn, and straight to

So strong the heat, so strong the torments were,
They like some mighty burthen bear
The lightest covering of air.
All sexes and all ages do invade
The bounds which Nature laid,
The laws of modesty which Nature made:
The virgins blush not, yet uncloath'd appear,
Undress'd to run about, yet never fear.
The pain and the disease did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedness once more,
Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before.
No sleep, no peace, no rest,
Their wandering and affrighted minds possess'd;
Upon their souls and eyes
Hell and eternal horrour lies,
Unusual shapes and images,
Dark pictures and resemblances
Of things to come, and of the world below,
O'er their distemper'd fancies go:
Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto
The gods above, the gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe,
Not sleep, but waking now was sister unto Death.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay, [away.
The Earth call'd to the fowls to take their flesh
In vain she call'd, they come not nigh,
Nor would their food with their own ruin buy:
But at full meals they hunger, pine, and die.
The vultures afar off did see the feast,
Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taste,
They rally'd up their troops in haste;
Along came mighty droves,
Forsook their young ones and their groves,
Each one his native mountain and his nest;
They come, but all their carcases abhor,
And now avoid the dead men more
Than weaker birds did living men before.
But if some bolder fowls the flesh assay,
They were destroy'd by their own prey.
The dog no longer bark'd at coming guest,
Repents its being a domestic beast,
Did to the woods and mountains haste:
The very owls at Athens are
But seldom seen and rare,
The owls depart in open day,
Rather than in infected ivy more to stay.

Mountains of bones and carcases,
The streets, the market-place possess,
Threatening to raise a new Acropolis.
Here lies a mother and her child,
The infant suck'd as yet and smil'd,
But straight by its own food was kill'd.
Their parents hugg'd their children last,
Here parting lovers last embrac'd,
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here prisoners in the dungeon die,
And gain a two-fold liberty;
They meet and thank their pains,
Which them from double chains
Of body and of iron free.
Here others, poison'd by the scent
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give;
Themselves now dead the air pollute the more,
For which they others curs'd before,
Their bodies kill all that come near,
And even after death they all are murderers here.

The friend doth hear his friend's last cries,
Parteth his grief for him, and dies,
Lives not enough to close his eyes.
The father at his death
Speaks his son heir with an infectious breath;
In the same hour the son doth take
His father's will and his own make.
The servant need not here be slain,
To serve his master in the other world again;
They languishing together lie,
Their souls away together fly;

The husband gaspeth, and his wife lies by,
It must be her turn next to die:
The husband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life.
That couple which the gods did entertain,
Had made their prayer here in vain;
No fates in death could them divide,
They must without their privilege together both have dy'd.

There was no number now of death,
The sisters scarce stood still themselves to breathe:
The sisters now quite wearied
In cutting single thread,
Began at once to part whole looms,
One stroke did give whole houses dooms:
Now dy'd the frosty hairs,
The aged and decrepit years;
They fell, and only beg'd of Fate
Some few months more, but 'twas, alas, too late.
Then Death, as if asham'd of that,
A conquest so degenerate,
Cut off the young and lusty too:
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what joys, they had in store:
But Fate, ere they had finish'd their account, them slew.
The wretched usurer died,
And had no time to tell where he his treasures hid;
The merchant did behold
His ships return with spice and gold;
He saw't, and turn'd aside his head, [dead.
Nor thank'd the gods, but fell amidst his riches

The meetings and assemblies cease; no more
The people throng about the orator,
No course of justice did appear,
No noise of lawyers fill'd the ear,
The senate cast away
The robe of honour, and obey
Death's more resistless sway,
Whilst that with dictatorian power
Doth all the great and lesser officers devour.
No magistrates did walk about;
No purple aw'd the rout:
The common people too
A purple of their own did show:
And all their bodies o'er
The ruling colours bore.
No judge, no legislators sit,
Since this new Draco came,
And harsher laws did frame,
Laws that, like his, in blood are writ.
The benches and the pleading-place they leave,
About the streets they run and rave:
The madness which great Solon did of late
But only counterfeit
For the advantage of the state,
Now his successors do too truly imitate.

Up starts the soldier from his bed,
He, though Death's servant, is not freed,
Death him cashier'd, 'cause now his help she did not need.
He that ne'er knew before to yield,
Or to give back, or leave the field,
Would fain now from himself have fled.
He snatch'd his sword now rusted o'er,
Dreadful and sparkling now no more,
And thus in open streets did roar;

"How have I, Death, so ill deserv'd of thee,
That now thyself thou should'st revenge on me?
Have I so many lives on thee bestow'd?
Have I the earth so often dy'd in blood?
Have I, to flatter thee, so many slain?
And must I now thy prey remain?
Let me at least, if I must die,
Meet in the field some gallant enemy.
Send, gods, the Persian troops again:
No, they're a base and a degenerate train;
They by our women may be slain.
Give me, great Heavens, some manful foes,
Let me my death amidst some valiant Grecians
Let me survive to die at Syracuse, [choose,
Where my dear country shall her glory lose.
For you, great gods! into my mind infuse,
What miseries, what doom,
Must on my Athens shortly come!
My thoughts inspir'd presage
Slaughters and battles to the coming age:
Oh! might I die upon that glorious stage:
Oh! that!" but then he grasp'd his sword, and death concludes his rage.

Draw back, draw back thy sword, O Fate!
Lest thou repent when 'tis too late,
Lest, by thy making now so great a waste,
By spending all mankind upon one feast,
Thou starve thyself at last:
What men wilt thou reserve in store,
Whom in the time to come thou may'st devour,
When thou shalt have destroyed all before?
But, if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
If yet thy greedy stomach calls for more,
If more remain whom thou must kill,
And if thy jaws are craving still,
Carry thy fury to the Scythian coasts,
The northern wilderness and eternal frosts!
Against those barbarous crowds thy arrows whet,
Where arts and laws are strangers yet;
Where thou may'st kill, and yet the loss will not be great, [nai
There rage, there spread, and there infect di
Murder whole towns and families there,
Thy worst against those savage nations dare,
Those whom mankind can spare,
Those whom mankind itself doth fear;
Amidst that dreadful night and fatal cold,
There thou may'st walk unseen, and bold,
There let thy flames their empire hold.
Unto the farthest seas, and nature's ends,
Where never summer's Sun its beams extends
Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
Thy raging fires, thy torturing sweats,
Where never ray or heat did come,
They will rejoice at such a doom,
They'll bless thy pestilential fire,
Though by it they expire,
They'll thank the very flames with which they consume.

Then if that banquet will not thee suffice,
Seek out new lands where thou may'st tyranni
Search every forest, every hill,
And all that in the hollow mountains dwell;
Those wild and untame troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the rest of men secure,
And that the rest of men will thank thee for.
Let all those human beasts be slain,
Till scarce their memory remain;

Thyself with that ignoble slaughter fill,
Will be permitted thee that blood to spill.
Measure the ruder world throughout,
March all the ocean's shores about,
Only pass by and spare the British isle.
Go on, and (what Columbus once shall do
When days and time unto their ripeness grow)
Find out new lands and unknown countries too:
Attempt those lands which yet are hid
From all mortality beside:
There thou may'st steal a victory,
And none of the world hear the cry
Of those that by thy wounds shall die;
No Greek shall know thy cruelty,
And tell it to posterity.
Go, and unpeople all those mighty lands,
Destroy with unrelenting hands;
Go, and the Spaniard's sword prevent,
Go, make the Spaniard innocent;
Go, and root out all mankind there,
That when the European armies shall appear
Their sin may be the less,
They may find all a wilderness,
And without blood the gold and silver there possess.

Nor is this all which we thee grant;
Rather than thou should'st full employment want,
(We do permit) in Greece thy kingdom plant.
Ransack Lycurgus' streets throughout,
They've no defence of walls to keep thee out.
On wanton and proud Corinth seize,
Nor let her double waves thy flames appease.
Let Cyprus feel more fires than those of love:
Let Delos, which at first did give the Sun,
See unknown flames in her begun,
Now let her wish she might unconstant prove,
And from her place might truly move:
Let Lemnos all thy anger feel,
And think that a new Vulcan fell,
And brought with him new anvils, and new Hell.
Nay, at Athens too we give thee up,
All that thou find'st in field, or camp, or shop:
Make havock there without control
Of every ignorant and common soul.
But then, kind Plague, thy conquests stop;
Let arts, and let the learned, there escape,
Upon Minerva's self commit no rape;
Touch not the sacred throng,
And let Apollo's priests be, like him, young,
Like him, be healthful too, and strong.
But ah! too ravenous Plague, whilst I
Strive to keep off the misery,
The learned too, as fast as others, round me die;
They from corruption are not free,
Are mortal, though they give an immortality.

They turn'd their authors o'er, to try
What help, what cure, what remedy,
All Nature's stores against this plague supply;
And though besides they shunn'd it every where,
They search'd it in their books, and fain would
meet it there;
They turn'd the records of the ancient times,
And chiefly those that were made famous by their
crimes,
To find if men were punish'd so before;
But found not the disease nor cure.
Nature, alas! was now surpris'd,
And all her forces seiz'd,
Before she was how to resist advis'd.

So when the elephants did first affright
The Romans with unusual sight,
They many battles lose,
Before they knew their foes,
Before they understood such dreadful troops t' oppose.

Now every different sect agrees
Against their common adversary, the disease,
And all their little wranglings cease;
The Pythagoreans from their precepts swerve,
No more their silence they observe,
Out of their schools they run,
Lament, and cry, and groan;
They now desir'd their metempsychosis;
Not only to dispute, but wish
That they might turn to beasts, or fowls, or fish,
If the Platonics had been here,
They would have curs'd their master's year,
When all things shall be as they were,
When they again the same disease shall bear:
All the philosophers would now,
What the great Stagyrite shall do,
Themselves into the waters headlong throw.

The Stoics felt the deadly stroke,
At first assault their courage was not broke,
They call'd in all the cobweb aid
Of rules and precepts, which in store they
had;
They bid their hearts stand out,
Bid them be calm and stout,
But all the strength of precept will not do't.
They can't the storms of passion now assuage;
As common men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
The gods are call'd upon in vain,
The gods gave no release unto their pain,
The gods to fear ev'n for themselves began.
For now the sick unto their temples came,
And brought more than an holy flame,
There at the altars made their prayer,
They sacrific'd, and died there,
A sacrifice not seen before;
That Heaven, only us'd unto the gore
Of lambs or bulls, should now
Loaded with priests see its own altars too!

The woods gave funeral piles no more,
The dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty conqueror o'erpower.
The noble and the common dust
Into each other's graves are thrust.
No place is sacred, and no tomb;
'Tis now a privilege to consume;
Their ashes no distinction had;
Too truly all by death are equal made.
The ghosts of those great heroes that had fled
From Athens, long since banished,
Now o'er the city hovered;
Their anger yielded to their love,
They left th' immortal joys above,
So much their Athens' danger did then move.
They came to pity, and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite dismay'd,
When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
And poor men's bones the noble urns invade;
Back to the blessed seats they went,
And now did thank their banishment,
By which they were to die in foreign countries
sent.

But what, great gods! was worst of all,
Hell forth its magazines of lust did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick troops of souls were thither sent;
Into the upper world it went.
Such guilt, such wickedness,
Such irreligion did increase,
That the few good which did survive
Were angry with the Plague for suffering them to live:
More for the living than the dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very dead,
Though sure to be infected ere they fled,
Though in the very air sure to be punished.
Some nor the shrines nor temples spar'd,
Nor gods nor heavens fear'd,
Though such example of their power appear'd.
Virtue was now esteem'd an empty name,
And honesty the foolish voice of Fame;
For, having past those torturing flames before,
They thought the punishment already o'er,
Thought Heaven no worse torments had in store; [no more.
Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was

UPON THE POEMS OF THE

English Ovid, Anacreon, Pindar, and Virgil,

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

IN IMITATION OF HIS OWN PINDARIC ODES.

Let all this meaner rout of books stand by,
The common people of our library;
Let them make way for Cowley's leaves to come,
And be hung up within this sacred room:
Let no prophane hands break the chain,
Or give them unwish'd liberty again.
But let his holy relic be laid here,
With the same religious care
As Numa once the target kept,
Which down from Heaven leapt;
Just such another is this book,
Which its original from divine hands took,
And brings as much good too, to those that on it look.
But yet in this they differ. That could be
Eleven times liken'd by a mortal hand;
But this which here doth stand
Will never any of its own sort see,
But must still live without such company.
For never yet was writ,
In the two learned ages which time left behind,
Nor in this ever shall we find,
Nor any one like to it,
Of all the numerous monuments of wit.

Cowley! what God did fill thy breast,
And taught thy hand t' indite?
(For God's a poet too,
He doth create, and so do you)
Or else at least
What angel sat upon thy pen when thou didst write?
There he sat, and mov'd thy hand,
As proud of his command,
As when he makes the dancing orbs to reel,
And spins out poetry from Heaven's wheel.
Thy hand too, like a better sphere, [hear.
Gives us more ravishing music made for men to
Thy hand too, like the Sun which angels move,
Has the same influence from above,
Produces gold and silver of a nobler kind;
Of greater price, and more refin'd. [race,
Yet in this it exceeds the Sun, 't has no degenerate
Brings forth no lead, nor any thing so base.

What holy vestal hearth,
What immortal breath,
Did give so pure poetic flame its birth?
Just such a fire as thine,
Of such an unmix'd [illegible] shine,
Was Prometheus's flame,
Which from no less than Heaven came.
Along he brought the sparkling coal,
From some celestial chimney stole;
Quickly the plunder'd stars he left,
And as he hasten'd down
With the robb'd flames his hands still shone,
And seem'd as if they were burnt for the theft.
Thy poetry's compounded of the same;
Such a bright flame;
Just so temper'd is thy rage,
Thy fires as light and pure as they,
And go as high as his did, if not higher,
That thou may'st seem to us
A true Prometheus, [fire.
But that thou didst not steal the least spark of thy

Such as thine was Arion's verse,
Which he did to the listening fish rehearse;
Which when they heard play'd on his lute,
They first curst Nature that she made them mute
So noble were his lines, which made the very waves
Strive to turn his slaves,
Lay down their boisterous noise,
And dance to his harmonious voice,
Which made the Syrens lend their ear,
And from his sweeter tunes some treachery fear;
Which made the dolphin proud, [fear;
That he was allow'd
With Atlas, the great porter of the skies, to take
Such heavenly music up, and carry 't on his back.
So full and graceful thy words go,
And with the same majestic sweetness flow,
Yet his verse only carried him o'er the seas;
But there's a very sea of wit in these,
As salt and boundless as the other ocean is.

Such as thine are, was great Amphion's song,
Which brought the wondering stones along;
The wondering stones skipt from their mother Earth,
And left their father cold as his first birth;
They rose, and knew not by what magic force they hung.
So were his words, so plac'd his sounds,
Which forc'd the marbles rise from out their grounds,
Which cut and carved, made them shine,
A work which can be outdone by none but thine.
Th' amazed poet saw the building rise,
And knew not how to trust his eyes:
The willing mortar came, and all the trees
Leap into beams he sees.
He saw the streets appear,
Streets, that must needs be harmonious there:
He saw the walls dance round t' his pipe,
The glorious temple show its head,
He saw the infant city ripe,

And all like the creation by a word was bred.
So great a verse is thine, which though it will not
Marble monuments to thy praise; [raise
Yet 'tis no matter, cities they must fall,
And houses, by the greatest glutton Time be eaten
But thy verse builds a fame for thee, [all:
Which fire cannot devour, nor purify,
Which sword and thunder doth defy,
As round, as full, as the great circle of eternity.

To thee the English tongue doth owe,
That it need not seek
For elegancy from the round-mouth'd Greek;
To thee, that Roman poets now may hide
In their own Latium, their head:
To thee, that our enlarged speech can show,
More than the three western daughters born
Out of the ashes of the Roman urn: [mit
Daughters born of a mother, which did yield to ad-
The adulterate seed of several tongues with it;
More than the smooth Italian, though Nature gave
That tongue in poetry a genius to have,
And that she might the better fit it to't,
Made the very land a foot:
More than the Spanish, though that in one mass
The Moorish, Jewish, Gothish treasures has,
And just as in their kingdom, in their tongue,
Most quarters of the Earth together throng:
More than the courtly French, though that doth
And not trot o'er the tongue its race: [pace,
That has not any thing, so elaborate wit; [it.
Though it by its sliding seems to have more oil in
Thy soul hath gone through all the Muses'
track;
Where never poets feet were seen before,
Hath pass'd those sands where others left their
wrecks,
And sail'd an ocean through, which some thought
had no shore.
Thy spirit has discover'd all poetry;
Thou found'st no tropics in the poets sky.
More than the Sun can do, hast brought a sacred
flower
To Mount Parnassus; and hast open'd to our
hand
Apollo's holy land,
Which yet hid in the frigid zone did lie.
Thou hast sail'd the Muses' globes,
Not as the other Drake, or Ca'ndish did, to rob.
Thou hast brought home the treasure too,
Which yet no Spaniard can claim his due:
Thou hast search'd through every creek,
From the East-Indies of the poets' world, the
Greek,
To the America of wit,
Which was last known, and has most gold in it.
That mother-tongue which we do speak,
This world thy greater spirit has run through,
And view'd and conquer'd too,
A world as round and large as th' other is,
And yet in it there can be no antipodes,
For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

Poets till now deserv'd excuse, not praise,
Till now the Muses liv'd in taverns, and the bays
That they were truly trees did show,
Because by sucking liquor they did only grow
Verses were counted fiction, and a lye
The very nature of good poetry.

He was a poet that could speak least truth:
Sober and grave men scorn'd the name,
Which once was thought the greatest fame.
Poets had nought else of Apollo, but his youth:
Few ever spake in rhyme, but that their feet
The trencher of some liberal man might meet.
Or else they did some rotten mistress paint,
Call her their goddess, or their saint.
Though contrary in this they to their master run,
For the great god of wit, the Sun, [Moon,
When he doth show his mistress, the white
He makes her spots, as well as beauty to be
shown.
Till now the sisters were too old, and therefore
Extremely fabulous too: [grew
Till you, sir, came, they were despis'd;
They were all heathens yet,
Nor ever into the church could get;
And though they had a font so long, yet never
were baptis'd.

You, sir, have rais'd the price of wit,
By bringing in more store of it:
Poetry, the queen of arts, can now
Reign without dissembling too.
You've shown a poet must not needs be bad;
That one may be Apollo's priest,
And be fill'd with his oracles, without being mad:
Till now, wit was a curse (as to Lot's wife
'Twas to be turn'd to salt)
Because it made men lead a life
Which was nought else but one continual fault.
You first the Muses to the Christians brought,
And you then, first the holy language taught:
In you good poetry and divinity meet,
You are the first bird of Paradise with feet.

Your miscellanies do appear
Just such another glorious indigested heap
As the first mass was, where
All Heavens and stars enclosed were,
Before they each one to their place did leap.
Before God, the great censor, them bestow'd,
According to their ranks, in several tribes abroad;
Whilst yet Sun and Moon
Were in perpetual conjunction:
Whilst all the stars were but one milky way,
And in natural embraces lay.
Whilst yet none of the lamps of Heaven might
Call this their own, and that another's light.
So glorious a lump as thine,
Which chymistry may separate, but not refine:
So mixt, so pure, so united does it shine,
A chain of sand, of which each link is all divine.

Thy mistress shows, that Cupid is not always
blind,
Where we a pure exalted Muse do find,
Such as may well become a glorified mind.
Such songs tune angels when they love,
And do make courtship to some sister-mind above
(For angels need not scorn such soft desires,
Seeing thy heart is touch'd with the same fires).
So when they clothe themselves in flesh,
And their light some human shapes do dress
(For which they fetch'd stuff from the neighbouring
air):
So when they stoop, to like some mortal fair,
Such words, such odes as thine they use,
With such soft strains, love into her heart infuse.

Thy love is on the top, if not above mortality;
Clean, and from corruption free,
Such as affections in eternity shall be;
Which shall remain unspotted there,
Only to show what once they were:
Thy Cupid's shafts all golden are;
Thy Venus has the salt, but not the froth o'th' sea.

Thy high Pindarics soar
So high, where never any wing till now could get;
And yet thy wit
Doth seem so great, as those that do fly lower.
Thou stand'st on Pindar's back;
And therefore thou a higher flight dost take:
Only thou art the eagle, he the wren,
Thou hast brought him from the dust,
And made him live again.
Pindar has left his barbarous Greece, and thinks it just
To be led by thee to the English shore;
An honour to him: Alexander did no more,
Nor scarce so much, when he did save his house
When his word did assuage [before,
A warlike army's violent rage:
Thou hast given to his name,
Than that great conqueror sav'd him from, a brighter flame. [might stay,
He only left some walls where Pindar's name
Which with time and age decay:
But thou hast made him once again to live;
Thou didst to him new life and breathing give.
And, as in the last resurrection,
Thou hast made him rise more glorious, and put on
More majesty; a greater soul is given to him, by you,
Than ever he in happy Thebes or Greece could shew.

Thy David, too—
But hold thy headlong pace, my Muse;
None but the priest himself doth use
Into the holiest place to go.
Check thy young Pindaric heat,
Which makes thy pen too much to sweat;
'Tis but an infant yet,
And just now left the teat,
My Cowley's matchless pattern nurst:
Therefore it is not fit
That it should dare to speak so much at first.
No more, no more, for shame,
Let not thy verse be, as his worth is, infinite:
It is enough that thou hast learn'd, and spoke thy father's name.
He that thinks, sir, he can enough praise you,
Had need of brazen lungs and a head too.

EPIGRAM

ON A PIGMY'S DEATH.

BESTRIDE an ant, a Pigmy, great and tall,
Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall;
Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,
"Behold, base, envious world! now, now laugh on,
For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaëton!"

THE

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

THE LIFE OF HALIFAX.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THE life of the earl of Halifax was properly that of an artful and active statesman, employed in balancing parties, contriving expedients, and combating opposition, and exposed to the vicissitudes of advancement and degradation; but, in this collection, poetical merit is the claim to attention: and the account which is here to be expected may properly be proportioned not to his influence in the state, but to his rank among the writers of verse.

CHARLES MONTAGUE was born April 16, 1661, at Horton in Northamptonshire, the son of Mr. George Montague, a younger son of the earl of Manchester. He was educated first in the country, and then removed to Westminster, where, in 1677, he was chosen a king's scholar, and recommended himself to Busby by his felicity in extemporary epigrams. He contracted a very intimate friendship with Mr. Stepney; and, in 1682, when Stepney was elected at Cambridge, the election of Montague being not to proceed till the year following, he was afraid lest by being placed at Oxford he might be separated from his companion, and therefore solicited to be removed to Cambridge, without waiting for the advantages of another year.

It seems indeed time to wish for a removal; for he was already a school-boy of one-and-twenty.

His relation, Dr. Montague, was then master of the college in which he was placed a fellow-commoner, and took him under his particular care. Here he commenced an acquaintance with the great Newton, which continued through his life, and was at last attested by a legacy.

In 1685, his verses on the death of king Charles made such an impression on the earl of Dorset, that he was invited to town, and introduced by that universal patron to the other wits. In 1687, he joined with Prior in The City Mouse and the Country Mouse, a burlesque of Dryden's Hind and Panther. He signed the invitation to the prince of Orange, and sat in the convention. He about the same time married the countess dowager of Manchester, and intended to have taken orders; but afterwards altering his purpose, he purchased for 1500*l.* the place of one of the clerks of the council.

After he had written his epistle on the victory of the Boyne, his patron, Dorset, introduced him to king William, with this expression: "Sir, I have brought a *mouse* to wait on your majesty." To which the king is said to have replied, "You do well to put me in the way of making a *man* of him;" and ordered him a pension of five hundred pounds. This story, however current, seems to have been made after the event. The king's answer implies a greater acquaintance with our proverbial and familiar diction than king William could possibly have attained.

In 1691, being member of the house of commons, he argued warmly in favour of a law to grant the assistance of counsel in trials for high treason; and, in the midst of his speech falling into some confusion, was for a while silent; but, recovering himself, observed, "how reasonable it was to allow counsel to men called as criminals before a court of justice, when it appeared how much the presence of that assembly could discomfort one of their own body[1]."

After this he rose fast into honours and employments, being made one of the commissioners of the treasury, and called to the privy-council. In 1694, he became chancellor of the exchequer; and the next year engaged in the great attempt of the re-coinage, which was in two years happily completed. In 1696, he projected the general fund, and raised the credit of the exchequer; and, after inquiring concerning a grant of Irish crown-lands, it was determined by a vote of the commons, that Charles Montague, esquire, had deserved his majesty's favour. In 1698, being advanced to the first commission of the treasury, he was appointed one of the regency in the king's absence: the next year he was made auditor of the exchequer, and the year after created baron Halifax. He was, however, impeached by the commons; but the articles were dismissed by the lords.

At the accession of queen Anne he was dismissed from the council: and in the first parliament of her reign was again attacked by the commons, and again escaped by the protection of the lords. In 1704, he wrote an answer to Bromley's speech against occasional conformity. He headed the inquiry into the danger of the church. In 1706, he proposed and negotiated the union with Scotland; and when the elector of Hanover had received the garter, after the act had passed for securing the protestant succession, he was appointed to carry the ensigns of the order to the electoral court. He sat as one of the judges of Sacheverell; but voted for a mild sentence. Being now no longer in favour, he contrived to obtain a writ for summoning the electoral prince to parliament as duke of Cambridge.

At the queen's death he was appointed one of the regents; and at the accession of George the First was made earl of Halifax, knight of the garter, and first commissioner of the treasury, with a grant to his nephew of the reversion of the auditorship of the exchequer. More was not to be had, and this he kept but a little while; for, on the 19th of May, 1715, he died of an inflammation of his lungs.

Of him, who from a poet became a patron of poets, it will be readily believed that the

[1] Mr. Reed observes that this anecdote is related by Mr. Walpole, in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, of the earl of Shaftesbury, author of the Characteristics, but it appears to me to be a mistake, if we are to understand that the words were spoken by Shaftesbury at this time, when he had no seat in the house of commons; nor did the bill pass at this time, being thrown out by the house of lords. It became a law in the 7th William, when Halifax and Shaftesbury both had seats. The editors of the Biographia Britannica adopt Mr. Walpole's story, but they are not speaking of this period. The story first appeared in the Life of Lord Halifax, published in 1715. *C.*

works would not miss of celebration. Addison began to praise him early, and was followed or accompanied by other poets; perhaps by almost all, except Swift and Pope, who forebore to flatter him in his life, and after his death spoke of him, Swift with slight censure, and Pope in the character of Bufo with acrimonious contempt.

He was, as Pope says, "fed with dedications;" for Tickell affirms, that no dedication was unrewarded. To charge all unmerited praise with the guilt of flattery, and to suppose that the encomiast always knows and feels the falsehoods of his assertions, is surely to discover great ignorance of human nature and human life. In determinations depending not on rules, but on experience and comparison, judgement is always in some degree subject to affection. Very near to admiration is the wish to admire.

Every man willingly gives value to the praise which he receives, and considers the sentence passed in his favour as the sentence of discernment. We admire in a friend that understanding which selected us for confidence; we admire more, in a patron, that judgement, which, instead of scattering bounty indiscriminately, directed it to us; and, if the patron be an author, those performances which gratitude forbids us to blame, affection will easily dispose us to exalt.

To these prejudices, hardly culpable, interest adds a power always operating, though not always, because not willingly, perceived. The modesty of praise wears gradually away; and perhaps the pride of patronage may be in time so increased, that modest praise will no longer please.

Many a blandishment was practised upon Halifax, which he would never have known, had he no other attractions than those of his poetry, of which a short time has withered the beauties. It would now be esteemed no honour, by a contributor to the monthly bundles of verses, to be told, that, in strains either familiar or solemn, he sings like Montague.

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY *KING CHARLES II.*

FAREWEL, great Charles, monarch of blest renown,
The best good man that ever fill'd a throne;
Whom Nature as her highest pattern wrought,
And mix'd both sexes' virtues' in a draught;
Wisdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair.
The woman's sweetness temper'd manly wit,
And loving pow'r did, crown'd with meekness, sit;
His awful person reverence engag'd,
With mild address and tenderness assuag'd:
Thus the almighty gracious King above,
Does both command our fear, and win our love.
With wonders born, by miracles preserv'd,
A heavenly host the infant's cradle serv'd:
And men his healing empire's omen read,
When Sun with stars, and day with night agreed.
His youth for valorous patience was renown'd;
Like David, persecuted first, then crown'd:
Lov'd in all courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our nation's glory, and its shame:
They blest the isle where such great spirits dwell,
Abhorr'd the men, that could such worth expel.
To spare our lives, he meekly did defeat
Those Sauls, whom wand'ring asses made so great;
Waiting till Heaven's election should be shown,
And the Almighty should his unction own.
And own he did—his powerful arm display'd;
And Israel, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
Call'd by his people's tears, he came, he eas'd
The groaning nation, the black storms appeas'd,
Did greater blessings, than he took, afford;
England itself was more, than he, restor'd.
Unhappy Albion, by strange ills oppress'd,
In various fevers tost, could find no rest;
Quite spent and weary'd, to his arms she fled,
And rested on his shoulders her fair bending head.
In conquests mild, he came from exile kind;
No climes, no provocations, chang'd his mind;
No malice show'd, no hate, revenge, or pride,
But rul'd as meekly, as his father dy'd;
Eas'd us from endless wars, made discords cease,
Restor'd to quiet, and maintain'd in peace.
A mighty series of new time began,
And rolling years in joyful circles ran.
Then wealth the city, business fill'd the port,
To mirth our tumults turn'd, our wars to sport:
Then learning flourish'd, blooming arts did spring,
And the glad Muses prun'd their drooping wing:
Then did our flying towers improvement know,
Who now command as far as winds can blow;
With canvass wings round all the globe they fly,
And, built by Charles's art, all storms defy;
To every coast with ready sails are hurl'd,
Fill us with wealth, and with our fame the world;
From whose distractions seas do us divide;
Their riches here in floating castles ride.
We reap the swarthy Indians' sweat and toil;
Their fruit, without the mischiefs of their soil.
Here, in cool shades, their gold and pearls receive,
Free from the heat which does their lustre give.
In Persian silks, eat eastern spice; secure
From burning fluxes, and the calenture:
Under our vines, upon the peaceful shore,
We see all Europe tost, hear tempests roar:
Rapine, sword, wars, and famine, rage abroad,
While Charles their host, like Jove from Ida, aw'd;
Us from our foes, and from ourselves did shield,
Our towns from tumults, and from arms the field;
For when bold Faction goodness could disdain,
Unwillingly he us'd a straiter rein:
In the still gentle voice he lov'd to speak,
But could, with thunder, harden'd rebels break.
Yet, though they wak'd the laws, his tender mind
Was undisturb'd, in wrath severely kind;
Tempting his power, and urging to assume;
Thus Jove, in love, did Semele consume.
As the stout oak, when round his trunk the vine
Does in soft wreaths and amorous foldings twine,
Easy and slight appears; the winds from far
Summon their noisy forces to the war:
But though so gentle seems his outward form,
His hidden strength out-braves the loudest storm:
Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the field,
Showing stout minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.
So when the good man made the crowd presume,
He show'd himself, and did the king assume:
For goodness in excess may be a sin;
Justice must tame, whom mercy cannot win.

Thus winter fixes the unstable sea,
And teaches restless water constancy,
Which, under the warm influence of bright days,
The fickle motion of each blast obeys.
To bridle factions, stop rebellion's course,
By easy methods, vanquish without force;
Relieve the good, bold stubborn foes subdue,
Mildness in wrath, meekness in anger shew,
Were arts great Charles's prudence only knew.
To fright the bad, thus awful thunder rolls,
While the bright bow secures the faithful souls.
Such is thy glory, Charles, thy lasting name,
Brighter than our proud neighbour's guilty fame;
More noble than the spoils that battles yield,
Or all the empty triumphs of the field.
Tis less to conquer, than to make war cease,
And, without fighting, awe the world to peace;
For proudest triumphs from contempt arise;
The vanquish'd first the conqueror's arms despise:
Won ensigns are the gaudy marks of scorn,
They brave the victor first, and then adorn.
But peaceful monarchs reign like gods: while none
Dispute, all love, bless, reverence their throne.
Tigers and bears, with all the savage host,
May boldness, strength, and daring conquest boast;
But the sweet passions of a generous mind
Are the prerogative of human-kind;
The god-like image, on our clay imprest,
The darling attribute which Heaven loves best:
In Charles, so good a man and king, we see
A double image of the deity.
Oh! had he more resembled it! Oh, why
Was he not still more like, and could not die?
Now do our thoughts alone enjoy his name,
And faint ideas of our blessing frame!
In Thames, the Ocean's darling, England's pride,
The pleasing emblem of his reign does glide:
Thames, the support and glory of our isle,
Richer than Tagus, or Ægyptian Nile:
Though no rich sand in him, no pearls are found,
Yet fields rejoice, his meadows laugh around;
Less wealth his bosom holds, less guilty stores,
For he exhausts himself t' enrich the shores.
Mild and serene the peaceful current flows,
No angry foam, no raging surges knows;
No dreadful wrecks upon his banks appear,
His crystal stream unstain'd by widows tear,
His channel strong and easy, deep and clear.
No arbitrary inundations sweep
The ploughman's hopes, and life into the deep;
His even waters the old limits keep.
But oh! he ebbs, the smiling waves decay,
For ever, lovely stream, for ever stay!
To the black sea his silent course does bend,
Where the best streams, the longest rivers, end.
His spotless waves there undistinguish'd pass,
None see, how clear, how bounteous, sweet, he was.
No difference now, though late so much is seen,
'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine.
But, lo! the joyful tide our hopes restores,
And dancing waves extend the wid'ning shores.
James is our Charles in all things but in name:
Thus Thames is daily lost, yet still the same.

ODE

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ANNE AND PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

Whilst black designs (that direful work of Fate)
Distract the labouring state;
Whilst (like the sea) around loud discords roar,
Breaking their fury on the frighted shore;
And England does like brave Vienna stand,
Besieg'd by Infidels on either hand; [sight?
What means this peaceful train, this pompous
What means this royal beauteous pair?
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once astonish and delight;
Great Charles, and his illustrious brother here,
No bold assassinate need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found, [wound.
Nothing but Cupid's darts and Beauty here can

How grateful does this scene appear
To us, who might too justly fear
We never should have seen again
Aught bright, but armour on the plain!
Ne'er in their cheerful garb t'have seen the fair,
While all, with melting eyes and wild dishevell'd hair, [slain.
Had mourn'd their brothers, sons, and husbands,
These dusky shadows make this scene more bright;
The horrour adds to the delight.
This glorious pomp our spirits cheers; from hence
We lucky omens take, new happiness commence.

Thus, when the gathering clouds a storm prepare,
And their black force associate in the air;
(Endeavouring to eclipse the bounteous light,
Who, with kind warmth, and powerful rays,
Them to that envy'd height,
From their mean native earth, did raise)
A thoughtful sadness sits on all,
Expecting where the full-charg'd clouds will fall:
But if the heavenly bow
Deck'd, like a gaudy bride, appears,
And all her various robes displays,
Painted by the conquering Sun's triumphant rays,
It mortals drooping spirits cheers; [joy,
Fresh joy, new light, each visage wears:
Again the seamen trust the main,
The jocund swains their coverts leave again;
Again, in pleasant warbling notes, [ful throats.
The cheerful poets of the wood extend their tune-

Then, then, my Muse, raise with thy lyre thy voice,
And, with thy lays, make fields and woods rejoice:
For lo! the heavenly pledge appears,
And in bright characters the promise bears:
The factious deluge shall *prevail no more*;
In vain they foam, in vain they rage,
Buffet in vain the unmov'd shore, [assuage.
Her charms, and Charles's power, their fury shall
See! see! how decently the bashful bride
Does bear her conquest; with how little pride
She views that prince, *the captive of her charms*,
Who made the North with fear to quake,
And did that powerful empire shake;
Before whose arms, when great Gustavus led,
The frighted Roman eagles fled.

Whatever then was his desire,
His cannons did command in fire:

Now he himself for pity prays,
His love in timorous sighs he breathes,
While all his spoils, and glorious wreaths
Of laurel, at her feet the vanquish'd warrior lays.
Great prince! by that submission you'll gain more
Than e'er your haughty courage won before;
Here on your knees a greater trophy gain,
Than that you brought from Lunsden's famous plain;
Where, when your brother, fired with success,
Too daringly upon the foe did press,
And was a captive made, then you alone
Did with your single arm support the throne.
Your gen'rous breast, with fury boiling o'er,
Like lightning through their scatter'd troops you flew,
And from th' amazed foe the royal prize in triumph bore.

You have your ancestors in this one act out-done,
Though their successful arms did this whole isle o'er-run.
They, to revenge a ravish'd lady, came,
You, to enjoy one spotless as your fame:
Before them, as they march'd, the country fled,
And back behind them threw
Their curses as they flew;
On the bleak shore, expecting you, they stand,
And with glad shouts conduct to land:
Through gaping crowds you're forc'd to press your way,
While virgins sigh, the young men shout, and old ones pray.
And with this beauteous lady you may gain,
(This lady, that alone
Of greater value is than any throne)
Without that rapine, guilt, and hate,
By a calm and even fate,
That empire, which they did so short a while maintain.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION[1].

Hinc, hinc, Camœnæ, cedite inutiles,
Nam cor potenti numine gaudium
Afflavit, exultansque pectus
Corripuit meliore flammâ.
Talesque cantus fundere gestio,
Ismene, quales auribus hauseras
Utrisque, quandò Dithyrambis
Pindarus incaluit solutis.
Dum nescit æquo flumine gaudium
Prolabi, et arctis limitibus, vagè
Nunc huc redundans, nunc retrorsum,
Vorticibus furit inquietis.
Adsis, triumphos dum canimus tuos,
Adsis, Cupido, illabere pectori:
Dum personamus te, decoris
Carminibus, bona Cypris, adsis.
Cypron beatam sperne volatilis,
Huc, huc amorum septa cohortibus,
Molire gressus; ad Britannos
Cæruleos age, Diva, currus.

Fallor? an ex lævâ Convexi parte sereni
Diva vocata venit?
Ecce! citis magnum (pendens in verbere prona)
Tranat inane rotis.
Fronde comas, auroque premit pulcherrima,
Qualis adire solet. [Martem
Gaudia, Blanditias, hilari vultuque renidens
Spargit ubique Jocos.
Lascivus pictas jactantior explicat alas
Idaliusque puer.
Adventu dispersa Deæ sunt nubila, venti
Nec fremuêre minis.
Dum Nymphas una ante alias formosior omnes,
Dignaque cura Deæ,
Sic pæana canit, cœlum et modulamine complet
Vox sociata lyræ:

" Egregiam laudem, Venus, et spolia ampla refertis
Tuque, puerque tuus; si virgo Britannica victa
Agnoscat numen (mentem jam saucia) vestrum.
Si votis, si sæva ullis insueta moveri,
Aut precibus præbere suas tractabilis aures,
Illum jam sentit, quem non miserata furorem est.
" Fervidus et Daniæ princeps, cui prælia curæ,
(Detestata tibi) pictis et splendor in armis,
Qui nec militiam vestram, nec castra, Cupido,
Novit, sed flammas et inania spicula risit,
Dum trepidos Suecos ardens agit æquore campi,
Jam Venerem accipiens invicto pectore totam,
Extendit palmas ad numina læsa rebelles.

" Jam non bella placent, et lituo lyram
Præfert, atque caput Itali casside ferreâ
Urgeri solitum, divitis Itali
Unguentum redolens, suæ.

" Reclinat gremio conjugis; immemor
Somni, dumque vagis luminibus Deam
Perlustrat, roseis oscula quæ labris
Libavit sitiens bibit,

" Deponitque gravi militiâ latus
Defessum in thalamo lætus amabili:
Hâc mercede juvant vulnera, sic caput
Objecisse periculis.

" Plaudit, Dione, læta Britannia,
Olim cruentum nec meminit mare,
Fusosve cives indecorè, aut
Regna Dano populata forti;

" Hæc dum renidens vindicat omnia
Pulchris ocellis Anna, Georgium
Ducensque captivum catenis,
Per thalamum graditur triumphans.

" Tuisque surgit laudibus Haffnia,
Volvendo retrò secula præcinens,
Cum Cimber Anglo junctus omni
Det trepido sura jura mundo.

" Iö Dione! Succia jam canit,
Pulsos colonos dum neque fulgidis
Deterret armis, nec tremendo
Georgius indomitus tumultu.

" Vos, par beatum, ter, ter et amplius,
Vos obligatam ferte Deæ dapem,
Semperque amantes hanc benignam
Perpetuo celebrate plausu!"

CAROLUS MONTAGU, *Generosus, et A. M. Trin. Coll*

[1] From the Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683.—See the preceding poem by Mr. Montagu, in English, on the same occasion. This Latin Ode (or rather MEDLEY) is much better than his English piece. KYNASTON.

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

OCCASIONED BY

A POSTSCRIPT OF PENN'S LETTER.

Not all the threats or favour of a crown,
A prince's whisper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the spirit, or allure the mind,
Of him, who to strict honour is inclin'd.
Though all the pomp and pleasure that does wait
On public places, and affairs of state,
Should fondly court him to be base and great;
With even passions, and with settled face,
He would remove the harlot's false embrace.
Though all the storms and tempests should arise,
That church-magicians in their cells advise,
And from their settled basis nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence contemn them all,
And decently array'd in honours fall.
For this, brave Shrewsbury and Lumley's name
Shall stand the foremost in the list of Fame;
Who first with steady minds the current broke,
And to the suppliant monarch boldly spoke:
"Great sir, renown'd for constancy, how just
Have we obey'd the crown, and serv'd our trust,
Espous'd your cause and interest in distress,
Yourself must witness, and our foes confess!
Permit us then ill Fortune to accuse,
That you at last unhappy councils use,
And ask the only thing we must refuse.
Our lives and fortunes freely we'll expose,
Honour alone we cannot, must not lose;
Honour, that spark of the celestial fire,
That above Nature makes mankind aspire;
Ennobles the rude passions of our frame
With thirst of glory and desire of fame;
The richest treasure of a generous breast,
That gives the stamp and standard to the rest.
Wit, strength, and courage, are wild dangerous force,
Unless this softens and directs their course;
And would you rob us of the noblest part?
Accept a sacrifice without a heart?
'Tis much beneath the greatness of a throne,
To take the casket when the jewel's gone;
Debauch our principles, corrupt our race,
And teach the nobles to be false and base;
What confidence can you in them repose,
Who, ere they serve you, all their value lose?
Who once enslave their conscience to their lust,
Have lost their reins, and can no more be just.
"Of honour, men at first like women nice,
Raise maiden scruples at unpractis'd vice;
Their modest nature curbs the struggling flame,
And stifles what they wish to act with shame:
But once this fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taste forbidden fruit and live;
They stop not here their course, but, safely in,
Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in sin;
True to no principles, press forward still,
And only bound by appetite their will:
Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
But shift with every veering blast their sails.
Mark those that meanly truckle to your power,
They once deserted, and chang'd sides before,
And would to morrow Mahomet adore.
On higher springs true men of honour move,
Free is their service, and unbought their love:
When Danger calls and Honour leads the way,
With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
And shook with gathering multitudes the throne,
Where were the minions then? What arm, what force,
Could they oppose to stop the torrent's course?
"Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly stood,
Free of their lives, and lavish of their blood;
But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
With the same constancy they all resign."
Thus spake the youth, who open'd first the way,
And was the Phosph'rus to the dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious splendid host,
Than any age, or any realm can boast:
So great their fame, so numerous their train,
To name were endless, and to praise in vain:
But Herbert and great Oxford merit more;
Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar;
So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding wonder, and surpassing fame;
Rise, glorious church, erect thy radiant head;
The storm is past, th' impending tempest fled;
Had Fate decreed thy ruin or disgrace,
It had not given such sons so brave a race;
When for destruction Heaven a realm designs,
The symptoms first appear in slavish minds.
These men would prop a sinking nation's weight,
Stop falling vengeance, and reverse ev'n fate.
Let other nations boast their fruitful soil,
Their fragrant spices, their rich wine and oil;
In breathing colours, and in living paint,
Let them excel; their mastery we grant.
But to instruct the mind, to arm the soul
With virtue which no dangers can control;
Exalt the thought, a speedy courage lend,
That horrour cannot shake, or pleasure bend;
These are the English arts, these we profess,
To be the same in misery and success;
To teach oppressors law, assist the good,
Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud.
Such are our souls: but what doth worth avail
When kings commit to hungry priests the scale?
All merit's light when they dispose the weight,
Who either would embroil or rule the state,
Defame those heroes who their yoke refuse,
And blast that honesty they cannot use;
The strength and safety of the crown destroy,
And the king's power against himself employ;
Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave;
Bereft of these, he must become their slave.
Men, like our money, come the most in play,
For being base, and of a coarse allay.
The richest medals, and the purest gold,
Of native value and exactest mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private closets shine,
For vulgar use too precious and too fine;
Whilst tin and copper with new stamping bright
Coin of base metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the business of the nation's turn,
Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in scorn;
So shining virtues are for courts too bright,
Whose guilty actions fly the searching light:
Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to fools, whose rash misjudging sense
Increases the weak measures of their prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor see those dangers which the others shun:

Who, slow to act, each business duly weigh,
Advise with freedom, and with care obey;
With wisdom fatal to their interest, strive
To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive.
Such have no place where priests and women reign,
Who love fierce drivers, and a looser rein.

AN EPISTLE

TO

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S VICTORY IN IRELAND, 1690.

WHAT! shall the king the nation's genius raise,
And make us rival our great Edward's days;
Yet not one Muse, worthy a conqueror's name,
Attend his triumphs, and record his fame?
Oh, Dorset! you alone this fault can mend,
The Muses' darling, confident, and friend;
The poets are your charge, and, if unfit,
You should be fin'd to furnish abler wit;
Oblig'd to quit your ease, and draw again,
To paint the greatest hero, the best pen.
A hero, who thus early doth out-shine
The ancient honours of his glorious line;
And, soaring more sublimely to renown,
The memory of their pious triumphs drown;
Whose actions are deliver'd o'er to Fame,
As types and figures of his greater name.
When Fate some mighty genius has design'd,
For the relief and wonder of mankind,
Nature takes time to answer the intent,
And climbs, by slow degrees, the steep ascent:
She toils and labours with the growing weight,
And watches carefully the steps of Fate;
Till all the seeds of Providence unite,
To set the hero in a happy light;
Then, in a lucky and propitious hour,
Exerts her force, and calls forth all her power.
In Nassau's race she made this long essay:
Heroes and patriots prepar'd the way,
And promis'd, in their dawn, this brighter day;
A public spirit distinguish'd all the line,
Successive virtues in each branch did shine,
Till this last glory rose, and crown'd the great design.
Blest be his name! and peaceful lie his grave,
Who durst his native soil, lost Holland, save!
But William's genius takes a wider scope,
And gives the injur'd, in all kingdoms, hope;
Born to subdue insulting tyrants' rage,
The ornament and terrour of the age;
The refuge where afflicted nations find
Relief from those oppressors of mankind,
Whom laws restrain not, and no oaths can bind.
Him, their deliverer Europe does confess,
All tongues extol, and all religions bless;
The Po, the Danube, Bœtis, and the Rhine,
United in his praise, their wonder join;
While, in the public cause, he takes the field,
And shelter'd nations fight behind his shield.
His foes themselves dare not applause refuse:
And shall such actions want a faithful Muse?
Poets have this to boast: without their aid,
The freshest laurels nipp'd by malice, fade,
And virtue to oblivion is betray'd:
The proudest honours have a narrow date,
Unless they vindicate their names from Fate
But who is equal to sustain the part?
Dryden has numbers, but he wants a heart;
Injoin'd a penance, which is too severe
For playing once the fool, to persevere.
Others, who knew the trade, have laid it down;
And, looking round, I find you stand alone.
How sir, can you, or any English Muse,
Our country's fame, our monarch's arms, refuse?
'Tis not my want of gratitude, but skill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
I cannot sing of conquest as I ought,
And my breath fails to swell a lofty note.
I know my compass, and my Muse's size,
She loves to sport and play, but dares not rise:
Idly affects, in this familiar way,
In easy numbers loosely to convey,
What mutual friendship would at distance say.
Poets assume another tone and voice,
When victory's their theme, and arms their choice.
To follow heroes in the chase of fame,
Asks force and heat, and fancy wing'd with flame.
What words can paint the royal warrior's face?
What colours can the figure boldly raise,
When cover'd o'er with comely dust and smoke,
He pierc'd the foe, and thickest squadrons broke?
His bleeding arm, still painful with the sore,
Which, in his people's cause, the pious father bore:
Whom, cleaving through the troops a glorious way,
Not the united force of France and Hell could stay.
Oh, Dorset! I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
And, if my strength could answer my desire,
In speaking paint this figure should be seen,
Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mien;
And gods descending should adorn the scene.
See, see! upon the banks of Boyne he stands,
By his own view adjusting his commands:
Calm and serene the armed coast surveys,
And, in cool thoughts, the different chances weighs:
Then, fir'd with fame, and eager of renown,
Resolves to end the war, and fix the throne.
From wing to wing the squadrons bending stand,
And close their ranks to meet their king's command;
The drums and trumpets sleep, the sprightly noise
Of neighing steeds, and cannons' louder voice,
Suspended in attention, banish far
All hostile sounds, and hush the din of war:
The silent troops stretch forth an eager look,
Listening with joy, while thus their general spoke:
"Come, fellow-soldiers, follow me once more,
And fix the fate of Europe on that shore;
Your courage only waits from me the word,
But England's happiness commands my sword:
In her defence I every part will bear,
The soldier's danger, and the prince's care,
And envy any arm an equal share.
Set all that's dear to men before your sight;
For laws, religion, liberty, we fight;
To save your wives from rape, your towns from flame,
Redeem your country sold, and vindicate her name;
At whose request and timely call I rose,
To tempt my fate, and all my hopes expose;
Struggled with adverse storms and winter seas,
That in my labonrs you might find your ease.
Let other monarchs dictate from afar,
And write the empty triumphs of the war:

In lazy palaces supinely rust;
My sword shall justify my people's trust,
For which—but I your victory delay;
Come on; I and my genius lead the way."
He said, new life and joy ran through the host,
And sense of danger in their wonder lost;
Precipitate they plunge into the flood,
In vain, the waves, the banks, the men, withstood:
The king leads on, the king does all inflame,
The king—and carries millions in the name.
As when the swelling ocean bursts his bounds,
And, foaming, overwhelms the neighbouring grounds,
The roaring deluge, rushing headlong on,
Sweeps cities in its course, and bears whole forests down;
So on the foe the firm battalions prest,
And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the rest;
Fierce, gallant, young, he shot through every place,
Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chase;
He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their face.
Stop! stop! brave prince! allay that generous flame,
Enough is given to England and to fame.
Remember, sir, you in the centre stand,
Europe's divided interests you command,
All their designs uniting in your hand:
Down from your throne descends the golden chain,
Which does the fabric of our world sustain;
That once dissolv'd by any fatal stroke,
The scheme of all our happiness is broke.
Stop! stop! brave prince! fleets may repair again,
And routed armies rally on the plain;
But ages are requir'd to raise so great a man!
Hear how the waves of French ambition roar,
Disdaining bounds, and breaking on the shore,
Which you, ordain'd to curb their wild destructive power,
That strength remov'd; again, again, they flow,
Lay Europe waste, nor law, nor limits know.
Stop! stop! brave prince!—what, does your Muse, sir, faint?
Proceed, pursue his conquests—faith, I can't:
My spirits sink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and fury carry'd me thus far
Transported and amaz'd ———
That rage once spent, I can no more sustain
Your flights, your energies, and tragic strain,
But fall back to my natural pace again;
In humble verse provoking you to rhyme;
I wish there were more Dorsets at this time.
Oh! if in France this hero had been born,
What glittering tinsel would his acts adorn!
There 'tis immortal fame and high renown,
To steal a country, and to buy a town:
There triumphs are o'er kings and kingdoms sold,
And captive Virtue led in chains of gold.
If courage could, like courts, be kept in pay,
What sums would Lewis give, that France might say
That victory follow'd where he led the way?
He all his conquests would for this refund,
And take th' equivalent, a glorious wound.
Then, what advice, to spread his real fame,
Would pass between Versailles and Nôtredame?
Their plays, their songs, would dwell upon his wound,
And operas repeat no other sound;
Boyne would, for ages, be the painter's theme,
The Gobelins' labour, and the poets dream:
The wounded arm would furnish all their rooms,
And bleed for ever scarlet in the looms:
Boileau with this would plume his artful pen:
And can your Muse be silent? Think again.
Spare your advice; and since you have begun,
Finish your own design; the work is done.
Done! nothing's done! nor the dead colours laid,
And the most glorious scenes stand undisplay'd;
A thousand generous actions close the rear;
A thousand virtues, still behind, stand crowding to appear.
The queen herself, the charming queen should grace
The noble piece, and in an artful place
Soften war's horrour with her lovely face.
Who can omit the queen's auspicious smile,
The pride of the fair sex, the goddess of our isle?
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
Her fears for him, her prudence for the state?
Disguising cares, she smooth'd her looks with grace,
Doubts in her heart, and pleasure in her face.
As danger did approach, her spirits rose,
And, putting on the king, dismay'd his foes.
Now, all in joy, she gilds the cheerful court;
In every glance descending angels sport.
As on the hills of Cynthus, or the meads
Of cool Eurotas, when Diana leads
The chorus of her nymphs, who there advance
A thousand shining maids, and form the dance;
The stately goddess with a graceful pride,
Sweet and majestic, does the figure guide,
Treading in just and easy measures round;
The silver arrows on her shoulder sound;
She walks above them all. Such is the scene
Of the bright circle, and the brighter queen.
These subjects do, my lord, your skill command,
These none may touch with an unhallow'd hand:
Tender the strokes must be, and nicely writ,
Disguis'd encomiums must be hid in wit,
Which modesty, like theirs, will e'er admit,
Who made no other steps to such a throne,
But to deserve, and to receive, the crown.

WRITTEN AT ALTHROP,

IN A BLANK LEAF OF WALLER'S POEMS,

Upon seeing Vandyke's picture of the old lady Sunderland.

VANDYKE had colours, softness, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire,
And Sacharissa was his fond desire.
Why then at Althrop seem her charms to faint,
In these sweet numbers and that glowing paint?
This happy seat a fairer mistress warms;
This shining offspring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brightest Sacharissa join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could soar;
But she ne'er made a finish'd piece before.

VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

Dutchess of St. ALBANS.

THE line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Albans charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race com- [plete;
They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

Dutchess of BEAUFORT.

Offspring of a tuneful sire,
Blest with more than mortal fire;
Likeness of a mother's face,
Blest with more than mortal grace;
You with double charms surprise,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

Lady MARY CHURCHILL.

Fairest and latest of the beauteous race, [face;
Blest with your parents wit, and her first blooming
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

Dutchess of RICHMOND.

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boast,
Theirs was the first, and ours the brightest toast;
Th' adorers' offerings prove who's most divine,
They sacrific'd in water, we in wine.

Lady SUNDERLAND.

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear:
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

Mademoiselle SPANHEIME.

Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in France,
Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
The stubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
And with their native toasts enrol your name.

ON THE

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF ——.

COURAGE, dear Moll, and drive away despair.
Mopsa, who in her youth was scarce thought fair,
In spite of age, experience, and decays,
Sets up for charming, in her fading days;
Snuffs her dim eyes to give one parting blow,
Have at the heart of every ogling beau!
This goodly goose, all feather'd like a jay,
So gravely vain, and so demurely gay,
Last night, t' adorn the court, did overload
Her bald buff forehead with a high commode:
Her steps were manag'd with such tender art,
As if each board had been a lover's heart.
In all her air, in every glance, was seen
A mixture strange, 'twixt fifty and fifteen.
Admiring fops about her crowding press;
Hambden himself delivers their address,
Which she, accepting with a nice disdain,
Owns them her subjects, and begins to reign:
Fair queen of Fopland is her royal style;
Fopland! the greatest part of this great isle!
Nature did ne'er so equally divide
A female heart, 'twixt piety and pride:
Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
And, all in order, on her toilet lay [paint;
Prayer-books, patch-boxes, sermon notes, and
At once t' improve the sinner and the saint.
Farewel, friend Moll: expect no more from me;
But if you would a full description see,
You'll find her somewhere in the Litany,
With Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocrisy.

VERSES BY LORD HALIFAX.

FROM DR. Z. GREY'S MSS.

ALL the materials are the same
Of beauty and desire,
In a fair woman's goodly frame
No brightness is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.
Then tell me what those creatures are,
That would be thought both chaste and fair?

Go ask but thy philosophy
What gives her lips the balm,
What makes her breasts to heave so high,
What spirit gives motion to her eye,
Or moisture to her palm?
Then tell me, &c.

Ah Cælia, then, be not so nice,
For that betrays thy thoughts and thee;
There's not a feature or a grace
Bedecks thy body or thy face,
But pimps within for me.
Then tell me, &c.

ON

ORPHEUS

AND

SIGNORA FRANCISCA MARGARITA.

HAIL, tuneful pair! say, by what wond'rous charms, [arms?
One 'scap'd from Hell, and one from Greber's
When the soft Thracian touch'd the trembling strings, [wings:
The winds were hush'd, and curl'd their airy
And when the tawny Tuscan rais'd her strain,
Rook furls his sails, and dozes on the main.
Treaties unfinish'd in the office sleep,
And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.
Thus equal charms and equal conquests claim;
To him high woods and bending timber came,
To her shrub Hedges, and tall Nottingham.

THE

POEMS

OF

THOMAS PARNELL, D.D.

INCLUDING

THOSE PUBLISHED BY MR. POPE,

AND HIS

POEMS MORAL AND DIVINE.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori. HOR.

THE

LIFE OF PARNELL.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THE life of doctor Parnell is a task which I should very willingly decline, since it has been lately written by Goldsmith, a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness.

What such an author has told, who would tell again? I have made an abstract from his larger narrative; and have this gratification from my attempt, that it gives me an opportunity of paying due tribute to the memory of Goldsmith.

Τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἔστι θανόντων

THOMAS PARNELL was the son of a commonwealthsman of the same name, who, at the Restoration, left Congleton in Cheshire, where the family had been established for several centuries, and, settling in Ireland, purchased an estate, which, with his lands in Cheshire, descended to the poet, who was born at Dublin in 1679; and, after the usual education at a grammar-school, was, at the age of thirteen, admitted into the college, where, in 1700, he became master of arts; and was the same year ordained a deacon, though under the canonical age, by a dispensation from the bishop of Derry.

About three years afterwards he was made a priest; and in 1705 Dr. Ashe, the bishop of Clogher, conferred upon him the archdeaconry of Clogher. About the same year he married Mrs. Anne Minchin, an amiable lady, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and a daughter who long survived him.

At the ejection of the Whigs, in the end of queen Anne's reign, Parnell was persuaded to change his party, not without much censure from those whom he forsook, and was received by the new ministry as a valuable reinforcement. When the earl of Oxford was told that Dr. Parnell waited among the crowd in the outer room, he went, by the

persuasion of Swift, with his treasurer's staff in his hand, to inquire for him, and to bid him welcome; and, as may be inferred from Pope's dedication, admitted him as a favourite companion to his convivial hours, but, as it seems often to have happened in those times to the favourites of the great, without attention to his fortune, which, however, was in no great need of improvement.

Parnell, who did not want ambition or vanity, was desirous to make himself conspicuous, and to show how worthy he was of high preferment. As he thought himself qualified to become a popular preacher, he displayed his elocution with great success in the pulpits of London; but the queen's death putting an end to his expectations, abated his diligence; and Pope represents him as falling from that time into intemperance of wine. That in his latter life he was too much a lover of the bottle, is not denied; but I have heard it imputed to a cause more likely to obtain forgiveness from mankind, the untimely death of a darling son; or, as others tell, the loss of his wife, who died (1712) in the midst of his expectations.

He was now to derive every future addition to his preferments from his personal interest with his private friends, and he was not long unregarded. He was warmly recommended by Swift to archbishop King, who gave him a prebend in 1713; and in May 1716 presented him to the vicarage of Finglass, in the diocese of Dublin, worth four hundred pounds a year. Such notice from such a man inclines me to believe, that the vice of which he has been accused was not gross, or not notorious.

But his prosperity did not last long. His end, whatever was its cause, was now approaching. He enjoyed his preferment little more than a year; for in July 1717, in his thirty-eighth year, he died at Chester on his way to Ireland.

He seems to have been one of those poets who take delight in writing. He contributed to the papers of that time, and probably published more than he owned. He left many compositions behind him, of which Pope selected those which he thought best, and dedicated them to the earl of Oxford. Of these Goldsmith has given an opinion, and his criticism it is seldom safe to contradict. He bestows just praise upon The Rise of Woman, The Fairy Tale, and the Pervigilium Veneris; but has very properly remarked, that in The Battle of Mice and Frogs the Greek names have not in English their original effect.

He tells us, that The Book Worm is borrowed from Beza; but he should have added with modern applications; and, when he discovers that Gay Bacchus is translated from Augurellus, he ought to have remarked, that the latter part is purely Parnell's. Another poem, When Spring comes on, is, he says, taken from the French. I would add, that the description of Barrenness, in his verses to Pope, was borrowed from Secundus; but lately searching for the passage, which I had formerly read, I could not find it. The Night-piece on Death is indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's Church-yard; but, in my opinion, Gray has the advantage of dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment. He observes, that the story of the Hermit is in More's Dialogues and Howell's Letters, and supposes it to have been originally Arabian.

Goldsmith has not taken any notice of the Elegy to the old Beauty, which is, perhaps, the meanest; nor of the Allegory on Man, the happiest of Parnell's performances. The hint of the Hymn to Contentment I suspect to have been borrowed from Cleiveland.

The general character of Parnell is not great extent of comprehension, or fertility of mind. Of the little that appears still less is his own. His praise must be derived from

the easy sweetness of his diction: in his verses there is more happiness than pains; he is sprightly without effort, and always delights, though he never ravishes; every thing is proper, yet every thing seems casual. If there is some appearance of elaboration in the Hermit, the narrative, as it is less[1] airy is less pleasing. Of his other compositions it is impossible to say whether they are the productions of Nature, so excellent as not to want the help of Art, or of Art so refined as to resemble Nature.

This criticism relates only to the pieces published by Pope. Of the large appendages which I find in the last edition, I can only say, that I know not whence they came, nor have ever inquired whither they are going. They stand upon the faith of the compilers.

[1] Dr. Warton asks, "less than what?" *C.*

POEMS

OF

DR. PARNELL.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD,

AND

EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in every strain;
Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear—in vain!
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend:
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays:
Who, careless now, of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride;
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Interest calls off all her sneaking train,
When all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewel.
Ev'n now she shades thy evening-walk with bays,
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
Ev'n now observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day;
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

A. POPE.

Sept. 25, 1721.

HESIOD:

OR,

THE RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT ancient times (those times we fancy wise)
Have left on long record of woman's rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail);
Ye modern beauties! where the poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens beware
How Heaven 's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.
In days of yore (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,
(Our author's song can witness) liv'd on Earth:
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began:
"O vers'd in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire,
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
As suits the counsel of a god to find;
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
Which felt the curse, yet covets still to feel."
He said, and Vulcan straight the sire commands,
To temper mortar with etherial hands;
In such a shape to mould a rising fair,
As virgin goddesses are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the sire ordain'd; the power obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.
As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms:
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.

Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind;
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd;
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle swimming walk, the courteous sink;
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown;
For decent yielding, looks declining down;
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold-scepter'd Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide;
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.
Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid
To twirle the spindle by the twisting thread;
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long weft, and close the web with art,
An useful gift; but what profuse expense,
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young Hermes next, a close contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod;
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;
The price of favours; the designing arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilfering temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleasing colours of the art of praise;
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred Virgins whom the bards revere
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,
To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictured Loves on every cover play'd;
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the close indented comb
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores; the purpled Hours
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flowers;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature, finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:
Then, conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through Time's deep cave, the sister Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

"Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die:
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

"Men born to labour, all with pains providing;
Women have time to sacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show;
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

"Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports;
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.

"Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!
The curse is general, but the blessing chance."

Thus sung the sisters, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end:
Then bid the winds, that fly to breathe the spring
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
The present treacherous, but the bearer more;
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wondering he ran to catch the falling star:
But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns,
He calls her nymph, and every nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teaze,
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down;
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.

"Now take what Jove design'd," she softly cry'd,
"This box thy portion, and myself the bride."
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone,
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And Heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep:
But, whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies!

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.

For him the nymphs in green forsook the woods,
For him the nymphs in blue forsook the floods;
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the secret cave.
No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And, poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.
When woman came, those ills the box confin'd
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew:
The nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And altering Nature wore a sickly face:
New terms of folly rose, new states of care;
New plagues, to suffer, and to please, the fair!
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd with the breach of leagues;
The mean designs of well-dissembled love;
The sordid matches never join'd above:
Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
(Man's double sufferings for domestic joys)
The curse of jealousy; expense and strife;
Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;
The rival's sword; the qualm that takes the fair;
Disdain for passion, passion in despair—
These, and a thousand yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah fear the thousand yet unnam'd behind!
Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,
The mountain echoed, and the valley rung,
The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,
The crystal Helicon forebore to flow,
The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)
The Muses came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
Though when it happen'd no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.
Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair, for amorous play
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:
But swelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower;
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her steps, to make its author known.
It chanc'd one evening, 'twas the lover's day,
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Hesiod, wandering, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene;
A strong suspicion straight possess their mind,
(For poets ever were a gentle kind)
But when Evanthe near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,
"Now take" (at once they cry) "thy due reward,"
And, urg'd with erring rage, assault the bard.
His corpse the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
('Twas all the gods would do) the corpse to shore.
Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;
I see the Muses round the body cry,
But here a Cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.
"Here Hesiod lies: ye future bards, beware
How far your moral tales incense the fair.
Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;
Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed:
He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,
And Hesiod dy'd for joys he never knew."

SONG.

"When thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

"But when, without art,
Your kind thought you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein:
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you 're a woman again."

"There's a passion and pride
In our sex," she reply'd,
"And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

SONG.

Thyrsis, a young and amorous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart subdue:
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's easy shape and air
With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And seems for each to die;
Till, each a little spiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's shape ran down,
And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes which love could only blind;
So set the lover free:
No more he haunts the grove or stream,
Or with a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

"Ah, Cælia!" sly Sabina cry'd,
"Though neither love, we 're both deny'd;
Now to support the sex's pride,
Let either fix the dart."

"Poor girl," says Cælia, "say no more;
For should the swain but one adore,
That spite, which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart."

SONG.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

My days have been so wond'rous free,
The little birds, that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make fair Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

ANACREONTIC.

When spring came on with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,
While easy breezes, softer rain,
And warmer suns, salute the plain;
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.
Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where-e'er she trod, 'twas green beneath;
Where-e'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.
Rais'd on a bank where daisies grew,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Aside, a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd, wait to fly.
When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing Graces, idle joy,
Wanton smiles, and airy play
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them sing to Love,
Sitting, hopping, fluttering, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.
'T is thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.
From the towering eagle's plume
The generous hearts accept their doom;
Shot by the peacock's painted eye,
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The shafts are speckled by the hen:
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts;
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the sparrow stung,
Down fall the wanton and the young:
And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.
All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove,
"And see," says Love, "who call'd me near,
How much I deal with Nature here;
How both support a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart:
Then cease for souls averse to sigh,
If Nature cross you, so do I;
My weapon there unfeather'd lies,
And shakes and shuffles through the skies.
But if the mutual charms I find
By which she links you mind to mind,
They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,
And strike from both, through both your hearts."

ANACREONTIC.

Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's[1] wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;
For wine makes love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly god,
Each sweet engaging Grace
Put on some clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
A lady of the sky;
While Bacchus swore he 'd drink the lass,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus tost his brimmers o'er,
And always got the most;
Jocus took care to fill him more
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch;
He fill'd and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis said, they did so then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,
By reckoning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his stammering tongue,
With all his staggering gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

[1] A celebrated comedian and tavern-keeper.

Such talk soon set them all at odds;
And had I Homer's pen,
I'd sing ye, how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who make them soon agree:
Nay, had the Furies selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept some darts to stir the cup,
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
And gayly wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline;
And Venus close embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat;
Where boon companions gravely sit
In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Jocus still behind,
For one fresh glass prepare;
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our instructive song;
For though such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A FAIRY TALE,

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies danc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he 'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above:
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approached near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay,
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cry'd;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dreed," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made,
As heart and lip desire,
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But, now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;

Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul uncath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee Edwin for a while,
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less:
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies brarly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elphin show,
His spirits in him dye:
When Oberon cries, "A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faultering, ay for ruth,
Entreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

"Ah, losel vile," at once they roar:
"And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come, we know:
Now has thy kestrel courage fell;
And fairies, since a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the whispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoise, in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never spell by fairie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
By fortune seem design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

THE

VIGIL OF VENUS.

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF JULIUS CÆSAR, AND BY SOME ASCRIBED TO CATULLUS.

LET those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

The Spring, the new, the warbling Spring ap-
The youthful season of reviving years; [pears,
In Spring the Loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather'd nation choose their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain,
And drest in differing greens adorn the plain.
She comes; to morrow Beauty's empress roves
Through walks that winding run within the groves;
She twines the shooting myrtle into bowers,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers,
Then rais'd sublimely on her easy throne,
From Nature's powerful dictates draws her own.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood;
Wandering in circles stood the finny crew,
The midst was left a void expanse of blue,
There parent ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
She paints the purple year with vary'd show,
Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow.
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees.
When gathering damps the misty nights diffuse,
She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
Bright trembling pearls depend at every spray;
And, kept from falling, seem to fall away.
A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves
(The drops descending through the silent night,
While stars serenely roll their golden light):
Close till the morn, her humid veil she holds;
Then deckt with virgin pomp the flower unfolds.
Soon will the morning blush: ye maids! prepare,
In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair;
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus shed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
From Love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richest lustre makes her purple bright;
And she to morrow weds; the sporting gale
Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil;
Through all her sweets the rifling lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay nymphs, and sends her tender love.
And shall they venture? Is it safe to go,
While nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarm'd, and undesigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.
And yet, ye nymphs, beware; his eyes have charms;
And Love that's naked, still is Love in arms.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train complete with modest airs:
"Chaste Delia, grant our suit! or shun the wood,
Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.
Venus, O Delia! if she could persuade,
Would ask thy presence, might she ask a maid."
Here cheerful quires for three auspicious nights
With songs prolong the pleasurable rites:
Here crouds in measure lightly-decent rove;
Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flowrets strow the scenes of love.
Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves;
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:
Here wit's enchanting god, in laurel crown'd,
Wakes all the ravish'd Hours with silver sound.
Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,
And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there presides; and there the favourite band
(Her smiling Graces) share the great command.
Now, beauteous Hybla! dress thy flowery beds
With all the pride the lavish season sheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the presence of the gentle court,
From every quarter rural nymphs resort, [vales,
From woods, from mountains, from their humble
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles seats them round the bank of green;
And, "Lovely girls," she whispers, "guard your hearts:
My boy, though stript of arms, abounds in arts."
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,
Let early flowers erect their painted head,
To morrow's glory be to morrow seen,
That day, old Ether wedded Earth in green,
The vernal father bid the Spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
And all the various sorts of soul began.
By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins
Distilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,
Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land and circling sea;
With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
'Twas she the parent, to the Latian shore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.
She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
And, winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.
Decoy'd by shows, the Sabine dames she led,
And taught our vigorous youth the way to wed.
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine
Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns;
The life of Beauty fills the rural scenes;
Ev'n Love (if Fame the truth of Love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow pregnant Beauty prest,
She laid her infant on its flowery breast,
From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.
Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,
Who bleating follow through the wandering shade.
And now the goddess bids the birds appear,
Raise all their music, and salute the year:
Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song
Runs o'er the water where he sails along:
While Philomela turns a treble strain,
And from the poplar charms the listening plain.
We fancy love exprest at every note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.

Of barbarous Tereus she complains no more,
But sings for pleasure, as for grief before.
And still her graces rise, her airs extend,
And all is silence till the syren end.
How long in coming is my lovely Spring!
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing;
Sweet Philomela, cease;—Or here I sit,
And silent lose my rapturous hour of wit:
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.
His own Amycle thus, as stories run,
But once was silent, and that once undone.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

HOMER'S
BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:
OR, THE
BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

Names of the Frogs.

Physignathus, one who swells his cheeks.
Pelus, a name for mud.
Hydromeduse, a ruler in the waters.
Hypsiboas, a loud bawler.
Pelion, from mud.
Scutlæus, called from the bees.
Polyphonus, a great babler.
Lymnocharis, one who loves the lake.
Crambophagus, a cabbage-eater.
Lymnisius, called from the lake.
Calaminthius, from the herb.
Hydrocaris, who loves the water.
Borborocates, who lies in the mud.
Prassophagus, an eater of garlic.
Pelusius, from mud.
Pelobates, who walks in the dirt.
Pressæus, called from garlic.
Craugasides, from croaking.

Names of the Mice.

Psycarpax, one who plunders granaries.
Troxartas, a bread-eater.
Lychomile, a licker of meal.
Pternotractas, a bacon-eater.
Lychopynax, a licker of dishes.
Embasichytros, a creeper into pots.
Lychenor, a name for licking.
Troglodytes, one who runs into holes.
Artophagus, who feeds on bread.
Tyroglyphus, a cheese-scooper.
Pternoglyphus, a bacon-scooper.
Pternophagus, a bacon-eater.
Cnissodioctes, one who follows the steam of kitchens.
Sitophagus, an eater of wheat.
Meridarpax, one who plunders his share.

BOOK I.

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire!
From Helicon's embowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer;
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threatening mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal powers.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muse records the tale of Fame.
Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And just escap'd the stretching claws of Death,
A gentle mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,
Fled swift of foot across the neighbouring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
And dipp'd his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous frog advanc'd his head,
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding, said,
"What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?
What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless mouse in thee.
If worthy, friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
And entering view the pleasurable lake;
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare:
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Great Physignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
Where, by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port, proclaim
A scepter'd king; a son of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes."
Thus ceas'd the frog, and thus the mouse replies.
"Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartas' line, whose sleeky down
In love compress'd Lychomile the brown.
My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where-e'er her father Pternotractas reigns.
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
But, since our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendship grow?
These curling waters o'er thy palace roll:
But man's high food supports my princely soul:
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye.
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale;
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight,
Though large to mine the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear,
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And six indented wounds with dextrous skill,
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that false trap, the den of silent Fate,
Where Death his ambush plants around the bait:
All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest,

If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race,
But me, nor stalks nor waterish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
The lake-resounding frogs selected fare,
Which not a mouse of any taste can bear."
As thus the downy prince his mind exprest,
His answer thus the croaking king addrest:
"Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, strang r, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee through:
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state."
He said, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
He sighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for shore:
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar,
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:
"So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the venturous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah, safe at last, may thus the frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court!"
As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra rose;
He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves,
Confus'd the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives, to shun the sable fates below.
Forgetful frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with Fate in vain.
The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage exprest:
"Nor thou, that fling'st me floundering from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing!
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But Heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes:
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers rise!"
This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd,
His death the young Lychopynax espy'd,
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away,
Loud shrieks the mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs sound,
And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge, the sacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the rising Sun;
Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains.
Psycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore;
Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

When rosy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds,
Slow rose the sovereign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, addrest:
"For lost Psycarpax much my soul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldest perish'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the Fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Physignathus, dy'd;
Rouse all to war, my friends! avenge the deed;
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed."
His words in every breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms.
In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound their bracing corselet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:
The lamp's round boss affords them ample shield;
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze,
Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear;
The wondering frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsake the waters, thickening form a ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.
When near the crowd, disclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his word express'd his king's command:
"Ye frogs! the mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance:
Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth those frogs that have the soul to die."
The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling yet perplex'd appear:
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame:
"O friends! I never forc'd the mouse to death,
Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try'd,
And, venturous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head,
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty mice.
Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave frog his obvious mouse arrest;

Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flash the waters; and the shores resound:
The frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain."
He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close;
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the vary'd shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field:
And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poise the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.
But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods assume their golden seats:
The sire superior leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes stride,
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride!
What eager fire their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes.
This seen, the Power his sacred visage rears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the mice, or who the frogs assist?
Then thus to Pallas: "If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the mice, why stays she still behind?
Drawn forth by savoury steams they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the goddess of the feast."
Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies.
But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd maid replies:
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead,
To such thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil.
(Ills following ills!) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine!
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot, and crost the silver thread;
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve
(The gods, that use no coin, have none to give,
And learning's goddess never less can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below).
Nor let the frogs to win my succour sue,
Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight,
When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;
Lo, from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings half the nation rose:
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear;
Let heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.
Some daring mouse may meet the wondrous odds,
Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you."
So mov'd the blue-ey'd queen; her words per-
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd. [suade,

BOOK III.

Now front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line:
The chiefs conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud signal to the rushing war; [sound,
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets
The sounding charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horrour nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.
First to the fight large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin slew.
The luckless warrior, fill'd with generous flame,
Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame;
When, in his liver struck, the javelin hung,
The mouse fell thundering, and the target rung;
Prone to the ground, he sinks his closing eye,
And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.
A spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast,
The missive spear within the bosom past;
Death's sable shades the fainting frog surround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embasichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
Transfix and quiver in his panting heart;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
And Polyphonus dies, a frog renown'd
For boastful speech, and turbulence of sound;
Deep through the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.
The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought
(A warrior vers'd in arts, of sure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate);
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the frogs the shining javelin flies,
And near the vanquish'd mouse the victor dies.
The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly floundering flashes up the deep;
Lychenor, following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood; [throng,
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.
Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below.

But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursued,
Till fallen in death he lies, a shattering stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone.
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.
Lychopinax with Borborocates fights,
A blameless frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.
Incens'd Prassophagus, with spritely bound,
Bears Cnissodioctes off the rising ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And, downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war);
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius dead;
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of Hell.
This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;
The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly sputtering, from the shore
A stone, immense of size, the warrior bore,
A load for labouring Earth, whose bulk to raise,
Asks ten degenerate mice of modern days.
Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound:
The frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.
Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Craugasides arrests his course.
Hoarse croaking threats precede! with fatal speed
Deep through the belly ran the pointed reed,
Then, strongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches rising weeds supply
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent mouse reliev'd from heat,
And, safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartas, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear;
But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The mouse still urges, still the frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.
Then pious ardour young Pressæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank harmless frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combat not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.
Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior, singled from the fighting croud,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate.
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground,
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace
To frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The sire of gods, and frogs, and mice, and man:
"What seas of blood I view! what worlds of slain!
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign;
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax shakes!
Unless some favouring deity descend,
Soon will the frogs loquacious empire end,
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war."
He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said:
"Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrours of her hissing shield;
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car and wheel amidst the fight;
Not these can drive the desperate mouse afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all Heaven in arms arise,
Or lanch thy own red thunder from the skies,
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay;
When all the giant race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to Hell."
'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
Deep-lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground;
The bolt discharg'd, inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming passage through the skies;
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,
And frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet *still* the mice advanc'd their dread design,
And the last danger threats the croaking line,
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistants fill'd the frighted shore.
Pour'd from the neighbouring strand, deform'd to view,
They march, a sudden unexpected crew!
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches torn oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command;
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand;
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise;
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black eye-balls in their bosom plac'd;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread;
And either end alike supplies a head.
These, mortal wits to call the crabs agree,
The gods have other names for things than we.
Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes tail with severing grasps they rend.
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion, through their host appear:

O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.
But down Olympus to the western seas
Far shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

TO MR. POPE.

To praise, yet still with due respect to praise,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend,
What life, what vigour, must the lines require?
What music tune them? what affection fire?
O might thy genius in my bosom shine!
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine,
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream,
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy Muse the envy of the fair!
Less shone the tresses Ægypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly tresses set the world at odds,
Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for
The new machines, in names of ridicule, [gods.
Mock the grave phrenzy of the chymic fool.
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart:
The Graces stand in sight, a Satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.
In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits,
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's Muse
To place thee near him might be fond to choose.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize.
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains,
Indulgent nurse of every tender gale,
Parent of flowerets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head,
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees;
Thy aspins quiver in a breathing breeze,
Smile all thy valleys in eternal spring,
Be hush'd ye winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.
In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greece retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
His language failing, wrapp'd him round with night,
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, The mines were here!
Should some rich youth (if Nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!
How every music varies in thy lines!
Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when Summer dress'd the days,
When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest;
And Philomela, sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread!
While a whole season warbles round my head.
This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp's its master's hand requires,
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,
For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning,—far, oh far from thee!
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf,
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
A friend delight me, and an author please;
Ev'n here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,
Show my own love, though not increase his fame.

A TRANSLATION

OF PART OF THE

FIRST CANTO OF THE RAPE OF THE LOCK,

INTO LEONINE VERSE,

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENT MONKS.

Et hunc dilectum speculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ:
Tum primum lymphâ, se purgat candida nympha;
Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia! lautè,
Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex istâ transpira Arabia cista:
Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Lesbia dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris,
Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
In luit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratiâ visûs,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique saluti,
Hic figit zonam, capiti, locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum,

HEALTH.

AN ECLOGUE.

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass;
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.
When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
There rests the youth, and, while the feather'd throng
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.
"Here, wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breast through quivering trees inhale
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
"Joy to my soul! I feel the goddess nigh,
The face of Nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the Sun,
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales,
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight. [fice,
"Come, country goddess, come; nor thou suf-
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chase;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train.
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And limes and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.
"Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish, I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every change.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain;
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus
Oh come, thou goddess of my rural song, [again.
And bring thy daughter, calm Content along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plant my bowers,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers;
To welcome her, this summer-seat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.
Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:
The native bard, that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
Or Maro's Muse, that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
These soft amusements bring Content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain;
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again."

THE FLIES.

AN ECLOGUE.

When in the river cows for coolness stand,
And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
A youth, whom Æsop taught that every tree,
Each bird and insect, spoke as well as he;
Walk'd calmly musing in a shady way,
Where flowering hawthorns broke the sunny ray,
And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
A scene that obvious in the field he saw.
Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet;
Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,
But screen'd with hedges slumber out the day.
There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
Whose answering branches regularly laid
Put forth their answering boughs, and proudly rise
Three stories upward, in the nether skies.
For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the flies retreat;
Some in soft airs their silken pinions ply,
And some from bough to bough delighted fly,
Some rise, and circling light to perch again;
A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
So, when a stage invites to pageant shows,
(If great and small are like) appear the beaux;
In boxes some with spruce pretension sit,
Some change from seat to seat within the pit,
Some roam the scenes, or turning cease to roam;
Preluding music fills the lofty dome.
When thus a fly (if what a fly can say
Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay.
"Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,
Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip,
I saw the wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,
And half resolv'd to drown me in a cup;
Till, brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above:
Cease, beauty, cease to vex a tender love."
Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his music sung.
"When suns by thousands shone on orbs of dew,
I wafted soft with Zephyretta flew;
Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky cheer,
While little Daphne seiz'd my roving dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
Yet sate indulging as the danger came.
But the kind huntress left her free to soar:
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more."
Thus from the fern, whose high projecting arms
The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,
The swains their love in easy music breathe,
When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath:

Black ants in teams come darkening all the road,
Some call to march, and some to lift the load;
They strain, they labour with incessant pains,
Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains.
The flies struck silent gaze with wonder down:
The busy burghers reach their earthy town;
Where lay the burthens of a wintery store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.
Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
And the small city's loftiest point ascends,
Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the gravest grace.
"Ye foolish nurslings of the summer air,
These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear;
Your trees and whispering breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove;
Let bards to business bend their vigorous wing,
And sing but seldom, if they love so sing:
Else, when the flowerets of the season fail,
And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
Though one would save you, not one grain of wheat,
Should pay such songsters idling at my gate."
He ceas'd: the flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the mayor's speech, and fell to sing again.

AN ELEGY, TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

In vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair.
If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,
Why really fifty-five is something old. [long
Once you were young; or one, whose life's so
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong.
And once, since Envy's dead before you die,
The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.
To some new charmer are the roses fled,
Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
So parting Summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the Sun to dress some foreign clime,
While withering seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.
But thou, since Nature bids, the world resign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.
With more address, or such as pleases more,
She runs her female exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
And smiles, or blushes at the creature man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
In sideling courtesy she drops the glass.
With better strength, on visit-days she bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,
Are sure to conquer—for the rogue is young:
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage,
The sphere of wisdom, is the sphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,
If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
The soul with pleasing avocation strays.
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
As harpers better by the loss of eyes.
Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers,
Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake);
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You 'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the rest, with less encumbrance hung,
You walk through life, unmingled with the young,
And view the shade and substance, as you pass,
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,
Or Folly drest, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,
The wise Athenian crost a glittering fair,
Unmov'd by tongue and sights, he walk'd the place,
Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
And—"What a world I never want?" he cries:
But cries unheard: for Folly will be free.
So parts the buzzing gawdy crowd and he:
As careless he for them, as they for him:
He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

THE BOOK-WORM.

Come hither, boy, we 'll hunt to-day,
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below.
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat:
We 'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He 's up, he scuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse—
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,

They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every single deed,
Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.
Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.
How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.
But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate! thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.
Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning-gown,
And write my own inscription down.
"This trophy from the Python won,
This robe, in which the deed was done,
These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
Here Ignorance and Hunger found
Large realms of Wit to ravage round:
Here Ignorance and Hunger fell?
Two foes in one I sent to Hell.
Ye poets, who my labours see,
Come share the triumph all with me!
Ye critics! born to vex the Muse,
Go mourn the grand ally you lose."

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.
The man rose staring, like a stake;
Wondering to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do;
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.
But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god,
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake)
He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.
Her honours made, "Great Jove," she cry'd,
"This thing was fashion'd from my side:
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?"
"Nay rather ask," the monarch said,
"What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay." [Care,
"Halves, more than halves!" cry'd honest
"Your pleas would make your titles fair,
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole."
Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause, as man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age?
As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;
He just had got his pinions free,
From his old sire, Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carry'd, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was py'd;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And Spring's new months his train adorn!
The other seasons were unborn.
Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;

Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:
" Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, man is due."
He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel."
" 'Tis well," said Jove, and for consent
Thundering he shook the firmament.
" Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let errour act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill,
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me."

AN *IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.*

Relentless Time! destroying pow'er,
Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to every flying hour
To work some new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By Nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh.
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I search, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,
Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancy'd joys inspire;
My errours cherish'd hope to smile
On newly-born desire.

But now experience shows the bliss,
For which I fondly sought,
Not worth the long impatient wish,
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
In all her pomp she shone,
And might perhaps have well essay'd,
To make her gifts my own:

But when I saw the blessings shower
On some unworthy mind,
I left the chase, and own'd the power
Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
The splendid courts of kings,
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vigorous fire
By love increas'd the more;
But years with coming years conspire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see
With idle lustre shine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
My troubles laid to rest,
And truths which would disturb my peace
Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In sad reflection flies;
Ye fondling passions of my soul!
Ye sweet deceits! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,
To things that us'd to please;
In pain, philosophy is spleen,
In health, 'tis only ease.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom 's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of Fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.
Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on Earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"*Think, mortal, what it is to die.*"
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.
"When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they draw, my strings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas."
Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the escutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul these forms of woe;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering Sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease!
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Encreasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below:
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.
Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.
When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."
Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great source of nature, sing.
The Sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The Moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;

The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue, Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the Sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern Sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cry'd,
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the Sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the Moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering strangers' home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the Sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
"And why should such" within himself he cry'd,
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
In every settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The Sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now Night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh,
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

" Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houshold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horrour of horrours! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done;
Not Hell, though Hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
" Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form etherial burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).
" Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
" Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
" The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
" What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!
" The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
" The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the Lowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.
" Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to Earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 't was my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
" But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
" *Lord! as in Heaven, on Earth thy will be done:*"
Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PIETY, OR THE VISION.[1]

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendour seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;

[1] This and the following poem are not in the octavo editions of Dr. Parnell's poems published by Mr. Pope. They were first communicated to the public by the late ingenious Mr. James Arbuckle, and published in his Hibernicus's Letters, No. 62, GOLDSMITH.—They are now in some degree corrected, from the volume of Posthumous Poems. *N.*

Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of light.
Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal apply'd.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began:
"Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
The seats of music, and the seats of love,
Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
To teach thee praises mix'd with humble prayers,
And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
Be thou my bard." A vial here she caught,
(An angel's hand the crystal vial brought)
And as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: "Be thy Muse thy zeal,
Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.
While other pencils flattering forms create,
And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
While other pens exalt the vain delight,
Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;
Or others softly sing in idle lines
How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
More wisely thou select a theme divine,
Fame is their recompense, 'tis Heaven is thine.
Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
Low restless life, and ravings born of Earth,
Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,
Like working seas, that, when loud winters blow,
Not made for rising, only rage below.
Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
More lasting still, as more intensely great,
Produc'd where prayer, and praise, and pleasure breathe,
And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,
From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds;
Restore the colour to the golden mines
With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
To flowering greens give back their native care,
The rose and lily, never his to wear;
To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom Death:
His bow be sabled o'er, his shafts the same,
And fork and point them with eternal flame.
"But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice advance,
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance,
'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,
'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.
Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
Pursue the great unseen descent of God.
Hail the meek virgin, bid the child appear,
The child is God, and call him Jesus here.
He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,
Make the great Being in a manger lie;
Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,
Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing;
Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,
And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,
And glide in flames of love along my verse.
"'Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
My raptures smother what I long to tell.
'Tis God! a present God! through cleaving air
I see the throne, and see the Jesus there
Plac'd on the right. He shows the wounds he bore
(My fervours oft have won him thus before);
How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his ear;
He bids the gates unbar; and calls me near."
She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread
Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;
Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly;
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
And faint their softness, till they fail below.
My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke.
"Thou beauteous vision! on the soul impress'd,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious angel limn'd thy sacred sights;
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
While moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays,
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise."
But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely wish the wondrous gift I boast,
And faintly practise what deserves it most.
Indulgent Lord! whose gracious love displays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease!
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss;
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.

BACCHUS;

OR, THE DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS.

As Bacchus, ranging at his leisure,
(Jolly Bacchus, king of pleasure!)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thousand airy fancies,
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His favourite vines in Lesbos isle.
The god, returning ere they dy'd,
"Ah! see my jolly fauns," he cry'd,
The leaves but hardly born are red,
And the bare arms for pity spread:
The beasts afford a rich manure;
Fly, my boys, to bring the cure;
Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
Through the woods, and down the dales;
For this, if full the cluster grow,
Your bowls shall doubly overflow."
So cheer'd with more officious haste
They bring the dung of every beast;
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
They lay the rich manure with care;

While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.
The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,
The thickening clusters load the year;
The season swiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.
A vineyard ripe, a day serene
Now calls them all to work again.
The fauns through every furrow shoot
To load their flaskets with the fruit;
And now the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jovial god.
Strow the roses, raise the song,
See the master comes along;
Lusty revel join'd with laughter,
Whim and frolic follow after:
The fauns aside the vats remain,
To show the work, and reap the gain.
All around, and all around,
They sit to riot on the ground;
A vessel stands amidst the ring,
And here they laugh, and here they sing:
Or rise a jolly jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand;
Dance about, and shout amain,
Then sit to laugh and sing again.
Thus they drink, and thus they play
The sun and all their wits away.
But, as an ancient author sung,
The vine manur'd with every dung,
From every creature strangely drew
A twang of brutal nature too;
'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns
New turns of humour seiz'd the fauns.
Here one was crying out, "By Jove!"
Another, "Fight me in the grove;"
This wounds a friend, and that the trees;
The lion's temper reign'd in these.
Another grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the same as he:
Chattering, idle, airy, kind:
These take the monkeys turn of mind.
Here one, that saw the nymphs which stood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Skulks off to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the shade;
While loose discourse another raises
In naked Nature's plainest phrases,
And every glass he drinks enjoys,
With change of nonsense, lust, and noise;
Mad and careless, hot and vain:
Such as these the goat retain.
Another drinks and casts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup;
Solemn, silent, and sedate,
Ever long, and ever late,
Full of meats, and full of wine:
This takes his temper from the swine.
Here some who hardly seem to breathe,
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.
Gaping, tender, apt to weep:
Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.
'Twas thus one autumn all the crew
(If what the poets say be true)
While Bacchus made the merry feast,
Inclin'd to one or other beast:
And since, 'tis said, for many a mile
He spread the vines of Lesbos isle.

THE HORSE AND THE OLIVE.

With moral tale let ancient Wisdom move,
Whilst thus I sing to make the moderns wise:
Strong Neptune once with sage Minerva strove,
And rising Athens was the victor's prize.

By Neptune, Plutus (guardian power of gain),
By great Minerva, bright Apollo stood:
But Jove superior bade the side obtain,
Which best contriv'd to do the nation good.

Then Neptune striking, from the parted ground
The warlike Horse came pawing on the plain,
And as it tost its mane, and pranc'd around,
"By this," he cries, "I'll make the people reign."

The goddess, smiling, gently bow'd her spear,
And "Rather thus they shall be bless'd," she said;
Then upwards shooting in the vernal air,
With loaded boughs the fruitful Olive spread.

Jove saw what gift the rural powers design'd;
And took th' impartial scales, resolv'd to show,
If greater bliss in warlike pomp we find,
Or in the calm which peaceful times bestow.

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;
But plenty, safety, science, arts, and ease,
Minerva's scale with greater weight supply'd.

Fierce War devours whom gentle Peace would save:
Sweet Peace restores what angry War destroys;
War made for Peace, with that rewards the brave,
While Peace its pleasures from itself enjoys.

Hence vanquish'd Neptune to the sea withdrew,
Hence wise Minerva rul'd Athenian lands;
Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
And still her olives deck pacific hands.

From fables, thus disclos'd, a monarch's mind
May form just rules to choose the truly great,
And subjects weary'd with distresses find,
Whose kind endeavours most befriend the state.

Ev'n Britain here may learn to place her love,
If cities won, her kingdom's wealth have cost;
If Anna's thoughts the patriot souls approve,
Whose cares restore that wealth the wars had lost.

But if we ask, the moral to disclose,
Whom her best patroness Europa calls,
Great Anna's title no exception knows,
And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies:
Whene'er she pleas'd, her troops to conquest flew;
Whene'er she pleases, peaceful times arise:
She gave the Horse, and gives the Olive too.

DR. DONNE'S THIRD SATIRE VERSIFIED.

Compassion checks my spleen, yet scorn denies
The tears a passage through my swelling eyes;
To laugh or weep at sins, might idly show
Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire! arise, and try thy sharper ways,
If ever satire cur'd an old disease.

Is not Religion (Heaven-descended dame)
As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,
As moral Virtue in her early sway,
When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day?
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,
As all rewards their virtue found below?
Alas! Religion proper means prepares,
These means are ours, and must its end be theirs?
And shall thy father's spirit meet the sight
Of heathen sages cloth'd in heavenly light,
Whose merit of strict life, severely suited
To Reason's dictates, may be faith imputed,
Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever banish'd from the blest abode?
Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the noblest kind.
Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire,
Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy monarch's ire.
Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea;
In search of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the Sun, in mines beneath,
Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,
Attempt a passage by the northern pole?
Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?
Or for some idol of thy fancy draw [straw!
Some loose-gown'd dame; O courage made of
Thus, desperate coward, would'st thou bold appear,
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield;
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?
Know thy own foes; th' apostate angel; he
You strive to please, the foremost of the three;
He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
But can he give for love that acts in hate?
The world's thy second love, thy second foe,
The world, whose beauties perish as they blow,
They fly, she fades herself, and at the best,
You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast;
The flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,
High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes,
While men the fair, the goodly soul destroy,
From whence the flesh has power to taste a joy,
Seek thou Religion primitively sound—
Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?
By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,
Thinks the bright seraph from his country fled,
And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know,
She there was seen a thousand years ago;
And loves her relic rags, as men obey
The foot-cloth where the prince sat yesterday.
These pageant forms are whining Obed's scorn,
Who seeks Religion at Geneva born,
A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd:
Though young, unhandsome; though unhandsome, proud;
Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.
No foreign schemes make easy Cæpio roam,
The man contented takes his church at home,
Nay, should some preachers, servile bawds of gain,
Should some new laws, which like new fashions reign,
Command his faith to count salvation ty'd,
To visit his, and visit none beside;
He grants salvation centres in his own,
And grants it centres but in his alone;
From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,
And they confer his faith, who give his name;
So from the guardian's hands the wards, who live
Enthrall'd to guardians, take the wives they give.
From all professions careless Airy flies,
"For all professions can't be good," he cries;
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to choose;
So men, who know what some loose girls have done,
For fear of marrying such, will marry none.
The charms of all obsequious Courtly strike;
On each he dotes, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dresses altering, and the sex the same:
So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,
But 'tis Religion still where'er we go:
This blindness springs from an excess of light,
And men embrace the wrong to choose the right.
But thou of force must one Religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone;
To find that right one, ask thy reverend sire,
Let his of him, and him of his inquire; [ly'd,
Though Truth and Falsehood seem as twins al-
There's eldership on Truth's delightful side;
Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest first,
Is not of no Religion, nor the worst.
T' adore, or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad; doubt wisely for the best,
'T were wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray;
It is not wandering, to inquire the way.
On a large mountain, at the basis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,
Sits sacred Truth enthron'd; and he who means
To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and every turn essays,
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.
Yet labour so, that ere faint age arrive,
Thy searching soul possess her rest alive:
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And age is twilight to the night of fate.
To will alone, is but to mean delay,
To work at present is the use of day.
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High thoughts the soul, hard deeds the body strain,
And mysteries ask believing, which to view,
Like the fair Sun, are plain, but dazzling too.
Be Truth, so found, with sacred heed possest,
Not kings have power to tear it from thy breast.
By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but the hands of fate.
Ah! fool and wretch, who lett'st thy soul be ty'd
To human laws! or must it so be try'd?
Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,
When Judgment sits, and Justice asks thy plea,
That Philip that, or Gregory taught thee this,
Or John or Martin? All may teach amiss:
For every contrary in each extreme
This holds alike, and each may plead the same.
Wouldst thou to power a proper duty show?
'Tis thy first task the bounds of power to know;
The bounds once pass'd, it holds the same no more,
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were submission humbleness exprest,
But all a low idolatry at best.
Power from above, subordinately spread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head,
There, calm and pure, the living waters flow,
But roars a torrent or a flood below,
Each flower ordain'd the margins to adorn,
Each native beauty, from its roots is torn,

And left on deserts, rocks and sands, are tost,
All the long travel, and in ocean lost.
So fares the soul, which more that power reveres,
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

FROM realms of never-interrupted peace,
From thy fair station near the throne of Grace,
From choirs of angels, joys in endless round,
And endless harmony's enchanting sound,
Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praise to show,
Bright Gift of Verse descend, and here below
My ravish'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the soul incline my will.
Among thy pomp, let rich expression wait,
Let ranging numbers form thy train complete,
While at thy motions over all the sky
Sweet sounds, and echoes sweet, resounding fly;
And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let Fancy's flowery spring erect its head.

It comes, it comes, with unaccustomed light,
The tracts of airy thought grow wondrous bright,
Its notions ancient Memory reviews,
And young Invention new designs pursues.
To some attempt my will and wishes press,
And pleasure, rais'd in hope, forebodes success.
My God, from whom proceed the gifts divine,
My God! I think I feel the gift is thine.
Be this no vain illusion which I find,
Nor Nature's impulse on the passive mind,
But reason's act, produc'd by good desire,
By grace enlivened with celestial fire;
While base conceits, like misty sons of night,
Before such beams of glory take their flight,
And frail affections, born of earth, decay,
Like weeds that wither in the warmer ray.
I thank thee, Father! with a grateful mind:
Man's undeserving, and thy mercy kind.
I now perceive, I long to sing thy praise,
I now perceive, I long to find my lays
The sweet incentives of another's love,
And sure such longings have their rise above.
My resolution stands confirm'd within,
My lines aspiring eagerly begin;
Begin, my lines, to such a subject due,
That aids our labours, and rewards them too!
Begin, while Canaan opens to mine eyes,
Where souls and songs, divinely form'd, arise.

As one whom o'er the sweetly-vary'd meads
Intire recess and lonely pleasure leads,
To verdur'd banks, to paths adorn'd with flowers,
To shady trees, to closely-waving bowers,
To bubbling fountains, and aside the stream
That softly gliding soothes a waking dream,
Or bears the thought inspir'd with heat along,
And with fair images improves a song;
Through sacred anthems, so may fancy range,
So still from beauty, still to beauty change,
To feel delights in all the radiant way,
And, with sweet numbers, what it feels repay.
For this I call that ancient Time appear,
And bring his rolls to serve in method here;
His rolls which acts, that endless honour claim,
Have rank'd in order for the voice of Fame.

My call is favour'd: Time from first to last
Unwinds his years, the present sees the past;
I view their circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footsteps where he went before.

The page unfolding would a top disclose,
Where sounds melodious in their birth arose.
Where first the Morning-stars together sung,
Where first their harps the sons of Glory strung,
With shouts of joy while Hallelujahs rise
To prove the chorus of eternal skies.
Rich sparkling strokes the letters doubly gild,
And all's with love and admiration fill'd.

MOSES.

To grace those lines, which next appear to sight,
The pencil shone, with more abated light;
Yet still the pencil shone, the lines were fair,
And awful Moses stands recorded there;
Let his, replete with flames and praise divine,
Let his, the first-remember'd song be mine,
Then rise my thought, and in thy prophet find
What joy should warm thee, for the work design'd.
To that great act, which rais'd his heart, repair,
And find a portion of his spirit there.

A nation helpless and unarm'd I view,
Whom strong revengeful troops of war pursue,
Seas stop their flight, their camp must prove their grave,
Ah! what can save them? God alone can save.
God's wondrous voice proclaims his high command,
He bids their leader wave the sacred wand,
And where the billows flow'd, they flow no more;
A road lies naked, and they march it o'er.
Safe may the sons of Jacob travel through,
But why will hard'ned Egypt venture too?
Vain in thy rage, to think those waters flee
And rise like walls, on either hand, for thee.
The night comes on, the season for surprise,
Yet fear not, Israel, God directs thine eyes.
A fiery cloud I see thine angel ride,
His chariot is thy light, and he thy guide.
The day comes on, and half thy succours fail,
Yet fear not, Israel, God will still prevail.
I see thine angel from before thee go,
To make the wheels of venturous Egypt slow,
His rolling cloud enwraps its beams of light,
And what supply'd thy day, prolongs their night.
At length the dangers of the deep are run,
The further brink is past, the bank is won;
The leader turns to view the foes behind,
Then waves his solemn wand within the wind,
Oh nation freed by wonders, cease thy fear,
And stand, and see the Lord's Salvation here.
Ye tempests, now, from every corner fly,
And wildly rage in all my fancied sky,
Roll on, ye waters, as they roll'd before,
Ye billows of my fancied ocean, roar;
Dash high, ride foaming, mingle, all the main,
'Tis done, and Pharaoh can't afflict again.
The work, the wondrous work of freedom's done,
The winds abate, the clouds restore the Sun,
The wreck appears, the threatening army drown'd
Floats o'er the waves, to strew the sandy ground,
Then place thy Moses near the calming flood,
Majestically mild, serenely good;
Let meekness, lovely virtue, gently stream
Around his visage, like a lambent flame;
Let grateful sentiments, let sense of love,
Let holy zeal, within his bosom move;
And while his people gaze the watery plain,
And fear's last touches like to doubts remain;
While bright astonishment, that seems to raise
A questioning belief, is fond to praise;
Be thus the rapture in the prophet's breast,
Be thus the thanks for freedom gain'd express'd:

"I'll sing to God, I'll sing the songs of praise,
To God, triumphant in his wondrous ways,
To God, whose glories in the seas excel,
Where the proud horse, and prouder rider fell.
The Lord, in mercy kind, in justice strong,
Is now my strength; this strength be now my song.
This sure salvation such he proves to me,
From danger rescued, and from bondage free;
The Lord's my God, and I'll prepare his seat,
My father's God, and I'll proclaim him great;
Him Lord of battles, him renown'd in name,
Him ever-faithful, evermore the same.
His gracious aids avenge his people's thrall,
They make the pride of boasting Pharaoh fall.
Within the seas his stately chariots lie,
Within the seas his chosen captains die.
The rolling deeps have cover'd o'er the foe,
They sunk like stones, they swiftly sunk below:
Thine hand, my God! thine hand confess'd thy care,
Thine hand was glorious in thy power there,
It broke their troops, unequal for the fight,
In all the greatness of excelling might:
Thy wrath sent forward o'er the raging stream,
Swift, sure, and sudden, their destruction came.
They fell as stubble burns, while driving skies
Provoke and whirl a flame, and ruin flies.
"When blasts, dispatch'd with wonderful intent,
On sovereign orders from thy nostrils went,
For our accounts, the waters were afraid,
Perceiv'd thy presence, and together fled;
In heaps uprightly plac'd, they learn to stand,
Like banks of crystal, by the paths of sand.
Then, fondly flush'd with hope, and swell'd with pride,
And fill'd with rage, the foe profanely cry'd,
'Secure of conquest, I'll pursue their way,
I'll overtake them, I'll divide the prey,
My lust I'll satisfy, mine anger cloy,
My sword I'll brandish, and their name destroy.'
How wildly threats their anger, hark! above,
New blasts of wind on new commission move,
To loose the fetters that confin'd the main,
And make its mighty waters rage again.
Then, overwhelm'd with their resistless sway,
They sunk like lead, they sunk beneath the sea.
"Oh, who's like thee, thou dreaded Lord of Host!
Among the gods, whom all the nations boast,
Such acts of wonder and of strength displays?
Oh great, Oh glorious in thine holy ways!
Deserving praise, and that thy praise appear
In signs of reverence, and sense of fear.
With justice arm'd, thou stretchedst out thine hand,
And Earth between its gaping jaws of land
Receiv'd its waters of the parted main,
And swallow'd up the dark Egyptian train.
With mercy rising on the weaker side,
Thyself became the rescued people's guide!
And in thy strength they pass'd th' amazing road
To reach thine Holy Mount, thy bless'd abode.
"What thou hast done the neighbouring realms shall bear,
And feel the strange report excite their fear.
What thou hast done shall Edom's duke amaze,
And make despair on Palestina seize;
Shall make the warlike sons of Moab shake,
And all the melting hearts of Canaan weak.
In heavy damps, diffus'd on every breast,
Shall cold distrust and hopeless terrour rest,
The matchless greatness, which thine hand has shown,
Shall keep their kingdoms as unmov'd as stone,
While Jordan stops above, and fails below,
And all thy flock across the channel go.
Thus on thy Mercy's silver-shining wing,
Through seas and streams thou wilt the nation bring,
And as the rooted trees securely stand,
So firmly plant it in the promis'd land;
Where for thyself thou wilt a place prepare,
And after-ages will thine altar rear,
Their reign victorious in thy sacred seat,
Oh, Lord! for ever and for ever great.
"Look where the tyrant was but lately seen,
The seas gave backward, and he ventured in:
In yonder gulph with haughty pomp he show'd,
Here march'd his horsemen, there his chariots rode,
And when our God restor'd the floods again,
Ah, vainly strong! they perish'd in the main;
But Israel went a dry surprising way,
Made safe by miracles, amidst the sea."
Here ceas'd the song, though not the Prophet's joy,
Which others hands and others tongues employ;
For still the lays, with warmth divine exprest,
Inflam'd his hearers to their inmost breast.
Then Miriam's notes the chorus sweetly raise,
And Miriam's timbrel gives new life to praise.
The moving sounds, like soft delicious wind,
That breath'd from Paradise, a passage find,
Shed sympathies for odours as they rove,
And fan the risings of enkindled love.
O'er all the crowd the thought inspiring flew,
The women follow'd, with their timbrels too,
And thus from Moses, where his strains arose,
They catch'd a rapture, to perform the close.
"We'll sing to God, we'll sing the song of praise,
To God triumphant in his wondrous ways.
To God, whose glories in the seas excel,
Where the proud horse and prouder rider fell."
Thus Israel, raptur'd with the pleasing thought,
Of freedom wish'd, and wonderfully got,
Made cheerful thanks from every bank resound,
Express'd by songs, improv'd in joy by sound.
Oh, sacred Moses, each infusing line,
That mov'd their gratitude, was part of thine;
And still, the Christians in thy numbers view,
The type of baptism, and of Heaven too.
So souls from water rise to grace below,
So saints from toil to praise and glory go.
Oh, grateful Miriam, in thy temper wrought,
Too warm for silence, or inventing thought;
Thy part of anthem was to warble o'er,
In sweet response what Moses sung before.
Thou ledst the public voice to join his lays,
And words redoubling, well-redoubled praise.
Receive thy title, prophetess was thine,
When here thy practice show'd thy form divine.
The spirit thus approv'd, resign'd in will,
The church bows down, and hears responses still.
Nor slightly suffer tuneful Jubal's name
To miss his place among the sons of fame:
Whose sweet infusions could of old inspire
The breathing organs, and the trembling lyre.
Father of these on Earth, whose gentle soul,
By such engagements, could the mind controul,
If holy verses aught to music owe,
Be that thy large account of thanks below:
Whilst, then, the timbrels lively pleasure gave,
And, now, whilst organs sound sedately grave.
My first attempt the finish'd course commends,
Now, Fancy, flag not, as that subject ends,
But, charm'd with beauties which attend thy way,
Ascend harmonious in the next essay.
So flies the lark, and learn from her to fly;
She mounts, she warbles on the wind on high,

She falls from thence, and seems to drop her wing,
But, ere she lights to rest, remounts to sing.
It is not far the days have roll'd their years
Before the second brighten'd work appears,
It is not far, alas! the faulty cause,
Which, from the prophet, sad reflection draws;
Alas! that blessings in possession cloy,
And peevish murmurs are preferr'd to joy;
That favour'd Israel could be faithless still,
Or question God's protecting power or will,
Or dread devoted Canaan's warlike men,
And long for Egypt and their bonds again.
Scarce thrice the Sun, since harden'd Pharaoh dy'd,
As bridegrooms issue forth with glittering pride,
Rejoicing rose, and let the nation see
Three shining days of easy liberty,
Ere the mean fears of want, produc'd within,
Vain thought, replenish'd, with rebellious sin.
Oh look not, Israel, to thy former way;
God cannot fail; and either wait or pray.
Within the borders of thy promis'd lands,
Lot's hapless wife a strange example stands,
She turn'd her eyes, and felt her change begin,
And wrath as fierce may meet resembling sin.
Then forward move thy camp, and forward still,
And let sweet Mercy bend thy stubborn will.
At thy complaint, a branch in Marah cast,
With sweetening virtue mends the water's taste.
At thy complaint, the labouring tempest sails,
And drives before a wondrous shower of quails.
In tender grass the falling manna lies,
And Heaven itself the want of bread supplies.
The rock divided, flows upon the plain
At thy complaint, and still thou wilt complain.
As, thus employ'd, thou went the desert through,
Lo! Sinai Mount uprear'd its head to view.
Thine eyes perceiv'd the darkly-rolling cloud,
Thine ears the trumpet shrill, the thunder loud,
The forky lightning shot in livid gleam,
The smoke arose, the mountain all a flame
Quak'd to the depths, and work'd with signs of awe,
While God descended to dispense the law.
Yet neither Mercy, manifest in might,
Nor Power in terrours could preserve thee right.
Provok'd with crimes of such an heinous kind,
Almighty Justice sware the doom design'd.
That they should never reach the promis'd seat,
And Moses greatly mourns their hasten'd fate.
I'll think him now retir'd to public care,
While night in pitchy plumes slides soft in air,
I'll think him giving what the guilty sleep,
To thoughts where sorrow glides, and numbers weep.
Sad thoughts of woes that reign where such prevail,
And man's short life, though not so short as frail.
Within this circle for his inward eyes,
He bids the fading low creation rise,
And straight the train of mimic senses brings
The dusky shapes of transitory things,
Through pensive shades, the visions seem to range,
They seem to flourish, and they seem to change;
A Moon decreasing runs the silent sky,
And sickly birds on moulting feathers fly;
Men walking count their days of blessing o'er,
The blessings vanish, and the tale's no more,
Still hours of nightly watches steal away,
Big waters roll, green blades of grass decay,
Then all the pensive shades, by just degrees,
Grow faint in prospect, and go off with these:
But while th' affecting notions pass along,
He chooses such as best adorn his song;
And thus with God the rising lays began,
God ever reigning, God compar'd with man:
And thus they move to man beneath his rod,
Man deeply sinning, man chastis'd by God.
"Oh Lord! oh Saviour! though thy chosen band
Have stay'd like strangers, in a foreign land,
Through number'd ages, which have run their race,
Still has thy mercy been our dwelling-place,
Before the most exalted dust of earth,
The stately mountains had receiv'd a birth,
Before the pillars of the world were laid,
Before the habitable parts were made;
Thou wert their God, from thee their rise they drew,
Thou great for ages, great for ever too.
"Man (mortal creature) fram'd to feel decays,
Thine unresisted power at pleasure sways;
Thou say'st *return*, and parting souls obey,
Thou say'st *return*, and bodies fall to clay.
For what's a thousand fleeting years with thee?
Or time, compar'd with long eternity,
Whose wings expanding infinitely vast
O'erstretch its utmost ends of first and last;
'Tis like those hours that lately saw the Sun;
He rose, and set, and all the day was done:
Or like the watches which dread night divide,
And while we slumber unregarded glide,
When all the present seems a thing of nought,
And past and future close to waking thought.
As raging floods, when rivers swell with rain,
Bear down the groves, and overflow the plain,
So swift and strong thy wondrous might appears,
So life is carried down the rolling years.
As heavy sleep pursues the day's retreat,
With dark, wish silent, and unactive state,
So life's attended-on by certain doom,
And death's their rest; their resting-place, a tomb.
It quickly rises, and it quickly goes,
And youth its morning, age its evening shows.
Thus tender blades of grass, when beams diffuse,
Rise from the pressure of their early dews,
Point tow'rds the skies their elevated spires,
And proudly flourish in their green attires.
But soon (ah fading state of things below!)
The scythe destructive mows the lovely show.
The rising Sun thus saw their glories high;
That Sun descended, sees their glories die.
"We still with more than common haste of fate
Are doom'd to perish, in thy kindled hate.
Our public sins for public justice call,
And stand like marks, on which thy judgments fall;
Our secret sins, that folly thought conceal'd,
Are in thy light for punishment reveal'd.
Beneath the terrours of thy wrath divine
Our days unmix'd with happiness decline,
Like empty stories, tedious, short, and vain,
And never, never more recall'd again.
Yet what were life, if to the longest date,
Which we have nam'd a life, we backen'd fate,
Alas, its most computed length appears
To reach the limits but of seventy years,
And if by strength to fourscore years we go,
That strength is labour, and that labour woe.
Then will thy term expire, and thou must fly,
Oh man! oh creature surely born to die!
But who regards a truth so throughly known?
Who dreads a wrath so manifestly shown?
Who seems to fear it, though the danger vies
With any pitch to which our fear can rise:
O teach us so to number all our days,
That these reflections may correct our ways,

That these may lead us from delusive dreams
To walk in heavenly wisdom's golden beams.
" Return, oh Lord: how long shall Israel sin?
How long thine anger be preserv'd within?
Before our time's irrevocably past,
Be kind, be gracious, and return at last,
Let favour soon dispens'd our souls employ,
And still remember'd favour live in joy.
Send years of comforts for our years of woes,
Send these at least of equal length with those,
Shine on thy flock, and on their offspring shine,
With tender mercy (sweetest act divine)
Bright rays of majesty serenely shed
To rest in glories on the nation's head.
Our future deeds with approbation bless,
And in the giving them give us success."
Thus with forgiveness earnestly desir'd,
Thus in the raptures of a bliss requir'd,
The man of God concludes his sacred strain.
Now sit and see the subject once again;
See ghastly Death, where deserts all around
Spread forth the barren undelightful ground:
There stalks the silent melancholy shade,
His naked bones reclining on a spade;
And thrice the spade with solemn sadness heaves,
And thrice earth opens in the form of graves,
His gates of darkness gape, to take him in;
And where he soon would sink, he's push'd by sin.
Poor mortals! here your common picture know,
And with yourselves in this acquainted grow,
Through life, with airy, thoughtless pride you
And vainly glitter in the sphere of change, [range,
A sphere where all things but for time remain,
Where no fix'd stars with endless glory reign,
But meteors only, short-liv'd meteors rise,
To shine, shoot down, and die beneath the skies.
There is an hour, ah! who that hour attends?
When man, the gilded vanity, descends;
When foreign force, or waste of inward heat,
Constrain the soul to leave its ancient seat;
When banish'd beauty from her empire flies,
And with a languish leaves the sparkling eyes;
When softening music and persuasion fail,
And all the charms that in the tongue prevail;
When spirits stop their course, when nerves un-
And outward action and perception cease; [brace,
'Tis then the poor deform'd remains shall be
That naked skeleton we seem'd to see. [bliss,
Make this thy mirror, if thou would'st have
No flattering image shows itself in this;
But such as lays the lofty looks of pride,
And makes cool thought in humble channel glide;
But such as clears the cheats of Errour's den,
Whence magic mists surround the souls of men;
Whence self-delusion's trains adorn their flight,
As snow's fair feathers fleet to darken sight;
Then rest, and in the work of fancy spread,
To gay-wav'd plumes for every mortal's head.
These empty forms, when death appears, disperse,
Or melt in tears, upon its mournful hearse;
The sad reflection forces men to know,
Life surely sails and swiftly flies below.
Oh, lest thy folly lose the profit sought,
Oh never touch it with a glancing thought,
As men to glasses come, and straight withdraw,
And straight forget what sort of face they saw:
But fix, intently fix, thine inward eyes,
And in the strength of this great truth be wise.
If on the globe's dim side our senses stray,
Not us'd to perfect light, we think it day:
Death seems long sleep; and hopes of heavenly
Deceitful wishes, big with distant dreams; [beams,
But if our reason purge the carnal sight,
And place its objects in their juster light, [move,
We change the side, from dreams on Earth we
And wake through death, to rising life above.
Here o'er my soul a solemn silence reigns,
Preparing thought for new celestial strains,
The former vanish off, the new begin,
The solemn silence stands like night between,
In whose dark bosom day departing lies,
And day succeeding takes a lovely rise.
But though the song be chang'd, be still the flame,
And still the prophet, in my lines the same;
With care renew'd, upon the children dwell,
Whose sinful fathers in the desert fell,
With care renew'd, if any care can do,
Ah! lest they sin, and lest they perish too.
Go seek for Moses at yon sacred tent,
On which the Presence makes a bright descent.
Behold the cloud, with radiant glory fair,
Like a wreath'd pillar, curl itself in air!
Behold it hovering just above the door,
And Moses meekly kneeling on the floor.
But if the gazing turn thy edge of sight,
And darkness spring from unsupported light,
Then change the sense, be sight in hearing drown'd,
While these strange accents from the vision sound:
" The time, my servant; is approaching nigh,
When thou shalt gather'd with thy fathers lie,
And soon thy nation, quite forgetful grown
Of all the glories which mine arm has shown,
Shall through my covenant perversely break,
Despise my worship, and my name forsake,
By customs conquer'd, where to rule they go,
And serving gods that can't protect their foe.
Displeas'd at this, I'll turn my face aside
Till sharp Affliction's rod reduce their pride;
Till, brought to better mind, they seek relief,
By good confessions in the midst of grief.
Then write thy song, to stand a witness still
Of favours past, and of my future will,
For I their vain conceits before discern,
Then write thy song which Israel's sons shall learn."
As thus the wondrous voice its charge repeats,
The prophet musing deep within repeats,
He seems to feel it on a streaming ray,
Pierce through the soul enlightening all its way.
And much obedient will, and free desire,
And much his love of Jacob's seed inspire;
And much, oh! much above the warmth of those,
The sacred spirit in his bosom glows,
Majestic Notion seems decrees to nod,
And holy Transport speaks the words of God.
He now returns, the finish'd roll he brings,
Enrich'd with strains of past and future things;
The priests in order to the tent repair,
The gather'd Tribes attend the elders there:
Oh! sacred Mercy's inexhausted store!
Shall these have warning of their faults before,
Shall these be told the recompenses due,
Shall Heaven and Earth be call'd to witness too!
Then still the tumult, if it will be so,
Let fear, to lose a word, its caution show;
Let close attention in dead calm appear,
And softly, softly steal with silence near;
While Moses, rais'd above the listening throng,
Pronounces thus in all their ears the song:
" Hear, oh ye Heavens, Creation's lofty show,
Hear, oh thou Heaven-encompass'd Earth below,

As silver shower of gently dropping rain,
As honey dews distilling on the plain,
As rain, as dews, for tenderer grass design'd,
So shall my speeches sink within the mind,
So sweetly turn the soul's enlivening food,
So fill and cherish hopeful seeds of good,
For now my numbers to the world abroad
Will loudly celebrate the name of God.
" Ascribe, thou nation, every favour'd tribe,
Excelling greatness to the Lord ascribe,
The Lord! the rock on whom we safely trust,
Whose work is perfect, and whose ways are just;
The Lord! whose promise stands for ever true;
The Lord! most righteous, and most holy too.
" Ah, worse election! Ah, the bonds of sin!
They choose themselves, to take corruption in.
They stain their souls with Vice's deepest blots,
When only frailties are his children's spots.
Their thoughts, words, actions, all are run astray,
And none more crooked, more perverse, than they.
" Say, rebel nation, and unwisely light,
Say, will thy folly thus the Lord requite?
Or is he not the God who made thee free,
Whose mercy purchas'd and establish'd thee?
Remember well the wondrous days of old,
The years of ages long before thee told,
Ask all thy fathers, who the truth will show,
Or ask thine elders, for thine elders know.
" When the Most High with sceptre pointed down,
Describ'd the realms of each beginning crown,
When Adam's offspring, providential care,
To people countries, scatter'd here and there,
He to the limits of their lands confin'd,
That favour'd Israel has its part assign'd,
For Israel is the Lord's, and gains the place
Reserv'd for those, whom he would choose to grace.
" Him in the desert, him his mercy found,
Where Famine dwells and howling deaths the ground,
Where dread is felt by savage noise increast,
Where Solitude erects its seat on waste:
And there he led him, and he taught him there,
And safely kept him with a watchful care;
The tender apples of our heedful eye,
Not more in guard, nor more securely lie.
" And as an eagle, that attempts to bring
Her unexperienc'd young to trust the wing,
Stirs up her nest, and flutters o'er their heads,
And all the forces of her pinions spreads,
And takes and bears them on her plumes above,
To give peculiar proof of royal love;
'T was so the Lord, the gracious Lord alone,
With kindness most peculiar, led his own;
As no strange god concurr'd to make him free,
So none had power to lead him through but he.
To lands excelling lands and planted high,
That boasts the kindest influencing sky,
He brought, he bore him, on the wings of Grace,
To taste the plenties of the ground's increase;
Sweet dropping honey from the rocky soil,
From flinty rocks the smoothly flowing oil,
The gilded butter from the stately kine,
The milk with which the duggs of sheep decline,
The marrow fatness of the tender lambs,
The bulky breed of Basan's goats and rams:
The finest flowery wheat that crowns the plain
Distends its husk, and loads the blade with grain,
And still he drank, from ripe delicious heaps
Of clusters press'd, the purest blood of grapes.
But thou art wanton, fat, and kickest now,
Oh, well directed, oh, Jeshuron thou:
Thou soon wert fat, thy sides were thickly grown,
Thy fatness deeply cover'd every bone;
Then wanton fulness vain oblivion brought,
And God, that made and sav'd thee, was forgot;
While gods of foreign lands, and rites abhorr'd,
To jealousies and anger mov'd the Lord;
While gods thy fathers never knew were own'd,
And fiends themselves with sacrifice aton'd.
Oh! fools, unmindful whence your order'd frame,
And whence your life-infusing spirit came;
Such strange corruptions could his hate provoke,
And thus their fate his indignation spoke:
" It is decreed, I'll hide my face, and see,
When I forsake them, what their end shall be;
For they 're a froward, very froward train,
They promise duty, but return disdain.
Within my soul they 've rais'd a jealous flame,
By new-nam'd gods, and only gods in name;
They make the burnings of my anger glow,
By guilty vanity's displeasing show;
I'll also teach their jealousy to fret,
At such as are not form'd a people yet,
I'll make their anger vex their inward breast,
When such as have not known my laws are blest.
A fire, a fire that nothing can assuage,
Is kindled in the fierceness of my rage,
To burn the depths, consume the land's increase,
And on the mountains' strong foundations seize.
Thick heaps of mischief on their heads I send,
And all mine arrows, wing'd with fury, spend;
Slow-parching death, and pestilential heat,
Shall bring the bitter pangs of lingering fate.
The teeth of beasts shall swift destruction bring,
The serpents wound them with invenom'd sting,
The sword without, and dread within, consume
The youth and virgin, in their lovely bloom,
Weak tender infancy, by suckling fed,
And helpless age, with hoary frosted head.
I said I'd scatter all the sinful race,
I said I'd make its mere remembrance cease,
But that I fear'd the foe's unruly pride,
Their glory vaunted, and their power deny'd,
While thus they boast our arm has shown us brave,
And God did nothing, for he could not save.
So fond their thoughts are, so remote of sense,
And blind in every course of Providence.
O did they know to what my judgments tend!
O would they ponder on their latter end!
They soon would find, that when upon the field
One makes a thousand, two, ten thousand yield.
The Lord of Hosts has sold a rebel state
And sure inclos'd it in the nets of Fate.
For what's another's rock compar'd with ours,
Let them be judges that have prov'd their powers,
That on their own have vainly call'd for aid,
While ours to freedom and to glory led.
Their vine, indeed, may seem to flourish fair,
But yet it grows in Sodom's tainted air,
It sucks corruption from Gomorrah's fields,
And galls for grapes in bitter clusters yields,
And poison sheds for wine, like that which comes
From asps, and dragons death-infected gums.
And are not these their hateful sins reveal'd,
And in my treasures for my justice seal'd?
To me the province of revenge belongs,
To me the certain recompense of wrongs.
Their feet shall totter in appointed time,
And threatening danger overtake their crime;

For, wing'd with feather'd haste, the minutes fly
To bring those things that must afflict them nigh.
The Lord will judge his own, and bring them low,
And then repent, and turn upon the foe.
And when the judgments from his own remove
Will thus the foe convincingly reprove:
Where are the gods, the rock, to whom in vain
Your offerings have been made, your victims slain?
Let them arise, let them afford their aid,
And with protection's shield surround your head,
Know then your Maker, I the Lord am he,
Nor ever was there any god with me,
And death, or life, or wounds, or health, I give,
Nor can another from my power reprieve.
With solemn state I lift my arm on high,
Above the glories of the lofty sky:
And by myself majestically swear,
I live for ever, and for ever there.
If in my rage the glittering sword I whet;
And, sternly sitting, take the judgment-seat,
My just awarding sentence dooms my foe,
And vengeance wields the blade, and gives the blow,
And deep in flesh the blade of fury bites,
And deadly deep my bearded arrow lights,
And both grow drunk with blood defil'd in sin,
When executions of revenge begin.
"Then let his nation in a common voice,
And with his nation let the world rejoice:
For whether he for crimes or trials spill
His servants blood, he will avenge it still;
He 'll break the troops, he 'll scatter them afar,
Who vex our realm with desolating war,
And on the favour'd tribes, and on the land,
Shed victories and peace, from Mercy's hand."
Here ceas'd the song, and Israel look'd behind,
And gaz'd before, with unconfining mind,
And fix'd in silence and amazement saw
The strokes of all their state beneath the law.
Their recollection does its light present
To show the mountain bless'd by God's descent,
To show their wanderings, their unfix'd abode,
And all their guidance in the desert road.
Then where the beams of recollection go
To leave the fancy dispossess'd of show,
The fairer light of prophecy's begun,
Which, opening future days, supplies their Sun,
By such a Sun (and fancy needs no more)
They see the coming times, and walk them o'er,
And now they gain that rest their travail sought,
Now milk and honey stream along the thought.
Anon they feel their souls the blessing cloy,
And God's forgot in full excess of joy.
And oft they sin, and oft his anger burns,
And every nation's made their scourge by turns,
Till, oft repenting, they convert to God,
And he, repenting too, destroys the rod.
O nation timely warn'd in sacred strain,
O never let thy Moses sing in vain!
Dare to be good, and happiness prolong,
Or, if thy folly will fulfil the song,
At least be found the seldomer in ill,
And still repent, and soon repent thee still;
When such fair paths thou shalt avoid to tread,
Thy blood will rest upon thy sinful head;
Thy crime, by lasting, will secure thy foe,
The gracious warning to the Gentiles go,
And all the world, that 's call'd to witness here,
Convinc'd by thine example, learn to fear.
The Gentile world, a mystic Israel grown,
Will in thy first condition find their own,
A God's descent, a pilgrimage below,
And promis'd rest where living waters flow.
They'll see the pen describe in every trace
The frowns of Anger, or the smiles of Grace;
Why Mercy turns aside, and leaves to shine,
What cause provokes the Jealousy divine!
Why Justice kindles dire avenging flames,
What endless Power the lifted arm proclaims;
Why Mercy shines again with cheerful ray,
And Glory double-gilds the lightsome day.
Though nations change, and Israel's empire dies,
Yet still the case on Earth again may rise;
Eternal Providence its rule retains,
And still preserves, and still applies the strains.
'Twas such a gift, the prophet's sacred pen,
On his departure, left the sons of men;
Thus he, and thus the swan her breath resigns,
(Within the beauty of poetic lines,)
He white with innocence, his figure she,
And both harmonious, but the sweeter he.
Death learns to charm, and, while it leads to bliss,
Has found a lovely circumstance in this,
To suit the meekest turn of easy mind,
And actions cheerful in an air resign'd.
Thou flock, whom Moses to thy freedom led,
How wilt thou lay the venerable dead?
Go (if thy fathers taught a work they knew)
Go build a pyramid to Glory due,
Square the broad base, with sloping sides arise,
And let the point diminish in the skies.
There leave the corpse, impending o'er his head
The wand whose motion winds and waves obey'd,
On sable banners to the sight describe
The painted arms of every mourning tribe.
And thus may public grief adorn the tomb,
Deep-streaming downwards through the vaulted room.
On the black stone a fair inscription raise,
That sums his government to speak his praise,
And may the style as brightly worth proclaim
As if affection, with a pointed beam,
Engrav'd or fir'd the words, or honour due
Had with itself inlaid the tablet through,
But stop the pomp that is not man's to pay,
For God will grace him in a nobler way.
Mine eyes perceive an orb of heavenly state,
With splendid forms and light serene replete;
I hear the sound of fluttering wings in air,
I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there:
They fly, they bear, they rest on Nebo's head,
And in thick glory wrap the reverend dead;
This errand crowns his songs, and tends to prove
His near communion with the quire above.
Now swiftly down the steepy mount they go,
Now swiftly glides their shining orb below,
And now moves off, where rising grounds deny
To spread their valley to the distant eye.
Ye bless'd inhabitants of glittering air,
You've borne the prophet, but we know not where.
Perhaps, lest Israel, over-fondly led,
In rating worth when envy leaves the dead,
Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,
Make him their idol, and his grave their shrine.
But what disorder? what repels the light?
And ere its season forces on the night?
Why sweep the spectres o'er the blasted ground?
What shakes the mount with hollow-roaring sound?
Hell rolls beneath it, Terrour stalks before
With shrieks and groans, and Horrour bursts a door;
And Satan rises in infernal state,
Drawn up by Malice, Envy, Rage, and Hate,

A darkening vapour with sulphureous steam,
In pitchy cutlings edg'd by sullen flame,
And fram'd a chariot for the dreadful form,
Drives whirling up on mad Confusion's storm.
  Then fiercely burning where the prophet dy'd,
"Nor shall thy nation 'scape my wrath," he cry'd;
"This corpse I'll enter and thy flock mislead,
And all thy miracles my lies shall aid.
But where?—He's gone, and, by the scented sky,
The favourite courtiers have been lately nigh;
Oh, slow to business, curs'd in mischief's hour,
Trace on their odours, and if Hell has power"—
This said, with spite and with a bent for ill,
He shot with fury from the trembling hill.
  In vain, proud fiend, thy threats are half exprest
And half lie choaking in thy scornful breast,
His shining bearers have perform'd their rite,
And laid him softly down in shades of night,
A warrior heads the band, great Michael he,
Renown'd for victories in wars with thee,
A sword of flame to stop thy course he bears,
Nor has thy rage avail'd, nor can thy snares;
"The Lord rebuke thy pride!" he meekly cries:
The Lord has heard him, and thy project dies.
  Here Moses leaves my song, the tribes retire,
The desert flies, and forty years expire;
And now, my Fancy, for a while be still,
And think of coming down from Nebo's hill.
Go search among thy forms, and thence prepare
A cloud in folds of soft surrounding air!
Go find a breeze to lift thy cloud on high,
To waft thee gently-rock'd in open sky,
Then stealing back to leave a silent calm,
And thee reposing in a grove of palm,
The place will suit my next succeeding strain,
And I'll awake thee soon to sing again.

DEBORAH.

TIME, sire of years, unfold thy leaf anew,
And still the past recall to present view,
Spread forth thy circles, swiftly gaze them o'er,
But where an action's nobly sung before,
There stop and stay for me, whose thoughts design
To make another's song resound in mine.
Pass where the priest's procession bore the law,
When Jordan's parted waters fix'd with awe,
While Israel march'd upon the naked sand,
Admir'd the wonder, and obtain'd the land;
Slide through the numerous fates of Canaan's kings,
While conquests rode on Expedition's wings,
Glance over Israel at a single view,
In bondage oft and oft unbound anew,
Till Jabin rise, and Deborah stand enroll'd,
Upon the gilded leaf's revolving fold.
  Oh, king subdued! oh, woman born to fame!
Oh, wake, my Fancy, for the glorious theme;
Oh, wake, my Fancy, with the sense of praise,
Oh, wake with warblings of triumphant lays.
The land you rise in sultry Suns invade;
But, when you rise to sing, you'll find a shade.
Those trees in order, and with verdure crown'd,
The sacred prophetess's tent surround,
And that fair palm a front exactly plac'd,
That overtops and overspreads the rest,
Near the firm root a mossy bank supports,
Where Justice opens unexpensive courts:
There Deborah sits, the willing tribes repair,
Refer their causes, and she judges there;
Nor needs a guard to bring her subjects in,
Each Grace, each Virtue, proves a guard unseen;
Nor wants the penalties enforcing law,
While great Opinion gives effectual awe.
  Now twenty years, that roll'd in heavy pain,
Saw Jabin gall them with Oppression's chain,
When she, submissive to divine command,
Proclaims a war for freedom o'er the land,
And bids young Barack with those men descend,
Whom in the mountains he for battle train'd.
"Go," says the prophetess, "thy foes assail,
Go make ten thousand over all prevail:
Make Jabin's captains feel thine edged sword,
Make all his army, God has spoke the word.
He, fit for war, and Israel's hope in sight,
Yet doubts the numbers, and by that the fight;"
Then thus replies with wish to stand secure,
Or eager thought to know the conquest sure;
"Belov'd of God, lend thou thy presence too,
And I with gladness lead th' appointed few;
But, if thou wilt not, let thy son deny,
For what's ten thousand men, or what am I?"
"If so," she cries, "a share of toil be mine,
Another share, and some dishonour thine;
For God, to punish doubt, resolves to show
That less than numbers can suppress his foe;
You'll move to conquer, and the foes to yield,
But 'tis a woman's act secures the field."
  Now seem the warriors in their ranks assign'd,
Now furling banners flutter in the wind:
Her words encourage, and his actions lead,
Hope spurs them forward, Valour draws the blade;
And Freedom, like a fair reward for all,
Stands reaching forth her hands, and seems to call,
  On t'other side, and almost o'er the plain,
Proud Sisera, Jabin's captain, brings his men,
As thick as locusts on the vintage fly,
As thick as scatter'd leaves in Autumn lie,
Bold with success against a nation try'd,
And proud of numbers, and secure in pride.
  Now sounds the trumpet, now my fancy warms,
And now methinks I view their toils in arms,
The lively phantoms tread my boundless mind,
And no faint colours or weak strokes design'd:
See where in distant conquest from afar,
The pointed arrows bring the wounds of war;
See where the lines with closer force engage,
And thrust the spear, and whirl the sword of rage;
Here break the files, and vainly strive to close,
There on their own repell'd, assist their foes.
Here Deborah calls, and Jabin's soldiers fly,
There Barack fights, and Jabin's soldiers die.
But now nine hundred chariots roll along,
Expert their guiders, and their horses strong;
And Terrour, rattling in their fierce array,
Bears down on Israel to restore the day.
Oh, Lord of battle, oh, the danger's near!
Assist thine Israel, or they perish here.
How swift is Mercy's aid, behold it fly
On rushing tempests through the troubled sky;
With dashing rain, with pelting hail they blow,
And sharply drive them on the facing foe.
Thus bless'd with help, and only touch'd behind,
The favourite nation presses in the wind.
But heat of action now disturbs the sight,
And wild confusion mingles all the fight;
Cold-whistling winds, and shrieks of dying men,
And groans and armour, sound in all the plain.

The bands of Canaan fate no longer dare,
Oppress'd by weather and destroy'd by war;
And, from his chariot whence he rul'd the fight,
Their haughty leader leaps to join the flight.
See where he flies, and see the victor near;
See rapid Conquest in pursuit of Fear.
See, see, they both make off, the work is o'er,
And Fancy clear'd of vision as before.
Thus (if the mind of man may seem to move
With some resemblance of the skies above)
When wars are gathering in our hearts below,
We've seen their battles in etherial show:
The long distended tracts of opening sky,
The phantoms azure field of fight supply;
The whitish clouds an argent armour yield,
A radiant blazon gilds their argent shield;
Young glittering comets point the levell'd spear,
Which for their pennons hang their flaming hair,
And o'er the helms for gallant Glory drest
Sit curls of air, and nod upon the crest.
Thus arm'd, they seem to march, and seem to fight,
And seeming wounds of death delude the sight,
The ruddy thunder-clouds look stain'd with gore,
And for the din of war within they roar.
Then flies aside, and then aside pursues,
Till in their motion all their shapes they loose,
Dispersing air concludes the mimic scene,
The sky shuts up, and swiftly clears again.
But does their Sisera share the common fate,
Or mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?
With such inquiry near the palm repair,
Victorious Honour knows and tells it there.
To that fair type of Israel's late success,
Which nobly rises as its weights depress,
To that fair type returns the joyful band,
Whose courage rose to free their groaning land;
There stands the leader in the pomp of arms,
There stands the judge in Beauty's awful charms;
And whilst, reclin'd upon the resting spear,
He pants with chase and breathes in calmer air,
Her thoughts are working with a backward view,
And would in song the great exploit renew.
She sees an arm'd Oppression's hundred hands
Impose its fetters on the promis'd lands.
She sees their nation struggling in the chains,
And wars arising with unequal trains.
She sees their fate in arms, the field imbrued,
The foe disorder'd, and the foe pursued,
Till Conquest, drest in rays of glory, come [home,
With Peace and Freedom, brought in triumph
Then round her heart a beamy gladness plays,
Which, darting forward, thus converts to praise.
"For Israel's late avengings on the foe,
When led by no compelling power below,
When each spring forward of their own accord,
For this, for all the mercy, praise the Lord. [hear;
"Hear, O ye kings; ye neighbouring princes,
My song triumphant shall instruct your fears
My song triumphant bids your glory bow,
To God confess'd, the God of Jacob now. [hand,
"O glorious Lord! when, with thy sovereign
Thou led'st the nation off from Edom's land,
Then trembled Earth, and shook the Heavens on
And clouds in drops forsook the melted sky, [high,
With tumbling waters, hills were heard to roar,
And felt such shocks as Sinai felt before.
But fear abating, which by time decays,
The kings of Canaan rose in Shamgar's days,
And still continued ev'n in Jael's times,
Their empire fixing with successful crimes.
Oppression ravag'd all our lost abodes,
Nor dare the people trust the common roads;
But paths perplex'd, and unfrequented chose,
To shun the danger of perplexing foes.
Thus direful was deform'd the country round,
Unpeopled towns, and disimprov'd the ground.
Till I, resolving in the gap to stand,
I, Deborah, rose a mother of the land,
Where others, slaves by settled custom grown,
Could serve, and choose to serve, the gods un-
Where others suffer'd with a tame regret, [known;
Destruction spilling blood in every gate,
And forty thousand had not for the field
One spear offensive, or defensive shield.
"O towards the leaders of my nation move,
O beat my warming heart with sense of love,
Commend th' asserters on their own accord,
And bless the sovereign causer, bless the Lord.
"Speak ye, that ride with power return'd in state,
Speak ye the praise, that rule the judgment-seat,
Speak ye the praise to God, that walk the roads,
While safety brings you to restor'd abodes.
"Th' e'rescued villagers, no more afraid
Of archers lurking in the faithless shade,
And sudden death convey'd from sounding strings,
Shall safe approach the water's rising springs;
And, while their turns of drawing there they wait,
Loitering in ease upon a mossy seat,
Call all the blessings of the Lord to mind,
And sing the Lord in all the blessings kind.
The townsmen rescued from the tyrant's reign
Shall flock with joy to fill their walls again,
See Justice in the gates the balance bear,
And none but her unsheath a weapon there.
"Awake, O Deborah, O awake to praise,
Awake, and utter forth triumphant lays.
Arise, O Barack, be thy pomp begun,
Lead on thy triumph thou Abinoam's son;
Thy captives bound in chains, when God's decree
Made humbled princes stoop their necks to thee,
When he, the giver of success in fight,
Advanc'd a woman o'er the sons of might.
"Against this Amaleck, of banded foes,
I, Deborah, root of all the war, arose,
From Ephraim sprung, and leading Ephraim's line;
The next in rising, Benjamin was thine.
The ruling heads of half Manasseh's land,
To serve in danger, left their safe command.
The tribe of Zebulun's unactive men
For glorious arms forsook the peaceful pen.
The lords of Issachar with Deborah went,
The tribe with Barack to the vale was sent,
Where he on foot perform'd the general's part,
And shar'd the soldiers toil to raise their heart.
"But Reuben's strange divisions justly wrought
Amongst his brethren deep concern of thought.
Ah! while the nation in affliction lay,
How could'st thou, Reuben, by the sheepfolds stay,
And let thy bleating flock divert thy days
That idly pass'd thee with inglorious ease!
Divided tribe, without thy dangers free,
Deep were the searchings of our heart for thee.
Our Gilead too, by such example sway'd,
With unconcern beyond the river stay'd,
And Dan in ships at sea for safety rode,
And frighten'd Asher in its rock's abode.
"Now sing the field, the feats of war begun
And praise thy Napthali with Zebulun,

To deaths expos'd, in posts advanc'd they stood
With souls resolv'd, and gallant rage of blood.
Then came the kings and fought, the gather'd kings
By waters streaming from Megiddo's springs;
In Taanach vale sustain'd the daring toil,
Yet neither fought for pay, nor won the spoil.
The skies, indulgent in the cause of right,
On Israel's side, against their army fight,
In evil aspects, stars and planets range,
And by the weather in tempestuous change
Promote the dire distress, and make it known
That God has hosts above, to save his own.
The Kishon swell'd, grew rapid as they fled,
And roll'd them sinking down its sandy bed.
O river Kishon, river of renown!
And, O my soul, that trod their glory down!
The stony paths, by which disorder'd flight
Convey'd their troops and chariots from the fight,
With rugged points their horses hoofs distress'd,
And broke them prancing in impetuous haste.
"Curse, curse ye Meroz, curse the town abhorr'd,
(So spake the glorious angel of the Lord)
For Meroz came not in the field prepar'd,
To join that side on which the Lord declar'd.
But bless ye Jael, be the Kenite's name
Above our women's bless'd in endless fame.
The captain, faint with sore fatigue of flight,
Implor'd for water to support his might,
And milk she pour'd him, while he water sought,
And in her lordly dish her butter brought.
With courage well-deserving to prevail,
One hand the hammer held, and one the nail,
And him, reclin'd to sleep, she boldly slew,
She smote, she pierc'd, she struck the temples through.
Before her feet, reluctant on the clay,
He bow'd, he fell; he bow'd, he fell, he lay;
He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By such degrees
As thrice she struck, each stroke's effect she sees.
"His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes;
And, grown impatient, through the lattice cries,
'Why moves the chariot of my son so slow?
Or what affairs retard his coming so?'
Her ladies answer'd—but she would not stay,
(For pride had taught what flattery meant to say)
'They 've sped,' she says, 'and now the prey they share,
For each a damsel, or a lovely pair,
For Sisera's part a robe of gallant grace,
Where diverse colours rich embroidery trace,
Meet for the necks of those who win the spoil
When triumph offers its reward for toil.'
"Thus perish all whom God's decrees oppose,
Thus, like the vanquish'd, perish all thy foes,
But let the men that in thy name delight
Be like the Sun in heaven's glory bright,
When mounted on the day he posts away,
And with full strength increases on the day."
'Twas here the propheteſs respir'd from song,
Then loudly shouted all the cheerful throng,
By freedom gain'd, by victory complete,
Prepar'd for mirth irregularly great.
The frowns of sorrow gave their ancient place
To pleasure, drawn in smiles of every face.
The groans of slavery were no longer wrung,
But thoughts of comfort from the blessing sprung.
And as they shouted from the breezy west,
Amongst the plumes that deck the singer's crest,
The spirit of applause itself convey'd
On wafted air, and lightly waving play'd:
Such was the case (or such ideas flow
From thought replenish'd with triumphant show).
What rais'd their joy their love could also raise,
And each contended in the words of praise,
And every word proclaim'd the wonders past,
And God was still the first, and still the last;
Deep in their souls the fair impression lay,
Deep-trac'd, and never to be worn away.
From hence the rescued generation still
Abhorr'd the practice of rebellious ill,
And fear'd the punishment for ill abhorr'd,
And lov'd repentance, and ador'd the Lord.
From hence in all their days the Lord was kind,
His face serene with settled favours shin'd,
Fair banish'd Order was recall'd in state,
The laws reviv'd, the princes rul'd the gate,
Peace cheer'd the vales, Contentment laugh'd with Peace,
Gay blooming Plenty rose with large increase,
Sweet Mercy those who thought on mercy blest,
And so for forty years the land had rest.
Rest, happy land, a while; ah, longer so,
Didst thou thine happiness sincerely know!
But soon thy quiet with thy goodness past,
And in the song alone obtain'd to last.
Live, song triumphant, live in fair record,
And teach succeeding times to fear the Lord;
For Fancy moves by bright examples woo'd,
And wins the mind with images of good.
Touch'd with a sacred rage and heavenly flame,
I strive to sing thine universal aim.
To quit the subject, and in lays sublime,
The moral fit for any point of time.
Then go, my verses, with applying strain,
Go form a triumph not ascrib'd to men.
Let all the clouds of grief impending lie,
And storms of trouble drive along the sky,
Then humble Piety thine accents raise,
For prayer will prove the powerful charm of ease.
Lo, now my soul has spoke its best desires,
How blessings answer what the prayer requires!
Before thy sighs the clouds of grief retreat,
The storms of trouble by thy tears abate,
And radiant Glory, from her upper sphere,
Looks down and glitters in relented air.
Rise, lovely Piety, from earthy bed,
The parted flame descends upon thine head,
This wondrous mitre, fram'd by sacred love,
And for thy triumph sent thee from above,
In two bright points with upper rays aspires,
And rounds thy temples with innocuous fires.
Rise, lovely Piety, with pomp appear,
And thou, kind Mercy, lend thy chariot here;
On either side, fair Fame and Honour place,
Behind let Plenty walk in hand with Peace;
While Irreligion, muttering horrid sound,
With fierce and proud Oppression backward bound,
Drag by the wheels along the dusty plain,
And gnashing lick the ground, and curse with pain.
Now come, ye thousands, and more thousands yet,
With order join to fill the train of state,
Souls tun'd for praising to the temple bring,
And thus amidst the sacred music sing:
"Hail, Piety! triumphant goodness, hail!
Hail, O prevailing, ever O prevail!
At thine entreaty, Justice leaves to frown,
And Wrath appeasing lays the thunder down;

The tender heart of yearning Mercy burns,
Love asks a blessing, and the Lord returns.
In his great name that Heaven and Earth has made,
In his great name alone we find our aid;
Then bless the name, and let the world adore,
From this time forward, and for evermore.

HANNAH.

Now crowds move off, retiring trumpets sound,
On echoes dying in their last rebound;
The notes of Fancy seem no longer strong,
But sweetening closes fit a private song.
So when the storms forsake the sea's command,
To break their forces in the winding land,
No more their blasts tumultuous rage proclaim,
But sweep in murmurs o'er a murmuring stream.
Then seek the subject, and its song be mine,
Whose numbers, mixt in sacred story, shine:
Go, brightly-working Thought, prepar'd to fly,
Above the page on hovering pinions lie,
And beat with stronger force, to make thee rise
Where beauteous Hannah meets the searching eyes.
There frame a town, and fix a tent with cords,
The town be Shiloh call'd, the tent the Lord's.
Carv'd pillars, filletted with silver, rear,
To close the curtains in an outward square,
But those within it, which the porch uphold,
Be finely wrought, and overlaid with gold.
Here Eli comes to take the resting-seat,
Slow moving forward with a reverend gait:
Sacred in office, venerably sage,
And venerably great in silver'd age.
Here Hannah comes, a melancholy wife,
Reproach'd for barren in the marriage-life;
Like summer mornings she to sight appears,
Bedew'd and shining in the midst of tears.
Her heart in bitterness of grief she bow'd,
And thus her wishes to the Lord she vow'd:
"If thou thine handmaid with compassion see,
If I, my God! am not forgot by thee;
If in mine offspring thou prolong my line,
The child I wish for all his days be thine;
His life devoted, in thy courts be led,
And not a razor come upon his head."
So, from recesses of her inmost soul,
Through moving lips her still devotion stole:
As silent waters glide through parted trees,
Whose branches tremble with a rising breeze.
The words were lost because her heart was low,
But free desire had taught the mouth to go;
This Eli mark'd, and, with a voice severe,
While yet she multiply'd her thoughts in prayer,
"How long shall wine," he cries, "distract thy breast?
Be gone, and lay the drunken fit by rest."
"Ah!" says the mourner, "count not this for sin,
It is not wine, but grief, that works within;
The spirit of thy wretched hand-maid know,
Her prayer's complaint, and her condition woe."
Then spake the sacred priest, "In peace depart,
And with thy comfort God fulfil thine heart!"
His blessing thus pronounc'd with awful sound,
The votary bending leaves the solemn ground,
She seems confirm'd the Lord has heard her cries,
And cheerful hope the tears of trouble dries,
And makes her alter'd eyes irradiate roll,
With joy that dawns in thought upon the soul.

Now let the town, and tent, and court remain,
And leap the time till Hannah comes again.
As painted prospects skip along the green,
From hills to mountains eminently seen,
And leave their intervals that sink below,
In deep retreat, and unexpress'd to show.
Behold! she comes (but not as once she came,
To grieve, to sigh, and teach her eyes to stream);
Content adorns her with a lively face,
An open look, and smiling kind of grace;
Her little Samuel in her arms she bears,
The wish of long desire, and child of prayers;
And as the sacrifice she brought begun,
To reverend Eli she presents her son.
"Here," cries the mother, "here my lord may see
The woman come, who pray'd in grief by thee:
The child I sued for, God in bounty gave:
And what he granted, let him now receive."
But still the votary feels her temper move,
With all the tender violence of love,
That still enjoys the gift, and inly burns
To search for larger, or for more returns.
Then, fill'd with blessings which allure to praise,
And rais'd by joy to soul-enchanting lays,
Thus thanks the Lord, beneficently kind,
In sweet effusions of the grateful mind:
"My lifting heart, with more than common heat,
Sends up its thanks to God on every beat,
My glory, rais'd above the reach of scorn,
To God exalts its highly-planted horn;
My mouth enlarg'd, mine enemies defies,
And finds in God's salvation full replies.
Oh, bright in holy beauty's power divine,
There's none whose glory can compare with thine!
None share thine honours, nay, there's none beside,
No rock on which thy creatures can confide.
"Ye proud in spirit, who your gift adore,
Unlearn the faults, and speak with pride no more;
No more your words in arrogance be shown,
Nor call the works of Providence your own,
Since he that rules us infinitely knows,
And as he wills, his acts of power dispose.
"The strong, whose sinewy forces arch'd the bow,
Have seen it shatter'd by the conquering foe;
The weak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,
And new-sprung vigour in the limbs increase.
The full, whom vary'd tastes of plenty fed,
Have let their labour out to gain their bread.
The poor, that languish'd in a starving state,
Content and full, have ceas'd to beg their meat.
The barren womb, no longer barren now,
(Oh, be my thanks accepted with my vow!)
In pleasure wonders at a mother's pain,
And sees her offspring, and conceives again;
While she that glory'd in her numerous heirs,
Now broke by feeblenes, no longer bears.
"Such turns their rising from the Lord derive,
The Lord that kills, the Lord that makes alive;
He brings by sickness down to gaping graves,
And, by restoring health, from sickness saves,
He makes the poor by keeping back his store,
And makes the rich by blessing men with more;
He sinking hearts with bitter grief annoys,
Or lifts them bounding with enliven'd joys.
"He takes the beggar from his humble clay,
From off the dunghill where despis'd he lay,
To mix with princes in a rank supreme,
Fill thrones of honour, and inherit fame:
For all the pillars of exalted state,
So nobly firm, so beautifully great,

Whose various orders bear the rounded ball,
Which would without them to confusion fall,
All are the Lord's, at his disposure stand,
And prop the govern'd world at his command.
" His mercy, still more wonderfully sweet,
Shall guard the righteous, and uphold their feet,
While, through the darkness of the wicked soul,
Amazement, dread, and desperation roll;
While envy stops their tongues, and hopeless grief,
That sees their fears, but not their fears' relief.
And they their strength as unavailing view,
Since none shall trust in that and safety too.
" The foes of Israel, for his Israel's sake,
God will to pieces in his anger break;
His bolts of thunder from an open'd sky,
Shall on their heads, with force unerring, fly.
His voice shall call, and all the world shall hear,
And all for sentence at his seat appear."
But mount to gentler praises, mount again,
My thoughts, prophetic of Messiah's reign;
Perceive the glories which around him shine,
And thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.
'Tis here the numbers find a bright repose,
The vows accepted, and the votary goes.
But thou, my soul, upon her accents hung,
And sweetly pleas'd with what she sweetly sung,
Prolong the pleasure with thine inward eyes,
Turn back thy thoughts, and see the subject rise.
In her peculiar case, the song begun,
And for a while through private blessings run,
As through their banks the curling waters play,
And soft in murmurs kiss the flowery way,
With force increasing then she leaps the bounds,
And largely flows on more extended grounds;
Spreads wide and wider, till vast seas appear,
And boundless views of Providence are here.
How swift these views along her anthem glide,
As waves on waves push forward in the tide!
How swift thy wonders o'er my fancy sweep,
O Providence, thou great unfathom'd deep!
Where Resignation gently dips the wing,
And learns to love and thank, admire and sing;
But bold presumptuous reasonings, diving down
To reach the bottom, in their diving drown.
Neglecting man, forgetful of thy ways,
Nor owns thy care, nor thinks of giving praise,
But from himself his happiness derives,
And thanks his wisdom, when by thine he thrives;
His limbs at ease in soft repose he spreads,
Bewitch'd with vain delights, on flowery beds;
And, while his sense the fragrant breezes kiss,
He meditates a waking dream of bliss;
He thinks of kingdoms, and their crowns are near;
He thinks of glories, and their rays appear;
He thinks of beauties, and a lovely face
Serenely smiles in every taking grace;
He thinks of riches, and their heaps arise;
Display their glittering forms, and fix his eyes;
Thus drawn with pleasures in a charming view,
Rising he reaches, and would fain pursue.
But still the fleeting shadows mock his care,
And still his fingers grasp at yielding air;
Whate'er our tempers as their comforts want,
It is not ours to take, but God's to grant.
If then, persisting in the vain design,
We look for bliss without an help divine,
We still may search, and search without relief,
Nor only want a bliss, but find a grief.
That such conviction may to sight appear,
Sit down, ye sons of men, spectators here;
Behold a scene upon your folly wrought,
And let this lively scene instruct the thought.
Boy, blow the pipe until the bubble rise,
Then cast it off to float upon the skies;
Still swell its sides with breath—O beauteous frame!
It grows, it shines: be now the world thy name!
Methinks creation forms itself within,
The men, the towns, the birds, the trees, are seen;
The skies above present an azure show,
And lovely verdure paints an Earth below.
I'll wind myself in this delightful sphere,
And live a thousand years of pleasure there;
Roll'd up in blisses, which around me close,
And now regal'd with these, and now with those.
False hope, but falser words of joy, farewel,
You 've rent the lodging where I meant to dwell,
My bubbles burst, my prospects disappear,
And leave behind a moral and a tear.
If at the type our dreaming souls awake,
And Hannah's strains their just impression make,
The boundless power of Providence we know,
And fix our trust on nothing here below.
Then he, grown pleas'd that men his greatness own,
Looks down serenely from his starry throne,
And bids the blessed days our prayers have won
Put on their glories, and prepare to run.
For which our thanks be justly sent above,
Enlarg'd by gladness, and inspir'd with love:
For which his praises be for ever sung,
O sweet employment of the grateful tongue!
Burst forth, my temper, in a godly flame,
For all his blessings laud his holy name:
That, ere mine eyes saluted cheerful day,
A gift devoted in the womb I lay,
Like Samuel vow'd, before my breath I drew,
O could I prove in life like Samuel too!
That all my frame is exquisitely wrought,
The world enjoy'd by sense, and God by thought;
That living streams through living channels glide,
To make this frame by Nature's course abide;
That, for its good, by Providence's care,
Fire joins with water, earth concurs with air;
That Mercy's ever-inexhausted store
Is pleas'd to proffer, and to promise more;
And all the proffers stream with grace divine,
And all the promises with glory shine.
O praise the Lord, my soul, in one accord,
Let all that is within me praise the Lord;
O praise the Lord, my soul, and ever strive
To keep the sweet remembrances alive.
Still raise the kind affections of thine heart,
Raise every grateful word to bear a part,
With every word the strains of love devise,
Awake thine harp, and thou thyself arise;
Then, if his mercy be not half express'd,
Let wondering Silence magnify the rest.

DAVID.

My thought, on views of admiration hung,
Intently ravish'd, and depriv'd of tongue,
Now darts a while on Earth, a while in air,
Here mov'd with praise, and mov'd with glory there;
The joys entrancing, and the mute surprise,
Half fix the blood, and dim the moistening eyes;
Pleasure and praise on one another break,
An exclamation longs at heart to speak;
When thus my genius on the work design'd,
Awaiting closely, guides the wandering mind.

If, while thy thanks would in thy lays be wrought,
A bright astonishment involve the thought,
If yet thy temper would attempt to sing,
Another's quill shall imp thy feebler wing;
Behold the name of royal David near,
Behold his music, and his measures hear,
Whose harp devotion in a rapture strung,
And left no state of pious souls unsung.
Him to the wondering world but newly shown,
Celestial Poetry pronounc'd her own;
A thousand Hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,
Bent down their little beauteous forms to gaze;
Fair-blooming Innocence, with tender years,
And native Sweetness for the ravish'd ears,
Prepar'd to smile within his early song,
And brought their rivers, groves, and plains along;
Majestic Honour, at the palace bred,
Enrob'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red,
Reach'd forth the sceptre of her royal fate,
His forehead touch'd, and bid his lays be great;
Undaunted Courage, deck'd with manly charms,
With waving azure plumes, and gilded arms,
Display'd the glories and the toils of fight,
Demanded Fame, and call'd him forth to write.
To perfect these, the sacred Spirit came,
By mild infusion of celestial flame,
And mov'd with dove-like candour in his breast,
And breath'd his graces over all the rest.
Ah! where the daring flights of men aspire,
To match his numbers with an equal fire;
In vain they strive to make proud Babel rise,
And with an earth-born labour touch the skies;
While I the glittering page resolve to view,
That will the subject of my lines renew:
The laurel wreath, my fame's imagin'd shade,
Around my beating temples fears to fade;
My fainting fancy trembles on the brink,
And David's God must help, or else I sink.
As rolling rivers in their channels flow,
Swift from aloft, but on the level slow:
Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,
So just, so copious, move the psalmist's strains;
So sweetly vary'd with proportion'd heat,
So gently clear, or so sublimely great;
While Nature's seen in all her forms to shine,
And mix with beauties drawn from Truth divine;
Sweet beauties (sweet affection's endless rill)
That in the soul like honey-drops distil.
Hail, Holy Spirit, hail supremely kind,
Whose inspiration thus enlarg'd the mind;
Who taught him what the gentle shepherd sings,
What rich expression suit the port of kings;
What daring words describe the soldier's heat,
And what the prophet's extacies relate;
Nor let his worst condition be forgot,
In all this splendour of exalted thought,
On one thy different sorts of graces fall,
Still made for each, of equal force in all;
And while from heavenly courts he feels a flame,
He sings the place from whence the blessing came;
And makes his inspirations sweetly prove
The tuneful subject of the mind they move.
Immortal Spirit, light of life instill'd,
Who thus the bosom of a mortal fill'd,
Though weak my voice, and though my light be dim,
Yet fain I'd praise thy wondrous gifts in him;
Then, since thine aid's attracted by desire,
And they that speak thee right must feel thy fire,
Vouchsafe a portion of thy grace divine,
And raise my voice, and in my numbers shine:
I sing of David, David sings of thee,
Assist the psalmist, and his work in me.
But now, my verse, arising on the wing,
What part of all thy subject wilt thou sing?
How fire thy first attempt? in what resort
Of Palestina's plains, or Salem's court;
Where, as his hands the solemn measure play'd,
Curs'd fiends with torment and confusion fled;
Where, at the rosy spring of cheerful light,
(If pious Fame record tradition right)
A soft effilation of celestial fire
Came like a rushing breeze, and shook the lyre,
Still sweetly giving every trembling string
So much of sound, as made him wake to sing?
Within my view the country first appears,
The country first enjoy'd his youthful years;
Then frame thy shady landscapes in my strain,
Some conscious mountain or accustom'd plain;
Where by the waters, on the grass reclin'd,
With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd his mind;
For through the paths of rural life I'll stray,
And in his pleasures paint a shepherd's day.
With grateful sentiments, with active will,
With [illegible] exertion, and enlivening skill,
His first return of thanks be duly paid,
And each new day new beams of bounty shed.
"Awake, my tuneful harp; awake," he cries;
"Awake, my lute, the Sun begins to rise;
My God, I'm ready now!" then takes a flight,
To purest Piety's exalted heights:
[illegible] with Heaven itself in view,
On humble prayers and humble praises flew.
The praise as pleasing, and as sweet the prayer,
As incense curling up through morning air.
Where'er he trod the field, path, earth, steps he trod,
And viewed, and mused on all the works of God,
Perhaps in secret meditation stood in praise,
And drew the fairest part with eternal his ways;
[illegible] visited with rain,
[illegible] of the Lord in the springing grain,
[illegible] hence the fattened furrow blest,
[illegible] year with goodness crown'd, with beauty dress'd.
[illegible] to power divine ascribe it all,
[illegible] whose high paths the drops of fatness fall;
[illegible] in the song the smiling fields rejoice,
[illegible] all the mute creation lifts a voice;
[illegible] thick returns delightful echoes fill
[illegible] grain, or vale ascending hill;
[illegible] by the shouting mountains 'd them,
To [illegible] their glories in the crowds they swell.
And [illegible] in the western gate,
With [illegible] proclaims the coverd vale,
Where'er his [illegible] the lovely shepherd drove,
To neighbouring waters, to the neighbouring grove;
To Jordan's flood, refresh'd by cooling wind
Or Cedron's brook, to murmuring fountains,
In easy notes and [illegible] of lowly breath, [train;
'Twas thus he chanted, and taught the listening
"The Lord is my shepherd, bountiful and good;
I cannot want, since he provides me food;
Me for his sheep along the verdant meads,
Me, all too mean, his tender mercy leads,
To taste the springs of life, and take repose
Wherever living pasture sweetly grows.
And as I cannot want, I need not fear,
For still the presence of my shepherd's near;
Through darksome vales, where beasts of prey resort,
Where Death appears with all his dreadful court,

His rod and hook direct me when I stray,
He calls to fold, and they direct my way."
Perhaps, when seated on the river's brink,
He saw the tender sheep at noon-day drink,
He sung the land where milk and honey glide,
And fattening plenty rolls upon the tide.
Or, fix'd within the freshness of a shade,
Whose boughs diffuse their leaves around his head,
He borrow'd notions from the kind retreat,
Then sung the righteous in their happy state,
And how, by Providential care, success
Shall all their actions in due season bless;
So firm they stand, so beautiful they look,
As planted trees aside the purling brook:
Not faded by the rays that parch the plain,
Nor careful for the want of dropping rain:
The leaves sprout forth, the rising branches shoot,
And Summer crowns them with the ripen'd fruit.
But if the flowery field, with varied hue,
And native sweetness, entertain'd his view;
The flowery field with all the glorious throng
Of lively colours rose, to paint his song;
Its pride and fall within the numbers ran,
And spake the life of transitory man.
As grass arises by degrees unseen
To deck the breast of Earth with lovely green,
Till Nature's order brings the withering days,
And all the Summer's beauteous pomp decays;
So, by degrees unseen, doth man arise,
So blooms by course, and so by course he dies.
Or as her head the gaudy flowerlet heaves,
Spreads to the Sun, and boasts her silken leaves,
Till accidental winds their glory slice,
And then they fall before the tune to fade;
So man appears, and falls in all his prime,
Ere Age appears on the stars of Time.
But thee, my God, thy soul the same we find,
Thy glory lasting and thy mercy kind;
That still the just, and all his race, may know
No cause to mourn their sad account below.
When from beneath he saw the wandering sheep,
That gran'd the level, range along the steep,
Then rose, the wanton stragglers home to call,
Before the pearly news at evening fall:
Perhaps new thoughts the rising ground supply,
And that employs his mind which fills his eye.
"From pointed hills," he cries, "my wishes tend,
To that great hill from whence supports descend:
The Lord's thy hill, that place of sure defence,
My wants, when their certain help from thence."
And as hence both projected shadows throw,
To ward the sun from off the vales below,
Or for their safety stop the blast above,
That, with sure copious loaded, nightly rove;
So shall prosperity the his sacrifice spread,
And [illegible] the sacred shade,
Unhurt by rage, that, like a Summer's day,
Destroys and spoils with empetuous ray:
By wasting sorrows, undepriv'd of rest,
That fall, like damps by spring shine, on the breast,
Here from the mind the prospects seem to wear,
And leave the couch'd design appearing bare;
And now no more the shepherd sings his hill,
But sings the sovereign Lord's protection still.
For as he sees the Night prepar'd to come,
On wings of Evening, he prepares for home;
And in the song thus adds a blessing more,
To what the thought within the figure bore:
"Eternal Goodness manifestly still
Preserves my soul from each approach of ill:
Ends all my days, as all my days begin,
And keeps my goings, and my comings-in."
Here think the sinking Sun descends apace,
And, from thy first attempt, my Fancy, cease;
Here bid the ruddy shepherd quit the plain,
And to the fold return his flocks again.
Go, lest the lion, or the shagged bear,
Thy tender lambs with savage hunger tear;
Though neither bear nor lion match thy might,
When in their rage they stood reveal'd to sight;
Go, lest thy wanton sheep returning home,
Should, as they pass, through doubtful darkness roam.
Go, ruddy youth, to Bethlem turn thy way,
On Bethlem's road conclude the parting day.
Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,
And sees the crescent rise with silver light;
His words consider all the sparkling show
With which the stars in golden order glow.
"And what is man," he cries, "that thus thy kind,
Thy wondrous love, has lodg'd him in thy mind?
For him they glitter, him the beasts of prey,
That scare my sheep, and these my sheep obey.
O Lord, our Lord, with how deserv'd a fame,
Does Earth record the glories of thy name!"
Then, as he thus devoutly walks along,
And finds the road has finish'd with the song,
He sings, with lifted hands and lifted eyes,
"Be this, my God, an evening sacrifice."
But now, the lowly dales, the trembling groves,
O'er which the whisper'd breeze serenely roves,
Leave all the course of working fancy clear,
Or only grace another subject here;
For in my purpose new designs arise,
Whose brightening images engage mine eyes,
Then here, my verse, thy louder accents raise,
Thy theme through lofty paths of glory trace;
Call forth his honours in imperial throngs,
And strive to touch his more exalted songs.
While yet in humble vales his harp he strung,
While yet he follow'd after ewes with young,
Eternal Wisdom chose him for his own,
And from the flock advanc'd him to the throne;
That there his upright heart, and prudent hand,
With more distinguish'd skill, and high command,
Might act the shepherd in a nobler sphere,
And take his nation into regal care.
He could of mercy then, and justice sing,
Those radiant virtues that adorn a king,
That make his reign blaze forth with bright renown,
Beyond those gems whose splendour decks a crown:
That fixing peace, by temper'd love and fear,
Make plains abound, and barren mountains bear.
"To thee, to whom these attributes belong,
To thee, my God," he cry'd, "I send my song;
To thee, from whom my regal glory came,
I sing the forms in which my court I frame:
Assist the models of imperfect skill,
O come, with sacred aid, and fix my will.
A wise behaviour in my private ways,
And all my soul dispos'd to public peace,
Shall daily strive to let my subjects see
A perfect pattern how to live, in me.
Still will I think, as still my glories rise,
To set no wicked thing before mine eyes,
Nor will I choose the favourites of state,
Among those men that have incurr'd thine hate,
Whose vice but makes them scandalously great;
'Tis time that all, whose froward rage of heart
Would vex my realm, shall from my realm depart;

'Tis time that all, whose private slandering lie
Leads Judgment falsely, shall by Judgment die.
And time the great, who loose the reins to pride,
Shall with neglect and scorn be laid aside;
But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,
I 'll send my light, with sharp disarming ray,
Through dark retreats, where humble minds abide,
Through shades of peace, where modest tempers hide;
To find the good that may support my state,
And, having found them, then to make them great.
My voice shall raise them from the lonely cell,
With me to govern, and with me to dwell.
My voice shall Flattery and Deceit disgrace,
And in their room exulted Virtue place;
That, with an early care, and stedfast hand,
The wicked perish from the faithful land."

When on the throne he sate in calm repose,
And with a royal hope his offspring rose,
His prayers, anticipating time, reveal
Their deep concernment for the public weal;
Upon a good forecasted thought they run,
For common blessings in the king begun:
For righteousness and judgment strictly fair,
Which from the king descends upon his heir.
So when his life and all his labour cease,
The reign succeeding, brings succeeding peace;
So still the poor shall find impartial laws,
And orphans still a guardian of their cause:
And stern Oppression have its galling yoke,
And rabid teeth of prey, to-pieces broke.
Then, wondering at the glories of his way,
His friends shall love, his daunted foes obey;
For peaceful commerce neighbouring kings apply,
And with great presents court the grand ally.
For him rich gums shall sweet Arabia bear,
For him rich Sheba mines of gold prepare;
Him Tharsis, him the foreign isles shall greet,
And every nation bend beneath his feet.
And thus his honours far-extended grow,
The type of great Messiah's reign below.

But worldly realms, that in his accents shine,
Are left beneath the full-advanc'd design;
When thoughts of empire in the mind increase
O'er all the limits that determine place,
If thus the monarch's rising fancy move
To search for more unbounded realms above,
In which celestial courts the king maintains,
And o'er the vast extent of Nature reigns;
He then describes, in elevated words,
His Israel's shepherd, as the Lord of Lords.
How bright between the Cherubims he sits,
What dazzling lustre all his throne emits;
How Righteousness, with Judgment join'd, support
The regal seat, and dignify the court;
How fairest Honour, and majestic State, [wait;
The presence grace, and Strength and Beauty
What glittering ministers around him stand,
To fly like winds, or flames, at his command.
How sure the beams, on which his palace rise,
Are set in waters, rais'd above the skies;
How wide the skies, like out-spread curtains, fly
To veil majestic light from human eye;
Or form'd the wide expanded vaults above,
Where storms are bounded, tho' they seem to rove;
Where fire, and hail, and vapour so fulfil
The wise intentions of their Maker's will;
How well 'tis seen the great Eternal Mind
Rides on the clouds, and walks upon the wind.

"O, wondrous Lord! how bright thy glories shine [thine;
The Heavens declare, for what they boast is
And yon blue tract, enrich'd with orbs of light,
In all its handy-work displays thy might."

Again the monarch touch'd another strain,
Another province claim'd his verse again,
Where Goodness infinite has fix'd away,
Whose out-stretch'd limits are the bounds of day.
Beneath this empire of extended air,
Yet still in reach of Providence's care,
God plac'd the rounded Earth with stedfast hand,
And bid the basis ever firmly stand:
He bid the mountains from confusion's heaps
Exalt their summits, and assume their shapes.
He bid the waters like a garment spread,
To form large seas, and, as he spake, they fled.
His voice, his thunder, made the waves obey,
And forward hasten, till they form'd the sea;
Then, lest with lawless rage the surges roar,
He mark'd their bounds, and girt them in with shore.
He fill'd the land with brooks, that trembling steal
Through winding hills, along the flowery vale;
To which the beasts, that graze the vale, retreat
For cool refreshings in the Summer's heat;
While, perch'd in leaves upon the tender sprays,
The birds around their singing voices raise.
He makes the vapours, which he taught to fly,
Forsake the chambers of the clouds on high,
And golden harvest, rich with ears of grain
And spiry blades of grass, adorn the plain;
And grapes luxuriant cheer the soul with wine,
And ointment shed, to make the visage shine.
Through trunks of trees fermenting sap proceeds,
To feed, and tinge the living boughs it feeds:
So shoots the fir, where airy storks abide,
So cedar, Lebanon's aspiring pride,
Whose birds, by God's appointment, in their nest,
With green surrounded, lie secure of rest;
Where small increase the barren mountains give,
There kines, adapted to the feeding, live;
There flocks of goats in healthy pastures browse,
And, in their rocky entrails, rabbits house.
Where forests, thick with shrubs, entangled stand,
Untrod the roads, and desolate the land,
There close in coverts hide the beasts of prey,
Till heavy darkness creeps upon the day,
Then roar with Hunger's voice, and range abroad,
And, in their method, seek their meat from God;
And, when the dawning edge of eastern air
Begins to purple, to their dens repair.
Man, next succeeding, from the sweet repose
Of downy beds, to work appointed goes.
When first the Morning sees the rising Sun,
He sees their labours both at once begun;
And, Night returning with its starry train,
Perceives their labours done at once again.
O! manifold in works supremely wise,
How well thy gracious store the world supplies!
How all thy creatures on thy goodness call,
And that bestows a due support for all!
When from an open hand thy favours flow,
Rich Bounty stoops to visit us below.
When from thy hand no more thy favours stream,
Back to the dust we turn, from whence we come;
And when thy spirit gives the vital heat,
A sure succession keeps the kinds complete;
The propagated seeds their forms retain,
And all the face of Earth 's renew'd again.

Thus, as you've seen th' effect reveal the cause,
Is Nature's ruler known in Nature's laws;
Thus still his power is o'er the world display'd,
And still rejoices in the world he made.
The Lord he reigns, the King of kings is king;
Let nations praise, and praises learn to sing.
My verses here may change their style again,
And trace the psalmist in another strain;
Where all his soul the soldier's spirit warms,
And to the muse fits the sound of arms;
Where brave disorder does in numbers dwell,
And artful number speaks disorder well.
Arise, my genius, and attempt the praise
Of dreaded powers, and perilous essays;
And where his accents are too nobly great,
Like distant echoes, give the faint repeat:
For who, like him, with enterprising pen,
Can paint the Lord of Hosts in wrath with men?
Or, with just images of tuneful lay,
Set all his terrours in their fierce array?
He comes! The tumult of discording spheres,
The quivering shocks of earth, confess their fears;
Thick smoke precede, and blasts of angry breath,
That kindle dread devouring flames of death.
He comes! the firmament, with dismal night
Bows down, and seems to fall upon the light;
The darkling mists enwrap his head around,
The waters deluge, and the tempests sound;
While on the cherub's purple wings he flies,
And plants his black pavilion in the skies.
He comes! the clouds remove; the rattling hail,
Descending, bounds, and scatters o'er the vale:
His voice is heard, his thunder speaks his ire,
His lightning blasts with blue sulphureous fire;
His brandish'd bolts with swift commission go,
To punish man's rebellious acts below.
His stern rebukes lay deepest ocean bare,
And solid earth, by wide eruption, tear.
Then glares the naked gulph with dismal ray,
And then the dark foundations see the day:
O God! let mercy this thy war assuage:
Alas! no mortal can sustain thy rage.
While I but strive the dire effects to tell,
And on another's words attentive dwell,
Confusing passions in my bosom roll,
And all in tumult work the troubled soul:
Remorse with pity, fear with sorrow blend,
And I but strive in vain; my verse, descend,
To less aspiring paths direct thy flight, [nught;
Though still the less may more than match thy
While I to second agents tune the strings,
And Israel's warrior Israel's battles sings;
Great warrior he, and great to sing of war,
Whose lines (if overdrive prevail'd so far)
Might pitch the tents, compose the ranks anew,
To combat sound, and bring the soul to view.
O nation most securely rais'd in name,
Whose fair records he wrote for endless fame;
O nation oft victorious o'er thy foes,
At once thy conquests, and thy thanks he shows;
For thus he sung the realms that must be thine,
And made thee thus confess an aid divine.
When Mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its sway,
And Israel passed the deep divided sea.
When Mercy spake it, haughty Pharaoh's host,
And haughty Pharaoh, by the waves were tost.
When Mercy led us through the desert sand,
We reach'd the borders of the promis'd land:
Then all the kings their gather'd armies brought;
And all those kings by Mercy's help we fought:
There, with their monarch, Amor's people bleed,
For God was gracious and the tribes succeed.
There monstrous Ogg was fell'd on Basan's plain,
For God was gracious to the tribes again.
At length their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,
And Israel sings that God is gracious still.
Nor has the warlike prince alone inroll'd
The wondrous feats their fathers did of old;
His own emblazon'd acts adorn his lays,
These too may challenge just returns of praise.
"My God!" he cries, "my surest rock of might,
My trust in dangers, and my shield in fight;
Thy matchless bounties I with gladness own,
Nor find assistance but from thee alone:
Thy strength is armour, and my path success,
No power like thee can thus securely bless.
When troops united would arrest my course,
I break their files, and through their order force;
When in their towns they keep, my siege I form,
And leap the battlements, and lead the storm;
And when in camps abroad intrench'd they lie,
As swift as hinds in chase I bound on high;
My strenuous arms thou teachest how to kill,
And snap in sunder temper'd bows of steel;
My moving footsteps are enlarg'd by thee,
And kept from snares of plannel ambush free;
And when my foes forsake the field of fight,
Then, flush'd with conquest, I pursue their flight:
In vain their fears, that almost reach despair,
The trembling wretches from mine anger bear;
As swift as fear brisk warmth of conquest goes,
And at my feet dejects the wounded foes;
For help they call, but find their helper's gone,
For God's against them, and I drive them on
As whirling dust in airy tumult fly,
Before the tempest that involves the sky;
And, in my rage's unavoided sway,
I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay."
The warrior thus in song his deeds express'd,
Nor vainly boasted what he but confess'd;
While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,
That all their praises should refer to God.
And here, to make this bright design arise,
In fairer splendour to the nation's eyes,
From private valour he converts his lays,
For yet the public claim'd attempts of praise;
And public conquests where they jointly fought,
Thus stand recorded by reflecting thought:
"God sent his Samuel from his holy seat
To bear the promise of my future state,
And I, rejoicing, see the tribes fulfil
The promis'd purpose of Almighty will:
Subjected Sichem, sweet Samaria's plain,
And Succoth's valleys, have confess'd my reign;
Remoter Gilead's hilly tracts obey,
Manasseh's parted sands accept my sway; [mine.
Strong Ephraim's sons and Ephraim's ports are
And mine the throne of princely Judah's line;
Then since my people with my standard go,
To bring the strength of adverse empire low,
Let Moab's soil, to vile subjection brought,
With groans declare how well our ranks have fought;
Let vanquish'd Edom bow its humbled head,
And tell how pompous on its pride I tread;
And now, Philistia, with thy conquering host,
Dismay'd and broke, of conquer'd Israel boast;
But if a seer or rabbah yet remain
On Johemaan's hill, or Amon's plain,
Lead forth our armies, Lord, regard our prayer;
Lead, Lord of battles, and we'll conquer there."

As this the warrior spake, his heart arose,
And thus, with grateful turn, perform'd the close:
Though men to men their best assistance lend,
Yet men alone will but in vain befriend;
Through God we work exploits of high renown,
'Tis God that treads our great opposers down.
Hear now the praise of well-disputed fields,
The best return victorious honour yields;
'Tis common good restor'd, when lovely Peace
Is join'd with Righteousness in strict embrace;
Hear, all ye victors, what your sword secures,
Hear, all ye nations, for the cause is yours;
And when the joyful trumpets loudly sound,
When groaning captives in their ranks are bound,
When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,
And broken shafts and batter'd armour bear;
When painted arches acts of war relate,
When slow procession's pomps augment the state;
When fame relates their worth among the throng,
Thus take from David their triumphant song:
" Oh, clap your hands together! oh, rejoice,
In God, with melody's exalted voice;
Your sacred psalm within his dwelling raise,
And, for a pure oblation, offer praise;
For the rich goodness plentifully shows
He prospers our design upon our foes.
Then hither, all ye nations, hither run,
Behold the wonders which the Lord has done;
Behold, with what a mind, the heap of slain,
He spreads the sanguine surface of the plain;
He makes the wars, that mad confusion hurl'd,
Be spent in victories, and leave the world.
He breaks the bended bows, the spears of ire,
And burns the shatter'd chariots in the fire,
And bids the realms be still, the tumult cease,
And know the Lord of war, for Lord of peace."
Now may the tender youth in goodness rise,
Beneath the guidance of their parents eyes,
As tall young poplars, when the ranger's nigh,
To watch their risings, lest they shoot awry.
Now may the beauteous daughters, bred with care,
In modest rules, and pious acts of fear,
Like polish'd corners of the temple be,
So bright, so spotless, and so fit for thee.
Now may the various seasons bless the soil,
And plenteous gardeners pay the ploughman's toil;
Now sheep and kine, upon the flowery meads,
Increase in thousands, and ten thousand heads;
And now no more the sound of grief complains
For those that fall in fight, or live in chains;
Here, when the blessings are proclaim'd aloud,
Join all the voices of the thankful crowd;
Let all that feel them thus confess their part,
Thus own their worth, with one united heart;
Happy the realm which God vouchsafes to bless
With all the glories of a bright success!
And happy thrice the realm if thus he please
To crown those glories with the sweets of ease;
From warfare finish'd on a chain of thought,
To bright attempts of future rapture wrought;
Yet stronger, yet thy pinions stronger raise,
O Fancy, reigning in the power of lays.
For Sion's hill thine airy courses hold,
'Twas there thy David prophesy'd of old;
And there devout in contemplation sit,
In holy vision, and extatic fit.
Methinks I seem to feel the charm begin,
Now sweet contentment tunes my soul within;
Now wondrous soft arising music plays,
And now full sounds upon the sense increase;
Fit David's lyre, his artful fingers move,
To court the spirit from the realms above;
And, pleas'd to come where Holiness attends,
The courted spirit from above descends.
Hence on the lyre and voice new graces rest,
And bright prophetic forms enlarge the breast;
Hence firm decrees his mystic hymns relate,
Affix'd in Heaven's adamantine gate,
The glories of the most important age,
And Christ's blest empire seen by sure presage.
When, in a distant view, with inward eyes,
He sees the Son descending from the skies,
To take the form of man for mankind's sake,
'T is thus he makes the great Messiah speak:
" It is not, Father, blood of bullocks slain
Can cleanse the world from universal stain;
Such offerings are not here required by thee,
But point at mine, and leave the work for me;
To perfect which, as servants ears they drill,
In sign of opening to their master's will;
Thy will would open mine, and have me bear
My sign of ministry, the body there.
Prophetic volumes of our state assign
The world's redemption as an act of mine;
And lo, with cheerful and obedient heart,
I come, my Father, to perform my part."
So spake the Son, and left his throng above,
When wings to bear him were prepar'd by Love;
When with their monarch, on the great descent,
Sweet Humbleness and gentle Patience went;
Fair sisters both, both bless'd in his esteem,
And both appointed here to wait on him.
But now, before the prophet's ravish'd eyes,
Succeeding prospects of his life arise;
And here he teaches all the world to sing
Those strains in which the nation own'd him king.
When boughs as on an holy feast they bear,
To show the godhead manifested there;
And garments, as a mark of glory, strow'd,
Declar'd a prince proclaim'd upon the road:
" This day the Lord hath made, we will employ
In songs," he cries, " and consecrate to joy.
Hosannah, Lord, Hosannah, shed thy peace;
Hosannah, long-expecting nations grace;
Oh, bless'd in honour's height triumphant thou,
That wast to come, oh, bless thy people now."
'T were easy dwelling here with fix'd delight,
And much the sweet engagement of the sight;
But fleeting visions each on other throng,
And change the music, and demand the song:
Ah! music chang'd by sadly moving show:
Ah! song demanded in excess of woe!
For what was all the gracious Saviour's stay,
Whilst here he trod in life's encumber'd way,
But troubled patience, persecuted breath,
Neglected sorrows, and afflicting death;
Approach, ye sinners; think the garden shows
His bloody sweat of full arising throws
Approach his grief, and hear him thus complain
Through David's person, and in David's strain.
" Oh, save me, God, thy floods about me roll
Thy wrath divine hath overflow'd my soul:
I come at length where rising waters drown,
And sink in deep affliction, slowly down.
Deceitful snares, to bring me to the dead,
Lie ready plac'd in every path I tread;
And Hell itself, with all that Hell contains,
Of fiends accurs'd, and dreadful change of pain,
To daunt firm will, and cross the good design,
With strong temptations fasten on the mind:

Such grief, such sorrows, in amazing view,
Distracted fears and heaviness pursue."
Ye Sages, deeply read in human frame,
The passions' causes, and their wild extreme;
Where mov'd an object more oppos'd to bliss,
What other agony could equal his?
The music still proceeds with mournful airs,
And speaks the dangers, as it speaks the fears.
"Oh, sacred presence, from the son withdrawn:
Oh, God, my father, whither art thou gone?
Oh, must my soul bewail tormenting pain,
And all my words of anguish fall in vain?
The [illegible]'s bear, in which my life will end;
But none is near, that will assistance lend;
Like Basha's bulls my foes against me throng,
So proud, inhuman, numberless, and strong.
Like desert lions, on their prey they go,
So much their fierce desire of blood they show:
As ploughers wound the ground, they tore my back,
And long deep furrows manifest the track.
They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender feet,
And caus'd sharp pangs, where nerves in numbers meet;
Rich streams of life forsake my rended veins
And fall like water spill'd upon the plains;
My bones, that us'd in hollow seats to close,
Disjoint with anguish of convulsive throws;
My mourning heart is melted in my frame,
As wax dissolving runs before a flame;
My strength dries up, my flesh the moisture leaves,
And on my tongue my clammy palate cleaves;
Alas! I thirst; alas! for drink I call;
For drink they give me vinegar and gall.
To sportful game the savage soldiers go,
And for my vesture, on my vesture throw;
While all deride, who see me thus forlorn,
And shoot their lips, and shake their heads in scorn.
And, with despiteful jest, 'Behold,' they cry,
'The great peculiar darling of the sky;
He trusted God would save his soul from woe,
Now God may have him, if he loves him so.'
But to the dust of death, by quick decay,
I come; O Father, be not long away."
And was it thus, the prince of life was slain?
And was it thus he dy'd for worthless men?
Yes, blessed Jesus! thus, in every line,
The sufferings which the prophet spake were thine.
Come, Christian, to the corpse, in spirit come,
And with true sins of grief surround the tomb.
Upon the threshold-stone let Sin be slain,
Such sacrifice will best avenge his pain.
Bring thither then repentance, sighs, and tears,
Bring mortify'd desires, bring holy fears;
And earnest prayer express'd from thoughts that roll
Through broken mind, and groanings of the soul;
These scatter on his hearse, and so prepare
Those obsequies the Jews deny'd him there;
While in your hearts the flames of love may burn,
To dress the vault, like lamps in sacred urn.
There oft, my soul, in such a grateful way,
Thine humblest homage, with the godly pay.
But David strikes the sounding chords anew,
And to thy first design recals thy view;
From life to death, from death to life he flies,
And still pursues his object in his eyes;
And here recounts, in more enliven'd song,
The sacred presence, not absented long:
The flesh not suffer'd in the grave to dwell,
The soul not suffer'd to remain in Hell;
But as the conqueror, fatigu'd in war,
With hot pursuit of enemies afar,
Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,
Then lifts his looks to repossess the sky;
So bow'd the Son, in life's uneasy road,
With anxious toil and thorny danger strow'd;
So bow'd the Son, but not to find relief,
But taste the deep imbitter'd floods of grief;
So when he tasted these, he rais'd his head,
And left the sable mansions of the dead,
Ere mouldering time consum'd the bones away,
Or slow corruption's worms had work'd decay:
Here faith's foundations all the soul employ
With springing graces, springing beams of joy;
Then paus'd the voice, where Nature's seen to pause,
And for a time suspend her ancient laws.
From hence arising as the glories rise,
That must advance above the lofty skies,
He runs with sprightly fingers o'er the lyre,
And fills new songs with new celestial fire:
In which he shows, by fair description's ray,
The Christ's ascension to the realms of day;
When Justice, pleas'd with life already paid,
Unbends her brows, and sheaths her angry blade;
And meditates rewards, and will restore
What Mercy woo'd him, to forsake before.
When on a cloud, with gilded edge of light,
He rose above the reach of human sight,
And met the pomp that hung aloft in air,
To make his honours more exceeding fair;
"See," cries the prophet, "how the chariots wait
To bear him upwards in triumphant state,
By twenty thousands in unnumber'd throng,
And angels draw the glittering ranks along.
The Lord amongst them sits in glory dress'd,
Nor more the presence, Sinai Mount confest."
And now the chariots have begun to fly,
The triumph moves, the Lord ascends on high,
And Sin and Satan, us'd to captive men,
Are dragg'd for captives in his ample train;
While, as he goes, seraphic circles sing
The wondrous conquest of their wondrous king;
With shouts of joy their heavenly voices raise,
And with shrill trumpets manifest his praise;
From such a point of such exceeding height,
A while my verses stoop their airy flight,
And seem for rest on Olivet to breathe,
And charge the two that stand in white beneath;
That as they move, and join the moving rear
Within their honour'd hands, aloft they bear
The crown of thorns, the cross on which he dy'd,
The nails that pierc'd his limbs, the spear his side;
Then, where kind Mercy lays the thunder by,
Where Peace has hung great Michael's arms on high;
Let these adorn his magazine above,
And hang the trophies of victorious love;
Lest man, by superstitious mind entic'd,
Should idolize whatever touch'd the Christ.
But still the prophet in the spirit soars
To new Jerusalem's imperial doors;
There sees and hears the bless'd angelic throng,
There feels their music, and records their song:
Or, with the vision warm'd, attempts to write,
For those inhabitants of native light,
And teaches harmony's distinguish'd parts,
In sweet respondence of united hearts;
For thus without might warbling angels sing,
Their course containing on the flatter'd wing,
Eternal gates! your stately portals rear,
Eternal gates! your ways of joy prepare;

The King of Glory for admittance stays;
He comes, he'll enter, O prepare your ways;
Then bright arch-angels, that attend the wall,
Might thus upon the beauteous order call:
Ye fellow-ministers, that now proclaim
Your King of Glory, tell his awful name.
At which the beauteous order will accord,
And sound of solemn notes pronounce the Lord:
The Lord endued with strength, renown'd for might,
With spoils returning from the finish'd fight.
Again with lays they charm the sacred gates,
And graces double, while the song repeats;
Again within the sacred guardians sing,
And ask the name of their victorious king;
And then again, the Lord's the name rebounds
From tongue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent rounds.
New thrones and powers appear to lift the gate,
And David still pursues their enter'd state.
Oh, prophet! father! whither would'st thou fly?
Oh, mystic Israel's chariot for the sky;
Thou sacred spirit! what a wondrous height,
By thee supported, soars his airy flight!
For glimpse of Majesty divine is brought,
Among the shifted prospects of the thought:
Dread, sacred sight! I dare not gaze for fear,
But sit beneath the singer's feet, and hear;
And hold each sound that interrupts the mind,
Thus in a calm by power of verse confin'd.
Ye dreadful ministers of God, displeas'd,
In blasting tempests be no longer rais'd! [groan,
Ye deep-mouth'd thunders, leave your direful
Nor roll in hollow clouds around the throne.
The still small voice more justly will express
How great Jehovah did the Lord address,
And you bright-feather'd choirs of endless peace,
A while from tuneful hallelujahs cease;
A while stand fix'd, with deep attentive care,
You'll have the time to sing for ever there;
The royal prophet will the silence break,
And in his words Almighty goodness speak.
He spake (and smil'd to see the business done),
"Thou art my first, my great begotten Son;
Here on the right of Majesty sit down,
Enjoy thy conquest, and receive thy crown,
While I thy worship and renown complete,
And make thy foes the foot-stool of thy feet;
For I'll pronounce the long-resolv'd decree,
My sacred Sion be reserv'd for thee.
From thence thy peaceful rod of power extend,
From thence thy Messenger of Mercy send,
And teach thy vanquish'd enemies to bow,
And rule where Hell has fix'd an empire now.
Then ready nations to their rightful king
The free-will offerings of their hearts shall bring,
In holy beauties for acceptance dress'd,
And ready nations be with pardon bless'd;
Meanwhile thy dawn of truth begins the day,
Enlighten'd subjects shall increase the sway;
With such a splendid and unnumber'd train,
As dews in morning fill the grassy plain.
This by myself I swore; the great intent
Has past my sanction, and I can't repent:
Thou art a king, and priest of peace below,
Like Salem's monarch, and for ever so.
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine the Gentiles' claim;
For thy possession take the world's extreme.
The kings shall rage, the parties strive in vain,
By persecuting rage, to break thy reign;
Thou art my Christ, and they that still can be
Rebellious sockets be destroy'd by thee.
Bring, like the potter, to severe decay,
Thy worthless creatures, found in humble clay;
Then hear, ye monarchs, and ye princes hear,
Rejoice with trembling, serve the Lord with fear;
In his commands with signs of homage move,
And kiss the gracious offers of his love:
Ye surely perish if his anger flame,
And only they be bless'd that bless his name."
Thus does the Christ in David's anthems shine,
With full magnificence of art divine,
Then on his subjects gifts of grace [illegible]
And spread his image on their hearts [illegible];
As when our earthly kings receive the globe,
The sacred unction, and the purple robe,
And mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,
They scatter medals of themselves around;
There heavenly singers clap their vary'd wings,
And lead the choir of all created things.
Relate his glory's everlasting prime,
His fame continued with the length of time;
While, ere the Sun shall dart a gilded beam,
Or changing Moons diffuse the silver'd gleam;
Where-e'er the waves of rolling ocean sent,
Encompass land with arms of wide extent.
Hail, full of mercy; ready nations cry!
Hail, oh, for ever, ever bless'd on high!
Hail, oh, for ever on thy beauteous throne!
Thou Lord that workest wondrous things alone
Still let thy glory to the world appear,
And all the riches of thy goodness bear.
But thou, fair church, in whom he fixes love,
Thou queen accepted of the Prince above;
Behold him fairer than the sons of men;
Embrace his [illegible] heart, and share his reign;
In Moses' laws [illegible] bred thy tender years;
But now to new commands incline thine ears;
Forget thy people, bear no [illegible] in mind
Thy father's houshold, for thy spouse's kind.
Within thy soul let vain affections die,
Him only worship, and with him comply.
So shall thy spouse's heart with thine agree,
So shall his fervour still increase for thee.
Come, while he calls, supremely favour'd queen,
In heavenly glories dress thy soul within;
With pious actions to the throne be brought,
In close connection of the virtues wrought;
Let these around thee for a garment shine,
And be the work to make them pleasing thine:
Come, lovely queen, advance with stately port;
Thy good companions shall complete thy court,
With joyful souls their joyful entrance sing,
And fill the palace of your gracious king;
What though thy Moses and the prophets cease,
What though the priesthood leaves the settled race,
The father's place their offspring well supplies,
When at thy spouse's ministry they rise;
When thy bless'd houshold on his orders go,
And rule for him where-e'er he reigns below.
Come, queen exalted, come; my lasting song
To future ages shall thy fame prolong.
The joyful nations shall thy praise proclaim,
And, for their safety, crowd [illegible] thy name.
Oh, bounteous Saviour! still thy mercy kind,
Still what thy David sung, thy servants find!
Still what thy David sung thy servants see,
From thee sent down, and sent again to thee,
They see the words of thanks, and love divine,
In strains mysterious intermingled shine,

As sweet and rich unite in costly waves,
When purling gold the purpled web receives;
And still the church he shadow'd hears the lays,
In daily service, as an aid to praise.
At these her temper good Devotion warms,
And mounts aloft with more engaging charms:
Then, as she strives to reach the lofty sky,
Bids Gratitude assist her will to fly;
In these our gratitude becomes on fire,
Then feels its flames improv'd by strong desire;
Then feels desire in eager wishes move,
And wish determine in the point of love.
Such hymns to regulate, and such to raise,
Approach, ye sounding instruments of praise:
'T is fit you tune for him whose holy love,
In wish aspiring to the choir above,
And fond to practise ere his time to go,
Devoutly call'd you to the choir below;
There, where he plac'd you, with your solemn sound,
For God's high glory, fill the sacred ground,
And there, and every-where, his wondrous name
Within his firmament of power proclaim.
Soft pleasing lutes with easy sweetness move,
To touch the sentiments of heavenly love;
Assist the lyre and voice, to tell the charms
That gently stole him from the Father's arms;
Gay trembling timbrels, us'd with airs of mirth,
Assist the loud Hosannah rais'd on Earth;
When on an ass he meekly rides along,
And multitudes are heard within the song.
Full-tenor'd psaltery join the doleful part,
In which his agony possest his heart;
And seem to feel thyself, and seem to show,
A rising heaviness and signs of woe.
Sonorous organ, at his passion moan,
And utter forth thy sympathizing groan,
In big slow murmurs anxious sorrow speak,
While melancholy wind thine entrails shake.
As when he suffer'd, with complaining sound,
The storms in vaulted caverns shook the ground;
Swift cheerful cymbals give an airy strain,
When, having bravely broke the doubled chain
Of Death and Hell, he left the conquer'd grave,
And rose to visit those he dy'd to save;
And as he mounts in song, and angels sing,
With grand procession, their returning king,
Triumphant trumpets raise their notes on high,
And make them seem to mount, and seem to fly,
Then all at once conspire to praise the Lord,
In music's full consent, and just accord:
Ye sons of art, in such melodious way,
Conclude the service which you join to pay,
While nations sing Amen, and yet again
Hold forth the note, and sing aloud Amen.
Here has my fancy gone where David leads,
Now softly pacing o'er the grassy meads;
Now nobly mounting where the monarchs rear
The gilded spires of palaces in air;
Now shooting thence, upon the level flight,
To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,
Anon with utmost stretch ascending far,
Beyond the region of the farthest star;
As sharpest-sighted eagles towering fly,
To weather their broad sails in open sky,
At length on wings half-clos'd slide gently down,
And one attempt shall all my labours crown.
In other's verse the rest be better shown,
But this is more, or should be more, thine own.
If then the spirit that supports my lines
Have prov'd unequal to my large designs,
Let others rise from earthly passion's dream,
By me provok'd to vindicate the theme.
Let others round the world in rapture rove,
Or with strong feathers fan the breeze above,
Or walk the dusky shades of Death, and dive
Down Hell's abyss, and mount again alive.
But, oh, my God! may these unartful rhymes
In sober words of woe bemoan my crimes.
'T is fit the sorrows I for ever vent
For what I never can enough repent;
'T is fit, and David shows the moving way,
And with his prayer instructs my soul to pray.
Then, since thy guilt is more than match'd by me,
And since my troubles should with thine agree,
O Muse, to glories in affliction born!
May thy humility my soul adorn.
For humblest prayers are most affecting strains,
As mines lie rich in lowly planted veins;
Such aid I want, to render mercy kind,
And such an aid as here I want, I find:
Thy weeping accents in my numbers run,
Ah, thought! ah, voice, of inward dole begun!
My God, whose anger is appeas'd by tears,
Bow gently down thy Mercy's gracious ears;
With many tongues my sins for justice call,
But Mercy's ears are manifold for all.
Those sweet celestial windows open wide,
And in full streams let soft compassion glide;
There wash my soul, and cleanse it yet again,
O throughly cleanse it from the guilty stain;
For I my life with inward anguish see,
And all its wretchedness confess to thee.
The large indictment stands before my view,
Drawn forth by conscience, most amazing true;
And fill'd with secrets hid from human eye,
When, foolish man, thy God stood witness by.
Then, oh, thou majesty divinely great,
Accept the sad confessions I repeat,
Which clear thy justice to the world below,
Should dismal sentence doom my soul to woe.
When in the silent womb my shape was made,
And from the womb to lightsome life convey'd,
Curs'd sin began to take unhappy root,
And through my veins its early fibres shoot;
And then what goodness didst thou show, to kill
The rising weeds, and principles of ill;
When to my breast, in fair celestial flame,
Eternal Truth and lovely Wisdom came,
Bright gift, by simple Nature never got,
But here reveal'd to change the ancient blot.
This wondrous help which Mercy pleas'd to grant,
Continue still, for still thine aid I want;
And, as the men whom leprosies invade,
Or they that touch the carcase of the dead,
With hyssop sprinkled, and by water clean'd,
Their former pureness in the law regain'd;
So purge my soul, diseas'd, alas! within,
And much pollu'ed with dead works of sin.
For such bless'd favours at thine hand I sue,
Be grace thine hyssop and thy water too.
Then shall my whiteness for perfection vie
With blanching snows that newly leave the sky.
Thus, through my mind, thy voice of gladness send,
Thus speak the joyful word, I will be clean'd;
That all my strength, consum'd with mournful pain,
May, by thy saving health, rejoice again:
And now no more my foul offences see,
O turn from these, but turn thee not from me;
Or, lest they make me too deform'd a sight,
Oh, blot them with Oblivion's endless night.

Then further pureness to thy servant grant,
Another heart, or change in this, I want.
Create another, or the change create,
For now my vile corruption is so great,
It seems a new creation to restore
Its fall'n estate to what it was before.
Renew my spirit, raging in my breast,
And all its passions in their course arrest;
Or turn their motions, widely gone astray,
And fix their footsteps in thy righteous way;
When this is granted, when again I'm whole,
Oh ne'er withdraw thy presence from my soul:
There let it shine, so let me be restor'd
To peace of joy, which conscious hopes afford.
There let it sweetly shine, and o'er my breast
Diffuse the dawning of eternal rest;
Then shall the wicked this compassion see,
And learn thy worship, and thy works, from me.
For I, to such occasions of thy praise,
Will tune my lyre, and consecrate my lays.
Unseal my lips, where guilt and shame have hung,
To stop the passage of my grateful tongue,
And let my prayer and song ascend, my prayer
Here join'd with saints, my song with angels there;
Yet neither prayer I'll give, nor song alone,
If either offering were as much thy own:
But thine's the contrite spirit, thine's an heart
Oppress'd with sorrow, broke with inward smart;
That at thy footstool in confession bows,
How well its faults, how well the judge it knows;
That sin with sober resolution flies,
This gift thy mercy never will despise.
Thus in my soul a mystic altar rear,
And such a sacrifice I'll offer there.
There shall it stand, in years of virtue bound,
There falling tears shall wash it all around;
And sharper remorse (a priest sharply ord'd by woe,
Discern'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow.
There shall my thoughts to holy breathings fly,
Instead of incense to perfume the sky,
And thence my willing heart aspires above,
A victim panting in the flames of love.

SOLOMON.

As through the Psalms, from theme to theme I
changed,
Methinks like Eve in Paradise I rang'd;
And every grace of song I seem'd to see,
As the gay pride of every season she;
She gently treading all the walks around,
Admir'd the springing beauties of the ground,
The lily, glistering with the morning dew,
The rose in red, the violet in blue,
The pink in pale, the bells in purple rows,
And tulips colour'd in a thousand shows.
Then here and there perhaps she pull'd a flower,
To strew with moss, and paint her leafy bower;
And here and there, like her I went along,
Chose a bright strain, and bid it deck my song.
But now the sacred singer leaves mine eye,
Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high:
Ere this Devotion bore his heavenly Psalms,
And now himself bears up his harp and palms.
Go, saint triumphant, leave the changing sight,
So fitted out, you suit the realms of light;
But let thy glorious robe at parting go,
Those wilings have robes of more effulgent show;
It flies, it falls, the fluttering silk I see;
Thy son has caught it, and he sings like thee,
With such election of a theme divine,
And such sweet grace, as conquers all but thine.
Hence every writer o'er the fabled streams,
Where frolic fancies sport with idle dreams;
Or round the sight enchanted clouds dispose,
Whence wanton Cupids shoot with gilded bows,
A nobler writer, strains more bright thy wrought,
Themes more exalted, fill my wondering thought:
The parted skies are track'd with lames above,
As Love descends to meet ascending Love;
The seasons flourish where the spot is meet,
And earth in gardens spreads beneath their feet;
This fresh-bloom prospect in the bosom strong,
When Solomon begins his song of songs,
Bids the wrapt soul to Lebanon repair,
And lays the scene of all his actions there;
Where as he wrote, and from the bower survey'd
The scenting grove of answering knots he made,
His sacred art the sights of Nature brings,
Beyond their use, to figure heavenly things.
Great Son of God! whose gospel pleas'd to
Round thy rich glory veils of earthly shew; [throw
Who made the vineyard of thy church design,
Who made the marriage-feast a type of thine;
Assist my verses, which attempt to trace
The shadow'd beauties of celestial grace,
And with illapses of seraphic fire [spire,
The work which pleas'd thee once, once more in-
Look, or Illusion's airy visions draw,
Or how I walk the gardens which I saw,
Where silver waters feed a flowering spring,
And with sable it with a tabby wing.
There, on a bank, whose shade directly lies,
To screen it Sun, and not to smoke the skies,
There sits the sacred Church (by this I know)
The spouse's neck, and her delicious lap.
Her face has features where the Virtues reign,
Her hands the book of sacred Love contain,
A light (Truth's emblem) on her bosom shines,
And at her side the meekest lamb reclines.
And oft on heavenly lectures in the book,
And oft on Heaven itself she casts a look,
Sweet, humble, fervent zeal, that works within,
At length it bursts forth, and raptures thus begin:
"Let Him, that Him my soul adores above,
In close communions breathe his holy love;
For those bless'd words his pleasing lips impart,
Beyond all cordials, cheer the fainting heart.
As rich and sweet the precious ointment stream,
So rich thy graces flow, so sweet thy name
Diffuses sacred joy; 'tis hence we find
Affection paid to every virgin mind.
For this we come, the daughters here, and I,
Still draw we forward, and behold I fly;
I fly through heaven, when my King invites,
To tread his chambers of sincere delights;
There, join'd by mystic union, I rejoice,
Exalt my temper and enlarge my voice,
And celebrate thy joys, supremely more
Than earthly bliss, thus upright hearts adore.
Nor you, ye maids, who breathe of Solomb air,
Nor you refuse that I conduct you there;
Though clouding darkness hath eclips'd my face,
Dark as I am, I shine with beams of grace,
As the black tents, where Ishmael's line abides,
With glittering trophies dress their inward sides;
Or as thy curtains, Solomon, are seen,
Whose plaits conceal a golden throne within.
'Twere wrong to judge me by the carnal sight,
And yet my visage was by nature white

But fiery suns, which persecute the meek,
Found me abroad, and scorch'd my rosy cheek.
The world, my brethren, they were angry grown,
They made me dress a vineyard not my own,
Among their sites (their vines) I learn'd to dwell,
And in the mean employ my beauty fell;
My frailty lost, I gave my labour o'er,
And my own vineyard grew deform'd the more.
Behold I turn; O say, my soul's desire,
Where dost thou feed thy flock, and where retire
The rest that flock, when noon-tide heats arise?
Shepherd of Israel, teach my dubious eyes
To guide me right; for why should thine abide
Where wandering shepherds turn their flocks aside?"

So spake the Church, and sigh'd: a purple light
Sprung forth, the Godhead stood reveal'd to sight.
And Heaven and Nature smil'd: as white as snow
His seamless vesture loosely fell below:
Sedate and pleas'd, he nodded: round his head
The pointed glory shook, and thus he said:
"If thou, the loveliest of the beauteous kind,
If thou canst want thy shepherd's walk to find,
Go by the foot-steps where my flocks have trod,
My saints, obedient to the laws of God;
Go, where their tents my teaching servants rear,
And feed the kids, thy young believers there.
Should thus my flocks increase, my fair delight,
I view their numbers, and compare the sight
To Pharaoh's horses when they take the field,
Beat plains to dust, and make the nations yield.
With rows of gems thy comely cheeks I deck,
And chains of pendant gold o'erflow thy neck,
For so like gems the riches of my grace,
And so descending glory cheers thy face:
Gay bridal robes a flowering silver strows,
Bright gold engrailing on the border glows."

He spake; the spouse adoring heard the sound,
Then, meekly bending on the sacred ground,
She cries, "O present to my ravish'd breast,
This sweet communion is an inward feast,
There sits the king, while all around our heads
His grace, my spikenard, pleasing odour sheds
About my soul, his holy comfort flies;
So closely treasur'd in the bosom lies
The bundled myrrh, so sweet the scented gale
Breathes all En-gedi's aromatic vale."
"Now," says the king, "my love, I see thee fair,
Thine eyes, for mildness, with the dove's compare."
"No, thou belov'd, art fair," the Church replies,
"(Since all my beauties but from thee arise;)
All fair, all pleasant, these communions show
Thy counsels pleasant, and thy comforts so.
And as at marriage feasts they strow the flowers,
With nuptial chaplets hang the summer bowers,
And make the rooms of smelting cedars fine,
Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline;
I dress my soul with such exceeding care,
With such, with more, to court thy presence there."
"Well hast thou prais'd," he says, "the Sharon rose
Through flowery fields a pleasing odour throws,
The valley likes ravish'd sense regale,
And with pure whiteness paint their humble vale:
Such natures of sweetness are thy lover's due,
And thou, my love, be thou a lily too,
A lily set in thorns; for all I see,
All other daughters, are as thorns to thee."

Then she; "the trees that pleasing apples yield,
Surpass the barren trees that clothe the field;
So you surpass the sons with worth divine,
So shade, and fruit as well as shade, is thine.
I sat me down, and saw thy branches spread,
And green protection flourish o'er my head;
I saw thy fruit, the soul's celestial food,
I pull'd, I tasted, and I found it good.
Hence in the spirit to the blissful seats,
Where Love, to feast, mysteriously retreats,
He led me forth; I saw the banner rear,
And love was pencil'd for the motto there.
Prophets and teachers in your care combine,
Stay me with apples, comfort me with wine,
The cordial promises of joys above,
For hope deferr'd has made me sick with love.
Ah! while my tongue reveals my fond desire,
His hands support me, lest my life expire;
As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd,
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist."
Here ceas'd the Church, and lean'd her languid head,
Bent down with joy; when thus the lover said:
"Behold, ye daughters of the realm of peace,
She sleeps, at least her thoughts of sorrow cease.
Now, by the bounding roes, the skipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns,
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my sacred grove,
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
I would not have her wake but when she will."
So rest the Church and Spouse: my verses so
Appear to languish with the flames you show,
And pausing rest; but not the pause be long,
For still thy Solomon pursues the song.
Then keep the place in view; let sweets more rare
Than earth produces fill the purpled air;
Let something solemn overspread the green,
Which seems to tell us, Here the Lord has been!
But let the virgin still in prospect shine,
And other strains of hers enliven mine.
She wakes, she rises: bid the whispering breeze
More softly whisper in the waving trees,
Or fall with silent awe; bid all around,
Before the Church's voice, abate their sound,
While thus her shadowy strains attempt to show
A future advent of the spouse below:
"Hark! my beloved's voice! behold him too!
Behold him coming in the distant view:
No clambering mountains make my lover stay,
(For what are mountains in a lover's way?)
Leaping he comes, how like the nimble roe
He runs the paths his prophets us'd to show!
And now he looks from yon partition-wall,
Built till he comes—'t is only then to fall,
And now he's nearer in the promise seen,
Too faint the sight—'t is with a glass between;
From hence I hear him as a lover speak,
Who near a window calls a fair to wake.
"Attend, ye virgins, while the words that trace
An opening spring design the day of grace.
Hark! or I dream, or else I hear him say,
'Arise, my love; my fair one come away;
For now the tempests of thy winter end,
Thick rains no more in heavy drops descend;
Sweet painted flowers their silken leaves unclose,
And dress the face of Earth with varied shows;
In the green wood the singing birds renew
Their chirping notes, the silver turtles coo:

The trees that yield the fig already shoot,
And knit their blossoms for their early fruit;
With fragrant scents the vines refresh the day,
Arise, my love; my fair-one, come away.
O come, my dove, forsake thy close retreat,
For close in safety hast thou fix'd thy seat,
As fearful pigeons in dark clefts abide,
And safe the clefts their tender charges hide.
Now let thy looks with modest guise appear,
Now let thy voice salute my longing ear,
For in thy looks an humble mind I see,
Prayer forms thy voice, and both are sweet to me.
To save the bloomings of my vineyard, haste,
Which foxes (false deluding teachers) waste;
Watch well their haunts, and catch the foxes there,
Our grapes are tender, and demand thy care.
Thus speaks my love: surprising love divine!
I thus am his, he thus for ever mine.
And, till he comes, I find a presence still,
Where souls attentive serve his holy will;
Where down in vales unspotted lilies grow,
White types of innocence, in humble show.
Oh, till the spicy breath of heavenly day,
Till all thy shadows fleet before thy ray;
Turn, my beloved, with thy comforts here,
Turn in thy promise, in thy grace appear,
Nor let such swiftness in the roes be shown
To save themselves, as thou to cheer thine own;
Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound,
Before the stretches of the fleetest hound,
Skim the plain chase of lofty Bether's head,
And make the mountain wonder if they tread."
But long expectance of a bliss delay'd
Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the sacred maid;
Then mists arising straight repel the light,
The colour'd garden lies disguis'd with night;
A pale-horn'd crescent leads a glimmering throng,
And groans of absence jar within the song.
"By night," she cries, "a night which blots the mind,
I seek the love, whom I fail to find:
When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,
I search, and vainly search, with Reason's eye;
Rise, fondly rise, thy present search give o'er,
And ask if others knew thy lover more.
Dark as it is, I rise; the Moon that shines
Shows by the gleam the city's outward lines;
I range the wandering road, the winding street,
And ask, but ask in vain, of all I meet,
Till toil'd with every disappointing place,
My steps the guardians of the temple trace,
Whom thus my wish accosts: 'Ye sacred guides,
Ye prophets, tell me where my love resides?'
'Twas well I question'd; scarce I pass'd them by,
Ere my rais'd soul perceives my lover nigh:
And have I found thee, found my joy divine?
How fast I'll hold thee, till I make thee mine!
My mother waits thee, thither thou repair,
Long-waiting Israel wants thy presence there."
The lover smiles to see the virgin's pain;
The mists roll off, and quit the flowery plain.
"Yes, there I come," he says, "thy sorrow cease;
And guard her daughters of the realms of peace,
By all the bounding roes and skipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns;
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my sacred grove;
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
I'll have her feel my comforts while she will."

Here hand in hand, with cheerful heart they go,
When wandering Salem sees the solemn show,
Dreams the rich pomp of Solomon again; [scene:
And thus her daughters sing th' approaching
"Who from the desert, where the waving clouds
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds,
For Sion's hill her sober pace she bends, [By
As grateful incense from the dome ascends. [A
It seems the sweets, from all Arabia shed, [B
Curl at her side, and hover o'er her head.
For her the king prepares a bed of state,
Round the rich bed her guards in order wait.
All mystic Israel's sons, 'tis there they [illegible]
The foes within, the foes without repair;
The guard his ministry, their swords of light,
His sacred laws, her present state of night.
He forms a chariot too, to bring her there,
Not the carv'd frame of Solomon so fair;
Sweet smells the chariot as the temple stood,
The fragrant cedar lent them both the wood;
High wreaths of silver'd columns prop the door,
Fine gold engrail'd adorns the figur'd floor,
Deep-fringing purple hangs the roof above,
And silk embroidery paints the midst with love."
Go forth, ye daughters; Sion's daughters, go;
A greater Solomon exalts the show,
If brown'd with gold, and by the queen bestow'd,
To grace his nuptials, Jacob's monarch rode;
A crown of glory from the king divine,
To grace these nuptials, makes the Saviour shine;
While the bless'd pair express'd in emblem ride,
Messiah Solomon, his Church the bride.
Ye king attendants, who with wondering eyes,
Saw the grand entry, what you said suffice;
You [illegible] the lover with a loud acclaim,
The lover's fondness longs to sing the dame.
He speaks, admiring Nature stands around,
And learns new music, while it hears the sound.
"Behold, my love, how fair thy beauties show,
Behold how more, how most extremely so!
How still to me thy constant eyes incline,
I see the turtle's when I gaze on thine;
Sweet though the lids they shine with modest care,
And sweet and modest is a virgin's air.
How bright thy locks! how well their number paints
The great assemblies of my lovely saints!
So bright the kids, so numerously fed,
Graze the green top of lofty Gilead's head;
All Gilead's head a fleecy whiteness clouds,
And the rich master glories in the crowds.
"How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
Each answering each, whilst all the public aid;
These lovely graces in my Church I find,
This candour, order, and accorded mind:
Thus when the season bids the shepherd lave
His sheep new shorn within the crystal wave;
Wash'd they return, in such unsully'd white,
Thus march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How please thy lips adorn'd with native red!
Art vainly mocks them in the scarlet thread!
But, if they part, what music waits the air!
So sweet thy praises, and so soft thy prayer.
If through thy loosen'd curls, with honest shame,
Thy lovely temples' fine complexion flame,
Whatever crimson granate blossoms show,
'Twas never theirs so much to please and glow.
But what's thy neck, the polish'd form I see,
Whose ivory strength supports thine eyes to me!
Fair type of firmness, when my saints aspire
The sacred confidence that lifts desire,

...s David's turret to the stately frame,
...shield its thousand conquering shields of fame.
...nd what toy breasts! they still demand my lays:
...What image wakes to charm me whilst I gaze!
...Two lovely mountains each exactly round,
...Two lovely mountains with the lily crown'd;
...While two fair roes, and each on either breast,
...Feed in the lilies of the mountain's head.
...Let this resemblance spotless virtue show,
...And in such lilies feed my young below.
...But now, 'tis wet, till night's dark shades decay,
...Stand, my virgin, till the break of day;
...Soar to the hills of spice and gums I fly,
...To lose myself in sweets as scent a purer sky;
...Yet, all above, all, above compare,
...My love, my spotless, still I find thee fair."
...Here rests the celestial maid; for if he go,
...Nor will he part, nor is the promise slow,
...Nor slow, my Fancy, move; dispel the shade,
...Chase forth the morning, and relieve the maid.
...Arise, fair Sun, the Church attends to see
...The Sun of righteousness arise in thee:
...Arise, fair Sun; and all the Church adore;
...'Tis time he'll court her, whom he prais'd before.
...As thus I sing, it shines; there seems a sound
...Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground:
...I see their meeting, see the flowery scene,
...And hear the mystic love pursued again.
..."Now to the mount, whose spices perfumes the day,
...'Tis I invite thee; come, my spouse, away;
...Come, leave thy Lebanon, its aught worth
...In all thy Lebanon, compar'd to me?
...Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wishful sight,
...From Hermon's, Sanir's, and Amana's height;
...There dwells the leopard, there assaults the bear,
...This world has ills, and such may find thee there.
..."My spouse, my sister, O my wondrous art,
...Which three-way lessons drew my ravish'd heart!
...Won by one eye, my ravish'd heart is gone,
...For all thy seeing guides consent as one,
...Drawn by one chain, which round thy body plies,
...For all thy members one blest bond ties.
...My spouse, my sister, O the charms to please,
...When love repaid returns my heart in ease!
...Strongly thy love, and strongly wines restore,
...But wines must yield, thy love conquers more.
...Sweetly thine ointments (all thy virtues) smell,
...Not nitor-pipes please thy king so well.
...How soft thy doctrine on thy lips resides!
...From those two combs the dropping honey glides;
...All pure without, as all within sincere,
...Beneath thy tongue—I find it honey there.
...Ah, while thy graces thus around thee shine,
...The charms of Lebanon must yield to thine!
...His spring, his garden, every scented tree,
...My spouse, my sister, all I find in thee.
...Thee, for myself, I fence, I shut, I seal,
...Mysterious spring, mysterious garden, hail!
...A spring, a fount, where heavenly waters flow;
...A grove, a garden, where the Graces grow.
...There rise my fruits, my cypress, and my fir,
...My saffron, spikenard, cinnamon, and myrrh;
...Perpetual fountains for their use abound,
...And streams of savour feed the living ground."
...Such spake the Christ, when thus the Church replies
...(And spread her arms where-e'er the spirit flies);
..."Ye cooling northern gales, who feebly shake
...My balmy reeds; ye northern gales, awake.
...And thou the regent of the southern sky,
...O soft inspiring, o'er my garden fly;
...Unlock and waft my sweets, that every grace,
...In all its heavenly life, regale the place.
...If thus a Paradise thy garden prove,
...'Twere best prepar'd to entertain my love;
...And, that the pleasing fruits may please the more,
...O think my proffer was thy gift before."
...At this, the Saviour cries, "Behold me near,
...My spouse, my sister; O behold me here;
...To gather fruits, I come at thy request,
...And, pleas'd, my soul accepts the solemn feast;
...I gather myrrh, with spice to scent the treat,
...My virgin-honey with the combs I eat;
...I drink my sweetening milk, my lively wine
...(These words of pleasure mean thy gifts divine);
...To share my bliss, my good elect I call,
...The Church (my garden) must incite them all;
...Now sit and banquet; now, belov'd, you see
...What gifts I love, and prove these fruits with me;
...O might this sweet communion ever last!"
...But with the Sun the sweet communion past.
...The Saviour parts, and on Oblivion's breast
...Benumb'd and slumbering lies the Church to rest,
...Pass the sweet alleys while the dusk abides,
...Seek the fair lodge in which the maid resides;
...Then, Fancy, seek the maid at night again,
...The Christ will come, but comes, alas, in vain.
..."I sleep," she says, "and yet my heart awakes"
...(There's still some feeling while the lover speaks);
..."With what fond fervour from without he cries,
...'Arise, my love; my undefil'd, arise!
...My dove, my sister, cold the dews alight,
...And all my tresses with the drops of night;'
...Alas, I'm all unrob'd, I wash'd my feet,
...I tasted slumber, and I find it sweet.
..."As thus my words refuse, he slips his hand
...Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands;
...What, though deny'd, so persevering kind!
...Who long denies a persevering mind?
...From my wak'd soul my slothful temper flies,
...My bowels yearn; I rise, my love, I rise;
...I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,
...Thy smelling myrrh comes dropping off the door.
...Now, where's my love?—what! hast thou left the place,
...O, to my soul repeat thy words of grace!
...Speak in the dark, my love; I seek thee round,
...And vainly seek thee, till thou wilt be found.
...What, no return? I own my folly past,
...I lay too listless; speak, my love, at last.
...The guards have found me—are ye guards indeed,
...Who smite the frail, who make the feeble bleed?
...Dreading teachers, these; who wrong my name,
...Rend my long veil, and cast me bare to shame.
...But you, ye daughters of the realm of rest,"
...If ever pity mov'd a virgin-breast,
...Tell my belov'd how languishing I lie,
...How love has brought me near the point to die."
..."And what belov'd is this you would have found?"
...Say Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around;
..."What wondrous things what chaste beyond com-
...Say what's thy lover, fairest o'er the fair?" [pare?
..."His face is white and ruddy," she replies,
..."So mercy join'd to justice, tempers dies;
...His lofty stature, where a navial shine,
...O'ertops and speaks a majesty divine.
...Fair Honour crowns his head, the raven-black,
...In bushy curlicues, flows adown his back:
...Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion plac'd,
...White like the milk, and with a mildness grac'd;

As the sweet doves, whene'er they fondly play
By running waters in a glittering day.
Within his breath what pleasing sweetness grows!
'Tis spice exhal'd, and mingled on the rose.
Within his words what grace with goodness meets!
So beds of lilies drop with balmy sweets.
What rings of eastern price his fingers hold!
Gold decks the fingers, beryl decks the gold!
His ivory shape adorns a costly vest, [breast;
Work paints the skirts, and gems inrich the
His limbs beneath, his shining sandals case
Like marble columns on a golden base.
"Nor boasts that mountain, where the cedar-tree
Perfumes our realm, such numerous sweets as he.
O, lovely all! what could my king require
To make his presence more the world's desire?
And now, ye maids, if such a friend you know,
'Tis such my longings look to find below."
While thus her friend the spouse's anthems sing,
Deck'd with the thummim, crown'd a sacred king;
The daughters' hearts the fine description drew,
And that which rais'd their wonder, ask'd their view. [fair,
"Then where," they cry, "thou fairest o'er the
Where goes thy lover? Tell the virgins where.
What flowering walks invite his steps aside?
We'll help to seek him, let those walks be try'd."
The spouse revolving here the grand descent,
'Twas that he promis'd, "There," she cries, "he went;
He keeps a garden where the spices breathe,
Its bowering borders kiss the vale beneath;
'Tis there he gathers lilies, there he dwells,
And binds his flowerets to unite their smells.
O, 'tis my height of love that I am his!
O, he is mine, and that's my height of bliss!
Descend, my virgins; well I know the place,
He feeds in lilies, that's a spotless race."
At dawning day the bridegroom leaves a bower,
And here he waters, there he props a flower,
When the kind damsel, spring of heavenly flame,
With Salem's daughters to the garden came.
Then thus his love the bridegroom's words repeat,
(The smelling borders lent them both a seat):
O, great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place,
O, fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of peace;
Whose aspect, awful to the wondering eye,
Appears like armies when the banners fly;
"O turn, my sister, O my beauteous bride,
Thy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aside;
How bright thy locks, how well their number
The great assemblies of my lovely saints! [paints
So bright the kids, so numerously fed,
Graze the green wealth of lovely Gilead's head.
How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
Each answering each, while all the public aid;
As when the season bids the shepherd lave
His sheep new shorn within the silver wave:
Wash'd, they return in such unsully'd white,
So march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How sweet thy temples! not pomegranates know,
With equal modest look to please and glow.
If Solomon his life of pleasure leads,
With wives in numbers, and unnumber'd maids,
In other paths, my life of pleasure shown,
Admits my love, my undefil'd, alone.
Thy mother, Israel, she the dame who bore
Her choice, my dove, my spotless, owns no more;
The Gentile queens, at thy appearance, cry,
'Hail, queen of nations!' 'hail,' the maids reply;
And thus they sing thy praise: 'what heavenly dame
Springs like the morning, with a purple flame?
What rises like the morn with silver light?
What, like the Sun, assists the world with sight?
Yet awful still, though thus serenely kind,
Like hosts with ensigns rattling in the wind?'
I grant I left thy sight, I seem'd to go,
But was I absent when you fancy'd so?
Down to my garden, all my planted vale,
Where nuts their ground in underwood conceal;
Where blown pomegranates, there I went to see
What knitting blossoms white the bearing tree,
View the green buds, recal the wandering shoots,
Smell my gay flowerets, taste my flavour'd fruits;
Raise the curl'd vine, refresh the spicy seeds,
And joy for every grace my garden sheds."
The Saviour here, and here the Church arise,
"And am I thus respected," thus she cries!
"I mount for Heaven, transported on the winds,
My flying chariot's drawn by willing minds."
As, rapt with comfort, thus the maid withdrew,
The waiting daughters wonder'd where she flew;
"And O! return," they cry, "for thee we burn,
O maid of Salem; Salem's self return.
And what's in Salem's maid we covet so?"
Hear all ye nations—'tis your bliss below;
That glorious vision, by the patriarch seen,
When sky-born beauties march'd the scented green;
There the met saints and meeting angels came,
Two hosts of God, Mahanaim was the name.
Again the maid reviews her sacred ground;
Solemn she sits, the damsels sing around.
"O, prince's daughter! how with shining show,
Thy golden shoes prepare thy feet below!
How firm thy joints! what temple-work can be,
With all its gems and art, preferr'd to thee?
In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,
Still flow the riches of abounding grace;
Pure, large, refreshing, as the waters fall
From the carv'd navels of the cistern-wall.
In thee the lover finds his race divine,
You teem with numbers, they with virtues shine;
So wheat with lilies, if their heaps unite,
The wheat's unnumber'd, and the lilies white;
Like tender roes, thy breasts appear above,
Two types of innocence, and twins of love.
Like ivory-turrets seems thy neck to rear,
O, sacred emblem, upright, firm, and fair!
As Heshbon-pools, which, with a silver-state,
Diffuse their waters at their city-gate,
For ever so thy virgin eyes remain,
So clear within, and so without serene.
As through sweet Ir the royal turret shows,
Whence Lebanon surveys a realm of foes;
So through thy lovely curls appear thy face,
To watch thy foes, and guard thy faithful race.
The richest colours flowery Carmel wears,
Red fillets, cross'd with purple, braid thy hairs;
Yet, not more strictly these thy locks restrain,
Than thou thy king, with strong affection's chain;
When from his palace he enjoys thy sight,
O love, O beauty, form'd for all delight!
Straight is thy goodly stature, firm, and high,
As palms aspiring in the brighter sky;
Thy breasts the cluster (if those breasts we view,
As late for beauty, now for profit too)
Woo'd to thine arms, those arms that oft extend,
In the kind posture of a waiting friend;

Each maid of Salem cries, 'I'll mount the tree,
Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee.'
O, more than grapes, thy fruit delights the maids
Thy pleasing breath excels the citron shades:
Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go
From thine sweet lips with more refreshment flow;
Their powerful graces slumbering souls awake,
And cause the dead, that hear thy voice, to speak."
This anthem sung, the glorious spouse arose,
Yet thus instructs the daughters ere she goes.
"Of aught, my damsels, in the spouse ye find
Deserving praises, think the lover kind:
To my beloved these marriage-robes I owe,
I'm his desire, and he would have it so."
Scarce spoke the spouse, but see the lover near!
Her humble camper brought the presence here;
Then, rais'd by grace, and strongly warm'd by love,
No second languor lets her lord remove;
She flies to meet him, zeal supplies the wings,
And thus her haste to work his will she sings:
"Come, my beloved, to the fields repair,
Come, where another spot demands our care;
There in the village we'll to rest recline,
Mean as it is, I try to make it thine.
When the first rays their cheering crimson shed,
We'll rise betimes to see the vineyard spread;
See vines luxuriant-verdur'd leaves display,
Supporting tendrils curling all the way.
See young unpurpled grapes in clusters grow,
And smell pomegranate blossoms as they blow;
There will I give my loves, employ my care,
And, as my labours thrive, approve me there:
Scarce have we pass'd my cate, the scent we meet,
My covering jasmines now dimise their sweet;
My spicy flowerets, mingled as they fly,
With doubling odours crowd a balmy sky.
Now all the fruits, which crown the season, view,
These nearer fruits are old, and those are new;
And these, and all of every loaded tree,
My love, I gather, and reserve for thee.
If then thy spouse's labour please thee well,
Oh! like my brethren, with thy sister dwell;
No blameless maid, whose fond caresses meet
An infant-brother in the public street,
Clings to its lips with less reserve than I
Would hang on thine, wherever I find thee nigh:
No shame would make me from thy side remove,
No danger make me not confess thy love
Straight to my mother's house, thine Israel she
(And thou my monarch wouldst arrive with me);
'Tis there I'd lead thee, where I mean to stay,
Till thou, by her, instruct my soul to pray;
There shalt thou prove my virtues, drink my wine,
And feel my joy, to find me wholly thine.
Oh! while my soul were sick, through fond desire,
Thine hands should hold me lest my life expire;
As round a child the parents' arms are plac'd,
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist."
"So cast thy cares on me," the lover cry'd,
Lean to my bosom, love, my lovely bride;
And now, ye daughters of the realm of bliss,
Let nothing discompose a love like this;
But guard her rest from each approach of ill;
I cans'd her languor, guard her while she will."
Here pause the lines, but soon the lines renew,
Once more the pair celestial come to view;
Ah! seek them once, my ravish'd Fancy, more,
And then thy songs of Solomon are o'er:
By yon green bank pursue their orb of light,
The Sun shines out, but shines not half so bright.
See Salem's maids, in white, attend the king,
They greet the spouses—hark, to what they sing.
"Who, from the desert, where the wandering clouds
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
'Tis she, the spouse! oh! favour'd o'er the rest!
Who walks reclin'd by such a lover's breast."
The spouse, rejoicing, heard the kind salute,
And thus address'd him—all the rest were mute.
"Beneath the law, our goodly parent tree,
I went, my much-belov'd, in search of thee;
For thee, like one in pangs of travail, strove;
Hence, none may wonder if I gain thy love.
As seals their pictures to the wax impart,
So let my picture stamp thy gentle heart;
As fix'd the signets on our hands remain,
So fix me thine, and ne'er to part again.
For Love is strong as Death; whene'er they strike,
Alike imperious, vainly check'd alike;
Both dread to lose. Love, mix'd with jealous dread!
As soon the marble tomb resigns the dead,
Its fatal arrows fiery-pointed fall,
The fire intense, and thine the most of all;
To slack the points no chilling floods are found,
Nay, should afflictions roll like floods around,
Were wealth of nations offer'd, all would prove
Too small a danger, or a price for love.
If then with love this world of worth agree,
With soft regard our little sister see;
Now far unapt, as yet, like maids that own
No breasts at all, or breasts but hardly grown;
Her part of proselyte is scarce a part,
Too much a Gentile at her erring heart;
Her day draws nearer; what have we to do,
Lest she be ask'd, and prove unworthy too?"
"Despair not, spouse," he cries; "we'll find the means,
Her good beginnings ask the greater pains,
Let her but stand, she thrives, a wall too low
Is not rejected for the standing so;
What falls is only lost, we'll build her high,
Till the rich palace glitters in the sky,
The door that's weak (what need we spare the cost?)
If 'tis a door, we need not think it lost;
The leaves she brings us, if those leaves be good,
We'll close in cedar's uncorrupting wood."
Wrapt with the news, the spouse converts her eyes,
"And, oh! companions to the maids," she cries,
"What joys are ours, to hail the nuptial day,
Which calls our sister!—Hark, I hear her say,
'Yes, I'm a wall; lo! she that boasted none,
Now boasts of breasts unmeasurably grown;
Large towery buildings, where securely rests
A thousand thousand of my lover's guests;
The vast increase affords his heart delight,
And I find favour in his heavenly sight."
The lover here, to make her rapture last,
Thus adds assurance to the promise past.
"A spacious vineyard, in Baal-Hamon vale,
The vintage set, by Solomon, to sale,
His keepers took; and every keeper paid
A thousand purses for the gains he made.
And I've a vintage too; his vintage bleeds
A large increase, but my return exceeds.
Let Solomon receive his keeper's pay,
He gains his thousand, their two hundred they;

Mine is mine own, 't is in my presence still,
And shall increase the more, the more she will.
My love, my vineyard, oh the future shoots
Which fill my garden-rows with sacred fruits!
I saw the listening maids attend thy voice,
And in their listening saw their eyes rejoice;
A due success thy words of comfort met,
Now turn to me—'tis I would hear thee yet.
Say, dove, and spotless, for I must away,
Say, spouse, and sister, all you wish to say."
He spake: the place was bright with lambent fire,
(But what is brightness, if the Christ retire?)
Gold-bordering purple mark'd his road in air,
And kneeling all, the spouse address'd the prayer:
"Desire of nations! if thou must be gone,
Accept our wishes, all compris'd in one;
We wait thine advent! Oh, we long to see,
I and my sister, both as one, in thee.
Then leave thy Heaven, and come and dwell below;
Why said I leave?—'tis Heaven where-e'er you go.
Haste, my belov'd, thy promise haste to crown,
The form thou 'lt honour waits thy coming down;
Nor let such swiftness in the roes be shown
To save themselves, as thine to save thine own.
Haste, like the nimblest harts, that lightly bound
Before the stretches of the swiftest hound;
With reaching feet devour a level way,
Across their backs their branching antlers lay,
In the cool dews their bending body ply,
And brush the spicy mountains as they fly."

JONAH.

Thus sung the king—Some angel reach'd a bough
From Eden's tree to crown the wisest brow.
And now, thou fairest garden ever made,
Broad banks of spices, blossom'd walks of shade,
O Lebanon; where much I love to dwell,
Since I must leave thee, Lebanon, farewel!
Swift from my soul the fair idea flies,
A wilder sight the changing scene supplies;
Wide seas come rolling to my future page,
And storms stand ready, when I call, to rage.
Then go where Joppa crowns the winding shore,
The prophet Jonah just arrives before;
He sees a ship unmooring, soft the gales,
He pays, and enters, and the vessel sails.
Ah, wouldst thou fly thy God? rash man, forbear.
What land so distant but thy God is there?
Weak reason, cease thy voice.—They run the deep,
And the tir'd prophet lays his limbs to sleep.
Here God speaks louder, sends a storm to sea,
The clouds remove to give the vengeance way;
Strong blasts come whistling, by degrees they roar,
And shove big surges tumbling on to shore;
The vessel bounds, then rolls, and every blast
Works hard to tear her by the groaning mast;
The sailors, doubling all their shouts and cares,
Furl the white canvas, and cast forth the wares;
Each seek the God their native regions own,
In vain they seek them, for those gods were none.
Yet Jonah slept the while, who solely knew,
In all that number, where to find the true.
To whom the pilot: "Sleeper, rise and pray,
Our gods are deaf; may thine do more than they!"
But thus the rest: "Perhaps we waft a foe
To Heaven itself, and that's our cause of woe;
Let's seek by lots, if Heaven be pleas'd to tell;"
And what they sought by lots, on Jonah fell:
Then, whence he came, and who, and what, and why
Thus rag'd the tempest, all confus'dly cry;
Each press'd in haste to get his question heard,
When Jonah stops them with a grave regard.
"An Hebrew man, you see, who God revere,
He made this world, and makes this world his care;
His the whirl'd sky, these waves that lift their head,
And his yon land, on which you long to tread.
He charg'd me late, to Nineveh repair,
And to their face denounce his sentence there:
'Go,' said the vision, 'prophet, preach to all,
Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall.'
But well I knew him gracious to forgive,
And much my zeal abhorr'd the bad should live;
And if they turn, they live; then what were I
But some false prophet, when they fail to die?
Or what, I fancied, had the Gentiles to
With Hebrew prophets, and their God, to do?
Drawn by the wilful thoughts, my soul I run,
I flee his presence, and the work's undone."
The storm increases as the prophet speaks,
O'er the tost ship a foaming billow breaks;
She rises pendant on the lifted waves,
And thence descries a thousand watery graves;
Then, downward rushing, watery mountains hide
Her hulk beneath, in deaths on every side.
"O," cry the sailors all, "thy fact was ill,
Yet, if a prophet, speak thy master's will;
What part is ours with thee? can aught remain
To bring the blessings of a calm again?"
Then Jonah: "Mine's the death will best atone
(And God is pleas'd that I pronounce my own);
Arise, and cast me forth, the wind will cease,
The sea subsiding wear the looks of peace,
And you securely steer. For well I see
Myself the criminal, the storm for me."
Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,
And awe resulting from a prophet's name;
Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die;
Fear pleads against him, lest they power defy:
If then to aid the flight abets the sin,
They think to land him where they took him in.
Perhaps, to quit the cause, might end the woe,
And, God appeasing, let the vessel go.
For this they fix their oars, and strike the main,
But God withstands them, and they strike in vain.
The storm increases more with want of light,
Low blackening clouds involve the ship in night;
Thick battering rains fly through the driving skies,
Loud thunder bellows, darted lightning flies;
A dreadful picture night-born horrour drew,
And his, or their, or both their fates, they view.
Then thus to God they cry: "Almighty power,
Whom we ne'er knew till this despairing hour,
From this devoted blood thy servants free,
To us he's innocent, if so to thee;
In all the past we see thy wond'rous hand,
And that he perish, think it thy command."
This prayer perform'd, they cast the prophet o'er;
A surge receives him, and he mounts no more;
Then still 's the thunder, cease the flames of blue,
The rains abated, and the winds withdrew;
The clouds ride off, and, as they march away,
Through every breaking shoots a cheerful day;
The sea, which rag'd so loud, accepts the prize,
A while it rolls, then all the tempest dies;
By gradual sinking, flat the surface grows,
And safe the vessel with the sailors goes.
The lion thus, that bounds the fences o'er,
And makes the mountain-echoes learn to roar,
If on the lawn a branching deer he read,
Then falls his hunger, all his roarings end;

Murmuring a while, to rest his limbs he lays,
And the freed lawn enjoys its herd at ease.
Blessed with the sudden calm, the sailors own
That wretched Jonah worshipp'd right alone;
Then make their vows, the victim sheep prepare,
Bemoan the prophet, and the God revere.
Now, though you fear to lose the power to breathe,
Now, though you tremble, Fancy, dive beneath;
What worlds of wonders in the deep are seen!
But this the greatest—Jonah lives within!
The man who fondly fled the Maker's view,
Strange as the crime, has found a dungeon too.
God sent a monster of the frothing sea,
Fit, by the bulk, to gorge the living prey,
And lodge him still alive; this bulk receives
The falling prophet, as he dash'd the waves.
There, newly wak'd from fancied death, he lies,
And oft again in apprehension dies;
While three long days and nights, depriv'd of sleep,
He turn'd and toss'd him up and down the deep,
He thinks the judgment of the strangest kind,
And much he wonders what the Lord design'd,
Yet, since he lives, the gift of life he weighs,
That's time for prayer, and thus a ground for praise;
"From the dark entrails of the whale to thee,
(This new contrivance of a Hell to me)
To thee, my God, I cry'd; my full distress
Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my soul redress.
Cast to the deep I fell, by thy command,
Cast in the midst, beyond the reach of land;
Then to the midst brought down, the seas abide
Beneath my feet, the seas on every side;
In storms the billow, and in calms the wave,
Are moving coverings to my wandering grave.
Fore'd by despair, I cry'd, How to my cost
I fled thy presence, oh, for ever lost!
But hope revives my soul, and makes me say,
Yet tow'rds thy temple shall I turn and pray;
Or, if I know not here where Salem lies,
Thy temple's Heaven, and faith has inward eyes.
Alas! the waters, which my whale surround,
Have through my sorrowing soul a passage found;
And now the dungeon moves, new depths I ary,
New thoughts of danger all his paths supply.
The last of deeps affords the last of dread,
And wraps its funeral weeds around my head:
Now o'er the land his rollings seem to go,
Where the big mountains root their base below;
And now to rocks and clefts their course they take,
Earth's endless bars, too strong for me to break;
Yet, from th' abyss, my God! thy grace divine
Hath call'd him upward, and my life is mine.
Still, as I toss'd, I scarce retain'd my breath,
My soul was sick within, and faint to death,
'Twas then I thought of thee, for pity pray'd,
And to thy temple flew the prayers I made.
The men, whom lying vanity ensnares,
Forsake thy mercy, that which might be theirs.
But I will pay—my God! my king! receive
The solemn vows my full affection gave,
When in thy temple, for a psalm, I sing
Salvation only from my God, my king."
Thus ends the prophet; first from Canaan sent,
To let the Gentiles know they must repent:
God hears, and speaks; the whale, at God's command,
Heaves to the light, and casts him forth to land.
With long fatigue, with unexpected ease,
Oppress'd a while, he lies aside the seas;
His eyes, though glad, in strange astonish'd way
Stare at the golden front of cheerful day;
Then, slowly rais'd, he sees the wonder plain,
And what he pray'd, he wrote, to sing again.
The song recorded brings his vow to mind;
He must be thankful, for the Lord was kind;
Straight to the work he shunn'd he flies in haste
(That seems his vow, or seems a part at least);
Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd to all,
Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall.
Fear seiz'd the Gentiles, Nineveh believes;
All fast with penitence, and God forgives.
Not yet of use the prophet's suffering fails,
Hell's deep black bosom more than shows the whale's.
But some resemblance brings a type to view;
The place was dark, the time proportion'd too.
"A race," the Saviour cries, "a sinful race,
Tempts for a sign the powers of heavenly grace,
And let them take the sign—as Jonah lay,
Three days and nights within the fish of prey;
So shall the Son of Man descend below,
Earth's opening entrails shall retain him so."
My soul, now seek the song, and find me there
What Heaven has shown thee to repel despair;
See, where from Hell she breaks the crumbling ground,
Her hairs stand upright, and they stare around;
Her horrid front deep-trenching wrinkles trace,
Lean sharpening looks deform her livid face;
Bent lie the brows, and at the bend below,
With fire and blood two wandering eye-balls glow;
Will'd are her arms with numerous aids to kill,
And read she fancies but the judge of ill.
Oh, fair-ey'd Hope! then see'st the passion nigh,
Daughter of Promise, oh forbear to fly!
Assurance holds thee, Fear would have thee go,
Close thy blue wings, and stand thy deadly foe;
The judge of ill is still the Lord of grace,
As such behold him in the prophet's case,
Cast to be drown'd, devour'd within the sea,
Sunk to the deep, and yet restor'd to day.
Oh, love the Lord, my soul, whose parent care
So rules the world he punishes to spare.
If heavy grief my downcast heart oppress,
My body danger, or my state distress,
With low submission in thy temper bow,
Like Jonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow;
With hopes of comfort kiss the chastening rod,
And, shunning mad despair, repose in God;
Then, whatsoe'er the prophet's vow design,
Repentance, thanks, and charity, be mine.

HEZEKIAH.

From the bleak beach, and broad expanse of sea,
To lofty Salem, Thought, direct thy way;
Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,
And end thy flight when Hezekiah reigns.
How swiftly Thought has pass'd from land to land,
And quite out-run Time's measuring-glass of sand!
Great Salem's walls appear, and I resort
To view the state of Hezekiah's court.
Well may that king a pious verse inspire,
Who cleans'd the temple, who reviv'd the choir,
Pleas'd with the service David fix'd before,
That heavenly music might on Earth adore.
Deep-rob'd in white, he made the Levites stand
With cymbals, harps, and psalteries in their hand:

He gave the priests their trumpets, prompt to raise
The tuneful soul, by force of sound, to praise.
A skilful master for the song he chose,
The songs were David's these, and Asaph's those;
Then burns their offering, all around rejoice,
Each tunes his instrument to join the voice;
The trumpets sounded, and the singers sung,
The people worshipp'd, and the temple rung.
Each, while the victim burns, presents his heart,
Then the priest blesses, and the people part.
Hail! sacred Music! since you know to draw
The soul to Heaven, the spirit to the law,
Strong to prove thy force, thy warbling string
May tune my soul to write what others sing.
But is this Salem? this the promis'd bliss,
These sighs and groans? what means the realm by this?
What solemn sorrow dwells in every street?
What fear confounds the downcast looks I meet?
Alas! the king! whole nations sink with woe,
When righteous kings are summon'd hence to go;
The king lies sick; and thus, to speak his doom,
The prophet, grave Isaiah, stalks the room:
"Oh, prince, thy servant, sent from God, believe;
Set all in order, for thou canst not live."
Solemn he said, and sighing left the place;
Deep prints of horrour furrow'd every face;
Within their minds appear eternal glooms,
Black gaping marbles of their monarchs' tombs;
A king belov'd deceas'd, his offspring none,
And wars destructive, ere they fix the throne.
Strait to the wall he turn'd, with dark despair,
('Twas tow'rds the temple, or for private prayer,)
And thus to God the pious monarch spoke,
Who burn'd the groves, the brazen serpent broke:
"Remember, Lord, with what a heart for right,
What care for truth, I walk'd within thy sight."
'Twas thus with terrour, prayers, and tears, he toss'd,
When the mid-court the grave Isaiah cross'd,
Whom, in the cedar columns of the square,
Meets a sweet angel, hung in glittering air.
Seiz'd with a trance, he stopp'd, before his eye
Clears a rais'd arch of visionary sky,
Where, as a minute pass'd, the greater light
Purpling appear'd, and south'd and set in night;
A Moon succeeding leads the starry strain,
She glides, and sinks her silver horns again:
A second fancied morning drives the shades,
Clos'd by the dark, the second evening fades;
The third bright dawn awakes, and straight he sees
The temple rise, the monarch on his knees.
Pleas'd with the scene, his inward thoughts rejoice,
When thus the guardian angel form'd a voice:
"Now tow'rds the captain of my people go,
And, seer, relate him what thy visions show;
The Lord has heard his words, and seen his tears,
And through fifteen extends his future years."
Here, to the room prepar'd with dismal black,
The Prophet turning, brought the comfort back.
"Oh, monarch, hail," he cry'd; "thy words are heard,
Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard;
God gives thee fifteen years, when thrice a day
Shows the round Sun, within the temple pray.
"When thrice the day!" surpris'd, the monarch cries,
"When thrice the Sun! what power have I to rise!
But, if thy comfort's human or divine,
'Tis short to prove it—give thy prince a sign."
"Behold," the prophet cry'd (and stretch'd his hands,)
"Against you lattice, where the dial stands;
Now shall the Sun a backward journey go
Through ten drawn lines, or leap to ten below."
"'Tis easier posting Nature's airy track,"
Replies the monarch: "let the Sun go back."
Attentive here he gaz'd, the prophet pray'd,
Back went the Sun, and back pursued the shade.
Cheer'd by the sign, and by the prophet heal'd,
What sacred thanks his gratitude reveal'd!
As sickly swallows, when a summer ends,
Who miss'd the passage with their flying friends,
Take to a wall, there lean the langu'd head,
While all who find them think the sleepers dead;
If yet their warmth new days of summer bring,
They wake, and joyful flutter up to sing:
So fear'd the monarch, sick to death he lay,
His court despair'd, and watch'd the last decay;
At length new favour shines, new life he gains,
And rais'd he sings; 'tis thus the song remains:
"I said, my God, when in the loath'd disease
Thy prophet's words cut off my future days,
Now to the grave, with mournful haste, I go,
Now Death unbars his sable gates below.
How might my years by course of nature last!
But thou pronounc'd it, and the prospect pass'd.
I said, my God, thy servant now no more
Shall in thy temple's sacred courts adore;
No more on Earth with living man converse,
Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable hearse.
My life, like tents which wandering shepherds raise,
Proves a short dwelling, and removes at ease.
My sins pursue me; see the deadly band!
My God, who sees them, cuts me from the land;
As when a weaver finds his labour sped,
Swift from the beams he parts the fastening thread.
With pining sickness all from night to day,
From day to night, he makes my strength decay:
Reckoning the time, I roll with restless groans,
Till, with a lion's force, he crush my bones;
New morning dawns, but, like the morning past,
'Tis day, 'tis night, and still my sorrows last.
Now, screaming like the crane, my words I spoke,
Now, like the swallow, chattering quick, and broke;
Now, like the doleful dove, when on the plains
Her mourning tone affects the listening swains.
To Heaven, for aid, my wearying eyes I throw,
At length they're weary'd quite, and sink with woe.
From Death's arrest, for some delays, I sue;
Thou, Lord, who judg'd me, thou reprieve me, too.
"Rapture of joy! what can thy servant say?
He sent his prophet to prolong my day;
Through my glad limbs I feel the wonder run,
Thus said the Lord, and this himself has done.
Soft shall I walk, and, well secur'd from fears,
Possess the comforts of my future years.
Keep soft, my heart, keep humble, while they roll,
Nor e'er forget my bitterness of soul.
'Tis by the means thy sacred words supply,
That mankind live, but in peculiar I;
A second grant thy mercy pleas'd to give,
And my rais'd spirits doubly seem to live.
Behold the time! when peace adorn'd my reign,
'Twas then I felt my stroke of humbling pain;
Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to sink,
God lov'd my soul, and snatch'd me from the brink:
He turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,
As men who pass accounts, and cast them by.

"What mouth has Death, which can thy praise proclaim? [name
What tongue the Grave, to speak thy glorious
Or will the senseless dead exult with mirth,
Mov'd to their hope by promises on Earth?
The living Lord, the living only praise,
The living only fit to sing thy lays:
These feel thy favours, these thy temples see;
These raise the song, as I this day to thee.
Nor will thy truth the present only reach,
This the good fathers shall their offspring teach;
Report the blessings which adorn my page,
And hand their own, with mine, from age to age.
"So, when the Maker heard his creature crave,
So kindly rose his ready will to save,
Then march we solemn tow'rds the temple-door,
While all our joyful music sounds before;
There, on this day, through all my life appear,
When this comes round in each returning year;
There strike the strings, our voices jointly raise,
And let his dwellings hear my songs of praise."
Thus wrote the monarch, and I'll think the lay
Design'd for public, when he went to pray;
I'll think the perfect composition runs,
Perform'd by Heman's or Jeduthun's sons.
Then, since the time arrives the seer foretold,
And the third morning rolls an orb of gold,
With thankful zeal, recover'd prince, prepare
To lead thy nation to the dome of prayer.
My fancy takes her chariot once again,
Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train;
She sees the singers reach Moriah's hill,
The minstrels follow, then the porches fill;
She wakes the numerous instruments of art,
That each perform its own adapted part;
Seeks airs expressive of thy grateful strains,
And, listening, hears the vary'd tune she feigns.
From a grave pitch, to speak the monarch's woe,
The notes flow down and deeply sound below;
All long-continuing, while depriv'd of ease
He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.
Here intermix'd with discord, when the crane
Screams in the notes, through sharper sense of pain;
There, run with descant on, and taught to shake,
When pangs repeated force the voice to break:
Now like the dove they murmur, till in sighs
They fall, and languish with the failing eyes:
Then slowly slackening, to surprise the more,
From a dead pause his exclamations soar,
To meet brisk health the notes ascending fly,
Live with the living, and exult on high:
Yet still distinct in parts the music plays,
Till prince and people both are call'd to praise;
Then all, uniting, strongly strike the string,
Put forth their utmost breath, and loudly sing;
The wide-spread chorus fills the sacred ground,
And holy transport scales the clouds with sound.
Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice
Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.
This story known, the learn'd Chaldeans came,
Drawn by the sign observ'd, or mov'd by fame;
These ask the fact for Hezekiah done,
And much they wonder at their god the Sun,
That thrice he drove, through one extent of day,
His gold-shod horses in etherial way:
Then vainly ground their guess on Nature's laws;
The soundest knowledge owns a greater cause.
Faith knows the fact transcends, and bids me find
What help for practice here incites the mind:
Straight to the song, the thankful song, I move;
May such the voice of every creature prove!
If every creature meets its share of woe,
And for kind rescues every creature owe,
In public so thy Maker's praise proclaim,
Nor what you begg'd with tears, conceal with shame.
'T is there the ministry thy name repeat,
And tell what mercies were vouchsaf'd of late;
Then joins the church, and begs, through all our days,
Not only with our lips, but lives, to praise.
'T is there our sovereigns, for a signal day
The feast proclaim'd, their signal thanks repay;
O'er the long streets we see the chariots wheel,
And, following, think of Hezekiah still.
In the bless'd dome we meet the white-rob'd choir,
In whose sweet notes our ravish'd souls aspire;
Side answering side, we hear, and bear a part,
All warm'd with language from the grateful heart;
Or raise the song, where meeting keys rejoice,
And teach the base to wed the treble voice;
Art's softening echoes in the music sound,
And, answering nature's, from the roof rebound.
Here close my verse, the service asks no more,
Bless thy good God, and give the transport o'er.

HABAKKUK.

Now leave the porch, to vision now retreat,
Where the next rapture glows with varying heat;
Now change the time, and change the temple-scene,
The following seer forewarns a future reign.
To some retirement, where the prophet's sons
Indulge their holy flight, my fancy runs;
Some sacred college, built for praise and prayer,
And heavenly dream, she seeks Habakkuk there.
Perhaps 'tis there he moans the nation's sin,
Hears the word come, or feels the fit within;
Or sees the vision, fram'd with angels' hands,
And dreads the judgments of revolted lands;
Or holds a converse, if the Lord appear,
And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear.
This deep recess portends an act of weight,
A message labouring with the work of Fate.
Methinks the skies have lost their lovely blue,
A storm rides fiery, thick the clouds ensue.
Fall'n to the ground, with prostrate face I lie:
Oh! 'twere the same in this to gaze and die!
But hark the prophet's voice; my prayers complain
Of labour spent, of preaching urg'd in vain.
And must, my God, thy sorrowing servant still
Quit my lone joys, to walk this world of ill?
Where spoiling rages, strife and wrong command,
And the slack'd laws no longer curb the land?
At this a strange and more than human sound
Thus breaks the cloud, and daunts the trembling ground.
"Behold, ye Gentiles; wondering all behold,
What scarce ye credit, though the work be told;
For, lo, the proud Chaldean troops I raise,
To march the breadth, and all the region seize;
Fierce as the prowling wolves, at close of day,
And swift as eagles in pursuit of prey.
As eastern winds to blast the season blow,
For blood and rapine flies the dreadful foe;
Leads the sad captives, countless as the sand,
Derides the princes, and destroys the land.
Yet these, triumphant grown, offend me more,
And only thank the gods they chose before."
"Art thou not holiest," here the prophet cries;
"Supreme, eternal, of the purest eyes?

And shall those eyes the wicked realms regard,
Their crimes be great, yet victory their reward?
Shall these still ravage more and more to reign,
Draw the full net, and cast to fill again?
As watch-men silent sit, I wait to see
How solves my doubt, what speaks the Lord to me."
"Then go," the Lord replies, "suspend thy fear,
And write the vision for a term of years:
Thy foes will feel their turn when those are past,
Wait, though it tarry; sure it comes at last.
'Tis for their rapine, lusts, and thirst of blood,
And all their unprotecting gods of wood,
The Lord is present on his sacred hill,
Cease thy weak doubts, and let the world be still."
Here terrour leaves me; with exalted head,
I breathe fine air, and find the vision fled;
The seer withdrawn, inspir'd, and arg'd to write,
By the warm influence of the sacred sight.
His writing finished, prophet-like array'd,
He brings the burthen on the region laid;
His hands a tablet and a volume bear,
The tablet threatenings, and the volume prayer;
Both for the temple, where, to shun decay,
Enroll'd the works of inspiration lay.
And awful, oft he stops, or marches slow,
While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.
Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,
He fix'd his table on the sacred wall. [read:
'Twas large inscrib'd, that those who run might
"Habbekkuk's burthen, by the Lord decreed;
For Judah's sins her empire is no more,
The fierce Chaldeans bathe her realm in gore."
Next to the priest his volume he resign'd—
'Twas prayer, with praises join'd, to raise the mind;
'Twas facts recounted, which their fathers knew,
'Twas power in wonders manifest to view;
'Twas comfort, rais'd on love already past,
And hope, that former love returns at last.
The priests within the prophecy convey'd,
The singers runes to join his anthem made,
Hear, and attend the words! and, holy Thou
That help'd the prophet, help the poet now.
"O, Lord, who rul'st the world, with mortal ear
I've heard thy judgments, and I shake for fear.
O Lord, by whom their number'd years we find,
Ev'n in the midst receive the drooping mind;
Ev'n in the midst thou can't—then make it known,
Thy love, thy will, thy power, to save thine own:
Remember mercy, though thine anger burn,
And soon to Salem bid thy flock return.
O, Lord, who gav'st it with an outstretch'd hand,
We well remember how thou gav'st the land.
"God came from Teman, southward sprung the flame,
From Paran mount the One that's holy came;
A glitt'ring glory made the desert blaze,
High Heaven was cover'd, Earth was fill'd with praise.
Dazzling the brightness, not the Sun so bright,
'Twas here the pure substantial fount of light;
Shot from his hand and side in golden streams,
Came forward effluent horny-pointed beams:
Thus shone his coming, as sublimely fair
As bounded nature has been fram'd to bear,
But all his further marks of grandeur hid,
Nor what he could was known, but what he did.
Dire plagues before him ran at his command,
To waste the nations in the promis'd land.
A scorching flame went forth where'er he trod,
And burning fevers were the coals of God.
Fix'd on the mount he stood, his measuring reed
Marks the rich realms for Jacob's seed decreed:
He looks with anger, and the nations fly
From the fierce sparklings of his dreadful eye;
He turns, the mountain shakes its awful brow;
Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.
How glory there, how terrour here, displays
His great unknown, yet everlasting ways!
"I see the sable tents along the strand
Where Cushan wander'd, desolately stand;
And Midian's high pavilions shake with dread,
While the tam'd seas thy rescued nation tread.
What burst the paths? what made the Lord engage?
Could waters anger, seas incite thy rage,
That thus thine horse forc'd the foaming tide,
And all the chariots of salvation rode?
Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy swore;
These oaths, that promise, Israel had before.
"The rock that felt thee clave'd, the rivers flow,
The wondering desert lends them beds below.
Thy might the mountain's heaving shocks confess'd,
High shatter'd Horeb trembled o'er the rest.
Great Jordan pass'd its nether waters by,
Its upper waters rais'd the voice on high:
Safe in the deep we went, the liquid wall
Curling arose, and had no leave to fall.
The Sun indigent, and the Moon serene,
Stopt by thy will, their heavenly course restrain:
The voice was man's, yet both the voice obey,
Till wars completed close the lengthen'd day.
Thy glitt'ring spears, thy rattling darts prevail,
Thy spears of lightning, and thy darts of hail.
'Twas thou that storm'd'st against their heathen band,
Rage at thy visage, and thy flail in hand;
'Twas thou that went before to wound their head,
The captain follow'd where the Saviour led:
Torn from their earth, they feel the desperate wound,
And power unbounded fails for want of ground.
With vilest fear the tribes, where'er they go,
Distress the remnant of the scatter'd foe;
Yet mind they rush'd, as whirling wind descends,
And deem'd for friendless these the Lord befriends.
Thy tramping horse from sea to sea subdue,
The bounding ocean left no more to do.
"O, when I heard what thou vouchsaf'st to win,
With words of wonder must be lost for sin;
Quak'd through fear, the voice forsook my tongue,
Or, at my lips with quivering accent hung;
Dry leanness o'er my marrow came,
And every loosening nerve unstrung my frame.
How shall I rest, in what protecting shade,
When the day comes, and hostile troops invade?
"Though neither blossom on the fig appear,
Nor vines with clusters deck the purpling year;
Though all our labours olive-trees belie,
Though fields the substance of the bread deny;
Though flocks are sever'd from the silent fold,
And the rais'd stall's no lowing cattle hold;
Yet shall my soul be glad, in God rejoice,
Yet to my Saviour will I fix my voice;
Yet to my Saviour still my homer sings,
What David set to instruments of strings:
The Lord's my strength, his hands he makes my feet,
Yon mount's my refuge, I'm safely fleet,
Or (if the song's apply'd) he makes me stay,
Expect returning to Moriah's hill."
In all this hymn what daring grandeur shines,
What darting glory rays among the lines:

What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and smokes are seen,
What ambient fires conceal the Lord within;
What working wonders give the promis'd place,
And load the conduct of a stubborn race!
In all the work a lively fancy flows,
O'er all the work sincere affection glows:
While Truth's firm rein the course of Fancy guides,
And o'er affection zeal divine presides.
Borne on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly
Amongst eternal attributes on high:
And here I touch at Love supremely fair,
And now at Power, anon at Mercy there;
So, like a warbling bird, my tunes I raise,
On those green boughs the Tree of Life displays;
Whose twelve fair fruits, each month by turns receives,
And, for the nations' healing, ope their leaves.
Then be the nations heal'd, for this I sing,
Descending softly from the prophet's wing.
Thou, world, attend the case of Israel; see
'T will thus at large refer to God and thee,
If Love be shown thee, turn thine eyes above,
And pay the duties relative to Love;
If Power be shown, and wonderfully so,
Wonder and thank, adore, and bow below.
If Power that led thee, now no longer lead,
But brow-bent Justice draws the flaming blade;
When Love is scorn'd, when Sin the sword provokes,
Let tears and prayers avert, or heal the strokes;
If Justice leaves to wound, and thou to groan,
Beneath new lords, in countries not thine own,
Know this for Mercy's act, and let your lays,
Grateful in all, recount the cause of praise:
Then Love returns, and while no sins divide
The firm alliance, Power will shield thy side.
See the grand round of Providence's care,
See realms assisted here, and punish'd there;
O'er the just circle cast thy wondering eyes,
Thank while you gaze, and study to be wise.

HYMN FOR MORNING.

See the star that leads the day,
Rising, shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From Heaven above and Earth below;
And warn us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night;
From an heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground;
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the Sun:
Lift thy hands, and humbly pray,
The fountain of eternal day;
That, as the light serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air;
The Sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams, upon thy breast;
And kindly clean it all within,
From darker blemishes of sin;
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care:
From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows submissively resign'd;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business, with industrious feet:
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.
O, giver of eternal bliss,
Heavenly Father, grant me this;
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

HYMN FOR NOON.

The Sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful Earth is fill'd with heat.
Father, also with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead desire,
And make the sacred love of thee,
Within my soul, a sun to me.
Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light;
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade.
Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passion rise,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the Sun that lights the sky:
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there;
And soar, with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting light.
Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wish to live with thee;
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my soul I send my prayer,
Great Creator, bow thine ear;
Thou, for whose propitious sway
The world was taught to see the day;
Who spake the word, and Earth begun,
And show'd its beauties in the Sun;
With pleasure I thy creatures view,
And would, with good affection too;
Good affection sweetly free,
Loose from them, and move to thee;
O, teach me, due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live;
And then my days shall shine the more,
Or pass more blessed than before.

HYMN FOR EVENING.

The beam-repelling mists arise,
And evening spreads obscurer skies:

The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itself be soon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the Lord of glory now,
To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And whether pleasing vapours rise,
Which gently dim the closing eyes;
Which make the weary members bless'd,
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
Or whether spirits in the brain
Extol their soft embrace again;
And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forsake me too;
But still as day concludes in night,
To break again with new-born light;
His wondrous bounty let me find,
With still a more enlighten'd mind;
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me;
Grace that will from Heaven inspire,
Love that seals it in desire;
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast thy palace far
Above the Moon and every star,
Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice and make me bless'd,
By kindly granting its request.
If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
My darkness will afford me joy,
Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

THE SOUL IN SORROW.

With kind compassion hear me cry,
O, Jesu, Lord of Life, on high!
As when the summer's seasons beat,
With scorching flame and parching heat:
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirsty gaps in earth are made:
My thoughts of comfort languish so,
And so my soul is broke by woe.
Then on thy servant's drooping head
Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed;
Let those a quick refreshment give,
And raise my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger, while I breathe,
My dread of endless Hell beneath:
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort, change within;
Change all my sad complaints for ease,
To cheerful notes of endless praise;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as owe their birth to joy:
Joy transporting, sweet, and strong,
Fit to fill and raise my song;
Joy that shall resounded be,
While days and nights succeed for me:
Be not as a judge severe,
For so thy presence who may bear?
On all my words and actions look,
(I know they 're written in thy book;)
But then regard my mournful cry,
And look with Mercy's gracious eye;
What needs my blood, since thine will do,
To pay the debt to Justice due?
O, tender Mercy's art divine!
Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine!
Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful smart,
Allay the bleedings of my heart:
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
Restores my soul to life again.
Guide me then, for here I burn,
To make my Saviour some return.
I 'll rise (if that will please him, still,
And sure I 've heard him own it will);
I 'll trace his steps, and bear my cross,
Despising every grief and loss;
Since he, despising pain and shame,
First took up his, and did the same.

THE HAPPY MAN.

How bless'd the man, how fully so,
As far as man is bless'd below,
Who, taking up his cross, essays
To follow Jesus all his days;
With resolution to obey,
And steps enlarging in his way.
The Father of the saints above
Adopts him with a father's love,
And makes his bosom throughly shine
With wondrous stores of grace divine;
Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
That will his soul above employ;
Full joy, that, when his time is done,
Becomes his portion as a son.
Ah me! the sweet infus'd desires,
The fervid wishes, holy fires,
Which thus a melted heart refine,
Such are his, and such be thine.
From hence despising all besides
That Earth reveals, or Ocean hides;
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he sets his eyes.
From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his safety springs,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the streams of comfort flow.
He calls his Saviour-King above,
Lord of Mercy, Lord of Love;
And finds a kingly care defend,
And mercy smile, and love descend,
To cheer, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze:
And though the wicked Earth display
Its terrours in their fierce array;
Or gape so wide that horrour shows
Its hell replete with endless woes;
Such succour keeps him clear of ill,
Still firm to good, and dauntless still.
So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
A rock amidst an ocean stands;
So bears, without a trembling dread,
The tempest beating round its head;
And with its side repels the wave,
Whose hollow seems a coming grave:
The skies, the deeps, are heard to roar,
The rock stands settled as before.
I, all with whom he has to do,
Admire the life which blesses you,
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
Without a bye designing end;

Its knowing real interest lies
On the bright side of yonder skies,
Where, having made a title fair,
It mounts, and leaves the world to care.
While he that seeks for pleasing days,
In earthly joys and evil ways,
Is but the fool of toil or fame,
(Though happy be the spacious name)
And made by wealth, which makes him great,
A more conspicuous wretch of state.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

How long, ye miserable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight.
No more in paths of errour stray,
The Lord thy Jesus is the way,
The spring of happiness, and where
Should men seek happiness but there!
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldness, run with speed,
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itself below;
And he, that suffer'd these alone
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the soul, that's sick, be clean,
To bring the lost to life again;
To comfort those that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodness still.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only son,
So kind a love his mercies show,
So kind and more extremely so.
Thrice happy men! (or find a phrase
That speaks your bliss with greater praise)
Who most obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleasures, leaving all,
With heart, with soul, with strength incline,
O sweetest Jesu! to be thine.
Who know thy will, observe thy ways,
And in thy service spend their days:
Ev'n death, that seems to set them free,
But brings them closer still to thee.

THE CONVERT'S LOVE.

Blessed light of saints on high,
Who fill the mansions of the sky;
Sure defence, whose mercy still
Preserves thy subjects here from ill;
Oh, my Jesus! make me know
How to pay the thanks I owe.
As the fond sheep, that idly strays,
With wanton play, through winding ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till, wearied out with idle fear,
And passing there, and turning here,
He will, for rest, to covert run,
And meet the wolf he wish'd to shun.
Thus wretched I, through wanton will,
Run blind and headlong on in ill:
'T was thus from sin to sin I flew,
And thus I might have perish'd too;
But Mercy dropt the likeness here,
And show'd, and sav'd me from my fear.
While o'er the darkness of my mind
The sacred Spirit purely shin'd,
And mark'd and brighten'd all the way
Which leads to everlasting day;
And broke the thickening clouds of sin,
And fix'd the light of love within.
From hence my ravish'd soul aspires,
And dates the rise of its desires.
From hence to thee, my God! I turn,
And fervent wishes say I burn;
I burn, thy glorious face to see,
And live in endless joy with thee.
There's no such ardent kind of flame
Between the lover and the dame;
Nor such affection parents bear
To their young and only heir,
Though, join'd together, both conspire,
And boast a doubled force of fire,
My tender heart, within its seat,
Dissolves before the scorching heat,
As softening wax is taught to run
Before the warmness of the Sun.
Oh, my flame, my pleasing pain,
Burn and purify my stain,
Warm me, burn me, day by day,
Till you purge my earth away;
Till at the last I throughly shine,
And turn a torch of love divine.

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

Propitious Son of God, to thee,
With all my soul, I bend my knee;
My wish I send, my want impart,
And dedicate my mind and heart:
For, as an absent parent's son,
Whose second year is only run,
When no protecting friend is near,
Void of wit, and void of fear,
With things that hurt him fondly plays,
Or here he falls, or there he strays;
So should my soul's eternal guide,
The sacred Spirit be deny'd,
Thy servant soon the loss would know,
And sink in sin, or run to woe.
O, Spirit bountifully kind,
Warm, possess, and fill my mind;
Disperse my sins with light divine,
And raise the flames of love with thine;
Before thy pleasures rightly priz'd,
Let wealth and honour be despis'd;
And let the Father's glory be
More dear than life itself to me.
Sing of Jesus! virgins, sing
Him, your everlasting King!
Sing of Jesus! cheerful youth,
Him, the God of love and truth!
Write, and raise a song divine,
Or come and hear, and borrow mine.
Son eternal, Word supreme,
Who made the universal frame,
Heaven, and all its shining show,
Earth, and all it holds below:

Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
While we sing thy praises here;
Son Eternal, ever-bless'd,
Resting on the Father's breast,
Whose tender love for all provides,
Whose power over all presides;
Bow with pity, bow thine ear;
While we sing thy praises, hear!
Thou, by pity's soft extreme,
Mov'd, and won, and set on flame,
Assum'd the form of man, and fell
In pains, to rescue man from Hell;
How bright thine humble glories rise,
And match the lustre of the skies,
From Death and Hell's dejected state
Arising, thou resum'd thy seat,
And golden thrones of bliss prepar'd
Above, to be thy saints' reward.
How bright thy glorious honours rise,
And with new lustre grace the skies!
For thee, the sweet seraphic choir
Raise the voice, and tune the lyre,
And praises with harmonious sound
Through all the highest Heaven rebound.
O make our notes with theirs agree,
And bless the souls that sing of thee!
To thee the churches here rejoice,
The solemn organs aid the voice:
To sacred roofs the sound we raise,
The sacred roofs resound thy praise:
And while our notes in one agree,
[illegible] church that sings to thee!

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

The morning opens, very freshly gay,
And life itself is in the month of May.
With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er,
And flowerets with a thousand colours more;
Then falls to weaving that, and spreading these,
And softly shakes them with an easy breeze.
With golden fruit adorns the bending shade,
Or trails a silver water o'er its bed.
Glide, gentle water, still more gently by,
While in this summer-bower of bliss I lye,
And sweetly sing of sense-delighting flames,
And nymphs and shepherds, soft invented names;
Or view the branches which around me twine,
And praise their fruit, diffusing sprightly wine;
Or find new pleasures in the world to praise,
And still with this return adorn my lays;
"Range round your gardens of eternal spring,
Go, range my senses, while I sweetly sing:"
In vain, in vain, alas! seduc'd by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will!
I tell my soul, it will be constant May,
And charm a season never made to stay;
My beauteous arbour will not stand a storm,
The world but promises, and can't perform:
Then fade, ye leaves; and wither, all ye flowers;
I'll doat no longer in enchanted bowers;
But sadly mourn, in melancholy song,
The vain conceits that held my soul so long.
The lusts that tempt us with delusive show,
And sin brought forth for everlasting woe.
Thus shall the notes to sorrow's object rise,
While frequent rests procure a place for sighs;
And, as I moan upon the naked plain,
Be this the burthen closing every strain:
"Return, my senses; range no more abroad;
He'll only find his bliss who seeks for God."

EXTACY.

The fleeting joys, which all affords below,
Work the fond heart with unperforming show;
The wish that makes our happier life complete,
Nor grasps the wealth nor honours of the great;
Nor loosely sails on Pleasure's easy stream,
Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of Fame;
Weak man, whose charms to these alone confine,
Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.
From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
Make day that's endless, infinitely bright;
Thence, heavenly Father! thence with mercy dart
One beam of brightness to my longing heart.
Dawn through the mind, drive Errour's cloud away,
And still the rage in Passion's troubled sea;
That the poor banish'd soul, serene and free,
May rise from Earth, to visit Heaven and thee:
Come, Peace divine! shed gently from above,
Inspire my willing bosom, wondrous Love;
Thy purpled pinions to my shoulders tye,
And point the passage where I want to fly.
But whither, whither now! what powerful fire
With this bless'd influence equals my desire?
I rise (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns,
And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes);
Earth lessening flies, the parting skies retreat,
The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
And now the Sun and now the stars are gone,
Yet still methinks the Spirit bears me on,
Where tracts of ether purer blue display,
And edge the golden realm of native day.
Oh, strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen!
Oh, ravishment! Oh, sacred rage within!
Tumultuous pleasure, rais'd on peace of mind,
Sincere, excessive, from the world refin'd!
I see the light that veils the throne on high,
A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
I hear the words, that issuing thence proclaim,
"Let God's attendants praise his awful name!"
Then heads unnumber'd bend before the shrine,
Mysterious seat of Majesty divine!
And hands unnumber'd strike the silver string,
And tongues unnumber'd Hallelujah sing.
See, where the shining seraphims appear,
And sink their decent eyes with holy fear.
See flights of angels all their feathers raise,
And range the orbs, and, as they range, they praise;
Behold the great apostles! sweetly met,
And high on pearls of azure ether set.
Behold the prophets, full of heavenly fire,
With wandering fingers wake the trembling lyre;
And hear the martyrs' tune, and all around
The church triumphant makes the region sound.
With harps of gold, with boughs of ever-green,
With robes of white, the pious throngs are seen;
Exalted anthems all their hours employ,
And all is music, and excess of joy.
Charm'd with the sight, I long to bear a part;
The pleasure flutters at my ravish'd heart.
Sweet saints and angels of the heavenly choir,
If love has warm'd you with celestial fire,

Assist my words, and, as they move along,
With Hallelujahs crown the burthen'd song.
Father of all above, and all below,
O great, and far beyond expression so;
No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power confine,
For power and knowledge in their source are thine;
Around thee Glory spreads her golden wing:
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.
Son of the Father, first-begotten Son,
Ere the short measuring line of time begun,
The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see
The bright effulgence manifest in thee.
The world must own thee Love's unfathom'd spring;
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.
Proceeding Spirit, equally divine,
In whom the Godhead's full perfections shine,
With various graces, comforts unexpress'd,
With holy transports you refine the breast;
And Earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring,
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.
But where's my rapture, where my wondrous heat,
What interruption makes my bliss retreat?
This world's got in, the thoughts of t' other 's crost,
And the gay picture's in my fancy lost.
With what an eager zeal the conscious soul
Would claim its seat, and, soaring, pass the pole!
But our attempts these chains of Earth restrain,
Deride our toil, and drag us down again.
So from the ground aspiring meteors go,
And, rank'd with planets, light the world below;
But their own bodies sink them in the sky,
When the warmth's gone that taught them how to fly.

ON DIVINE LOVE;

BY MEDITATING ON THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

Holy Jesus! God of Love!
Look with pity from above;
Shed the precious purple tide
From thine hands, thy feet, thy side;
Let thy streams of comfort roll,
Let them please and fill my soul.
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladness, full of thee.
This, for which my wishes pine,
Is the cup of love divine;
Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet, above the joys of sense;
Blessed philtre! how we find,
Its sacred worships! how the mind,
Of all the world forgetful grown,
Can despise an earthly throne;
Raise its thoughts to realms above,
Think of God, and sing of Love.
Love celestial, wondrous heat,
O, beyond expression great!
What resistless charms were thine,
In thy good, thy best design!
When God was hated, Sin obey'd,
And man undone without thy aid,
From the seats of endless peace
They brought the Son, the Lord of Grace;
They taught him to receive a birth,
To clothe in flesh, to live on Earth;
And after, lifted him on high,
And taught him on the cross to die.
Love celestial, ardent fire,
O, extreme of sweet desire!
Spread thy brightly raging flame
Through and over all my frame;
Let it warm me, let it burn,
Let my corpse to ashes turn;
And, might thy flame thus act with me
To set the soul from body free,
I next would use thy wings, and fly
To meet my Jesus in the sky.

ON QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE.

(WRITTEN IN DECEMBER 1712.)

Mother of Plenty, daughter of the skies,
Sweet Peace, the troubled world's desire, arise;
Around thy poet weave thy summer shades,
Within my fancy spread thy flowery meads;
Amongst thy train soft Ease and Pleasure bring,
And thus indulgent sooth me whilst I sing.
Great Anna claims the song; no brighter name
Adorns the list of never-dying Fame;
No fairer soul was ever form'd above;
None e'er was more the grateful nation's love,
Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with speed
To sing such lines as Bolingbroke may read,
On war dispers'd, on faction trampled down,
On all the peaceful glories of the crown.
And, if I fail in too confin'd a flight,
May the kind world upon my labours write,
"So fell the lines which strove for endless fame,
Yet fell, attempting on the noblest theme."
Now twelve revolving years has Britain stood,
With loss of wealth, and vast expense of blood,
Europa's guardian; still her gallant arms
Secur'd Europa from impending harms.
Fair honour, full success, and just applause,
Pursued her marches, and adorn'd her cause;
Whilst Gaul, aspiring to erect a throne
O'er other empires, trembled for her own;
Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies slain,
And sunk the thought of universal reign.
When thus reduc'd the world's invaders lie,
The fears which rack'd the nations justly die:
Power finds its balance, giddy motions cease
In both the scales, and each inclines to peace.
This fair occasion Providence prepares,
To answer pious Anna's hourly prayers,
Which still on warm Devotion's wings arose,
And, reaching Heaven, obtain'd the world's repose.
Within the vast expansion of the sky,
Where orbs of gold in fields of azure lie,
A glorious palace shines, whose silver ray,
Serenely flowing, lights the milky way;
The road of angels. Here, with speedy care,
The summon'd guardians of the world repair.
When Britain's angel, on the message sent,
Speaks Anna's prayers, and Heaven's supreme intent;
That War's destructive arm should humble Gaul,
Spain's parted realms to different monarchs fall;
The grand alliance crown'd with glory cease,
And joyful Europe find the sweets of peace.
He spoke: the smiling hopes of man's repose,
The joy that springs from certain hopes arose,

Diffusive o'er the place; complacent airs,
Sedately sweet, were heard within the spheres;
And, bowing, all adore the sovereign mind,
And fly to execute the work design'd.
This done, the guardian on the wing repairs,
Where Anna sate, revolving public cares
With deep concern of thought. Unseen he stood,
Presenting peaceful images of good;
On Fancy's airy stage, returning trade,
A sunk exchequer fill'd, an army paid:
The fields with men, the men with plenty bless'd,
The towns with riches, and the world with rest.
Such pleasing objects on her bosom play,
And give the dawn of glory's golden day;
When all her labours at their harvest shown
Shall, in her subjects' joy, complete her own.
Then breaking silence; "'T is enough," she cries,
"That War has rag'd to make the nations wise.
Heaven prospers armies whilst they fight to save,
And thirst of further fame destroys the brave;
The vanquish'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live,
And but escap'd the chains they meant to give.
Now let the powers be still'd, and each possess'd
Of what secures the common safety best."
So spake the queen; then, fill'd with warmth divine,
She call'd her Oxford to the grand design;
Her Oxford, prudent in affairs of state,
Profoundly thoughtful, manifestly great
In every turn, whose steady temper steers
Above the reach of gold, or shock of fears;
Whom no blind chance, but merit understood,
By frequent trials, power of doing good,
And will to execute, advanc'd on high:
Oh, soul created to deserve the sky!
And make the nation, crown'd with glory, see
How much it rais'd itself by raising thee!
Now let the schemes which labour in thy breast,
The long alliance, crown'd with lasting rest,
Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,
And fix the separate interests of the cause!
These toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,
A genius fashion'd for the greatest ends;
Whose strong perception takes the swiftest flight,
And yet its swiftness ne'er obscures its sight:
When schemes are fix'd, and each assign'd a part,
None serves his country with a nobler heart;
Just thoughts of honour all his mind control,
And expedition wings his lively soul.
On such a patriot to confer the trust,
The monarch knows it safe, as well as just.
Then next proceeding in her agents' choice,
And ever pleas'd that worth obtains the voice,
She, from the voice of high-distinguish'd fames,
With pious Bristol, gallant Strafford names:
One form'd to stand a church's firm support,
The other fitted to adorn a court:
Both vers'd in business, both of fine address,
By which experience leads to great success:
And both to distant lands the monarch sends,
And, to their conduct, Europe's peace commends.
Now ships unmoor'd, to waft her agents o'er,
Spread all their sail, and quit the flying shore;
The foreign agents reach th' appointed place,
The congress opens, and it will be peace.
Methinks the war, like stormy winter, flies,
When fairer months unveil the bluish skies;
A flowery world the sweetest season spreads,
And doves, with branches, flutter round their heads.

Half-peopled Gaul, whom numerous ills destroy,
With wishful heart, attends the promis'd joy.
For this prepares the duke—ah, sadly slain,
'T is grief to name him whom we mourn in vain:
No warmth of verse repairs the vital flame,
For verse can only grant a life in fame;
Yet could my praise, like spicy odours shed,
In everlasting song embalm the dead;
To realms that weeping heard the loss I 'd tell,
What courage, sense, and faith, with Brandon fell!
But Britain more than one for glory breeds,
And polish'd Talbot to the charge succeeds;
Whose far-projecting thoughts, maturely clear,
Like glasses, draw their distant objects near.
Good parts, by gentle breeding much refin'd,
And stores of learning, grace his ample mind;
A cautious virtue regulates his ways,
And honour gilds them with a thousand rays.
To serve his nation, at his queen's command,
He parts, commission'd for the Gallic land:
With pleasure Gaul beholds him on her shore,
And learns to love a name she fear'd before.
Once more aloft, there meet for new debates,
The guardian angels of Europa's states:
And mutual concord shines in every face,
And every bosom glows with hopes of peace;
While Britain's steps, in one consent, they praise,
Then gravely mourn their other realms' delays;
Their doubtful claims, through seas of blood pursued,
Their fears that Gallia fell but half subdued;
And all the reasonings which attempt to show
That war should ravage in the world below.
"Ah, fall'n estate of man! can rage delight,
Wounds please the touch, or ruin charm the sight!
Ambition make unlovely Mischief fair!
Or ever Pride be Providence's care!
When stern oppressors range the bloody field,
'T is just to conquer, and unsafe to yield:
There save the nations; but no more pursue,
Nor in thy turn become oppressor too."
Our rebel angels for ambition fell,
And, war in Heaven produc'd a fiend in Hell.
Thus, with a soft concern for man's repose,
The tender guardians join to moan our woes;
Then awful rise, combin'd with all their might,
To find what fury, 'scap'd the den of night,
The pleasing labours of their love withstands,
And spreads a wild distraction o'er the lands.
Their glittering pinions sound in yielding air,
And watchful Providence approves the care.
In Flandria's soil, where camps have mark'd the plain,
The fiend, impetuous Discord, fix'd her reign;
A tent her royal seat. With full resort
Stern shapes of Horrour throng'd her busy court;
Blind Mischief, Ambush close concealing Ire,
Loud Threatenings, Ruin arm'd with sword and fire;
Assaulting Fierceness, Anger wanting breath,
High reddening Rage, and various forms of Death;
Dire imps of darkness, whom with gore she feeds,
When war beyond its point of good proceeds.
In Gallic armour, call'd with alter'd name
Great love of empire, to the field she came;
Now, still supporting feud, she strives to hide
Beneath that name, and only change the side:
But, as she whirl'd the rapid wheels around,
Where mangled limbs in heaps pollute the ground
(A sullen joyless sport); with searching eye,
The shining chiefs regard her as they fly;

Then, hovering, dart their beams of heavenly light:
She starts, the fury stands confess'd to sight;
And grieves to leave the soil, and yells aloud,
Her yells are answer'd by the sable crowd;
And all on bat-like wings (if fame be true)
From Christian lands to northern climates flew.
But rising murmurs from Britannia's shore
With speed recall her watchful guardian o'er.
He spreads his pinions, and, approaching near,
These hints, in scatter'd words, assault his ear:
"The people's power—The grand alliance cross'd,
The peace is separate—Our religion 's lost."
Led by the blatant voice along the skies,
He comes, where Faction over cities flies;
A talking fiend, whom snaky locks disgrace,
And numerous mouths deform her dusky face;
Whence lies are utter'd, whisper softly sounds,
Sly doubts amaze, or inuendo wounds.
Within her arms are heaps of pamphlets seen,
And these blaspheme the Saviour, those the queen;
'Associate vices: thus with tongue and hand,
She shed her venom o'er the troubled land.
Now vex'd that Discord, and the baneful train
That tends on Discord, fled the neighbouring plain,
She rag'd to madness; when the guardian came,
And downwards drove her with a sword of flame.
A mountain, gaping to the nether Hell,
Receiv'd the fury, railing as she fell:
The mountain closing o'er the fury lies,
And stops her passage, where she means to rise;
And when she strives, or shifts her side for ease,
All Britain rocks amidst her circling seas.
Now Peace, returning after tedious woes,
Restores the comforts of a calm repose;
Then bid the warriors sheathe their sanguin'd arms,
Bid angry trumpets cease to sound alarms:
Guns leave to thunder in the tortur'd air,
Red streaming colours furl around the spear;
And each contending realm no longer jar,
But, pleas'd with rest, unharness all the war.
She comes, the blessing comes; where'er she moves
New-springing beauty all the land improves:
More heaps of fragrant flowers the field adorn,
More sweet the birds salute the rosy morn;
More lively green refreshes all the leaves,
And in the breeze the corn more thickly waves.
She comes, the blessing comes in easy state,
And forms of brightness all around her wait:
Here smiling Safety, with her bosom bare,
Securely walks, and cheerful Plenty there;
Here wondrous Sciences with eagles' sight:
There Liberal Arts, which make the world polite;
And open Traffic, joining hand in hand,
With honest Industry, approach the land.
O, welcome, long-desir'd, and lately found!
Here fix thy seat upon the British ground;
Thy shining train around the nation send,
While by degrees the loading taxes end:
While Caution calm, yet still prepar'd for arms,
And foreign treaties, guard from foreign harms:
While equal Justice, hearing every cause,
Makes every subject join to love the laws.
Where Britain's patriots in council meet,
Let public Safety rest at Anna's feet:
Let Oxford's schemes the path to Plenty show,
And through the realm increasing Plenty go.
Let Arts and Sciences in glory rise,
And pleas'd the world has leisure to be wise;
Around their Oxford and their St. John stand,
Like plants that flourish by the master's hand:
And safe in hope the sons of Learning wait,
Where Learning's self has fix'd her fair retreat.
Let Traffic, cherish'd by the senate's care,
On all the seas employ the wasting air:
And Industry, with circulating wing,
Through all the land the goods of Traffic bring.
The blessings so dispos'd will long abide,
Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts preside,
Great Ormond's arms the sword of caution wield,
And hold Britannia's broad-protecting shield;
Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat,
By fair dispatch, with every foreign state;
And Harcourt's knowledge, equitably shown,
Makes Justice call his firm decrees her own.
Thus all that poets fancied Heaven of old,
May for the nation's present emblem hold:
That Jove imperial sway'd; Minerva wise,
And Phœbus eloquent, adorn'd the skies;
On arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight,
Mars rein'd the war, and Themis judg'd the right:
All mortals, once beneficently great,
(As Fame reports) and rais'd in heavenly state;
Yet, sharing labours, still they shunn'd repose,
To shed the blessings down by which they rose.
Illustrious queen, how Heaven hath heard thy prayers!
What stores of happiness attend thy cares!
A church in safety fix'd, a state in rest,
A faithful ministry, a people bless'd;
And kings, submissive at thy foot-stool thrown,
That others rights restore, or beg their own.
Now rais'd with thankful mind; and rolling slow,
In grand procession to the temple go,
By snow-white horses drawn; while sounding Fame
Proclaims thy coming, Praise exalts thy name;
Fair Honour, dress'd in robes, adorns thy state,
And on thy train the crowded nations wait;
Who, pressing, view with what a temper'd grace
The looks of majesty compose thy face,
And mingling sweetness shines, or how thy dress
And how thy pomp, an inward joy confess;
Then, fill'd with pleasures to thy glory due,
With shouts, the chariot moving on, pursue.
As when the phenix from Arabia flown
(If any phenix were by Anna known)
His spice at Phœbus' shrine prepar'd to lay,
Where'er their monarch cut his airy way;
The gathering birds around the wonder flew,
And much admir'd his shape, and much his hue;
The tuft of gold that glow'd above his head,
His spacious train with golden feathers spread;
His gilded bosom, speck'd with purple pride,
And both his wings in glossy purple dy'd:
He still pursues his way; with wondering eyes
The birds attend, and follow where he flies.
Thrice happy Britons, if at last you know
'T is less to conquer, than to want a foe;
That triumphs still are made for war's decrease,
When men, by conquest, rise to views of peace;
That over toils for peace in view we run,
Which gain'd, the world is pleas'd, and war is done.
Fam'd Blenheim's field, Ramillies' noble seat,
Blaregni's desperate act of gallant heat,
Or wondrous Winendale, are war pursued,
By wounds and deaths, through plains with blood embrued;
But good design, to make the world be still,
With human grace adorns the needful ill,

This end obtain'd, we close the scenes of rage,
And gentler glories deck the rising age.
Such gentler glories, such reviving days,
The nation's wishes, and the statesman's praise;
Now pleas'd to shine, in golden order throng,
Demand our annals, and enrich our song.
Then go where Albion's cliffs approach the skies
(The fame of Albion so deserves to rise);
And, deep engrav'd for time, till time shall cease,
Upon the stones their fair inscription place.
Iberia rent, the power of Gallia broke,
Batavia rescued from the threaten'd yoke;
The royal Austrian rais'd, his realms restor'd,
Great Britain arm'd, triumphant and ador'd;
Its state enlarg'd, its peace restor'd again,
Are blessings all adorning Anna's reign.

TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1713.

URG'D by the warmth of Friendship's sacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame;
By all those offsprings of thy learned mind,
In judgment solid, as in wit refin'd,
Resolv'd I sing. Though labouring up the way
To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.
Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Through Contemplation's airy fields I rove;
Where powerful Fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter sky; [cend,
Fresh paints the meadows, bids green shades as-
Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend;
Then fills its landscape through the varied parts
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts:
Superior forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more serenely fair.
Of these two chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
Ye future times, I heard the silver sound!
I saw the Graces form a circle round!
Each, where she fix'd, attentive seem'd to root,
And all, but Eloquence herself, was mute.
High o'er the rest I see the goddess rise,
Loose to the breeze her upper garment flies:
By turns, within her eyes the passions burn,
And softer passions languish in their turn:
Upon her tongue persuasion or command,
And decent action dwells upon her hand. [lay)
From out her breast ('t was there the treasure
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the listening audience to admire,
How strong thy flight, how large thy grasp of thought,
How just thy schemes, how regularly wrought;
How sure you wound when ironies deride,
Which must be seen, and feign to turn aside.
'T was thus exploring she rejoic'd to see
Her brightest features drawn so near by thee:
"Then here," she cries, "let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy, where they can't excel."
She spake. Applause attended on the close:
Then Poësy, her sister-art, arose;
Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,
Not made so much for business, more to please.
Upon her cheek sits Beauty, ever young;
The soul of Music warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleasing ardour glows,
And from her heart the sweetest temper flows:
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air:
She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And, from the spheres, she takes a pitch to sing.
"Thrice happy genius his, whose works have hit
The lucky point of business and of wit.
They seem like showers, which April months pre- [pare
To call their flowery glories up to air:
The drops, descending, take the painted bow,
And dress with sunshine, while for good they flow.
To me retiring oft, he finds relief
In slowly-wasting care and biting grief:
From me retreating oft, he gives to view
What eases care and grief in others too.
Ye fondly grave, be wise enough to know,
'Life, ne'er unbent, were but a life of woe.'
Some, full in stretch for greatness, some for gain,
On his own rack each puts himself to pain.
I 'll gently steal you from your toils away,
Where balmy winds with scents ambrosial play;
Where, on the banks as crystal rivers flow,
They teach immortal amaranths to grow:
Then, from the mild indulgence of the scene,
Restore your tempers strong for toils again."
She ceas'd. Soft music trembled in the wind,
And sweet delight diffus'd through every mind:
The little Smiles, which still the goddess grace,
Sportive arose, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bless)
A gentle band their eager joys express:
Here, Friendship asks, and Love of Merit longs
To hear the goddesses renew their songs;
Here great Benevolence to Man is pleas'd;
These own their Swift, and grateful hear him prais'd.
You gentle band, you well may bear your part,
You reign superior graces in his heart.
O Swift! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have esteem'd it so);
Thou canst not wholly die. Thy works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine.

ON BISHOP BURNET'S BEING SET ON FIRE IN HIS CLOSET.

FROM that dire era, bane to Sarum's pride,
Which broke his schemes, and laid his friends aside,
He talks and writes that Popery will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.
What touch'd himself was almost fairly prov'd:
(Oh, far from Britain be the rest remov'd!)
For, as of late he meant to bless the age,
With flagrant prefaces of party-rage,
O'er-wrought with passion, and the subject's weight,
Lolling, he nodded in his elbow-seat;
Down fell the candle; grease and zeal conspire,
Heat meets with heat, and pamphlets burn their sire.
Here crawls a Preface on its half-burn'd maggots,
And there an Introduction brings its faggots:
Then roars the prophet of the northern nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming speech on moderation.
Unwarn'd by this, go on, the realm to fright,
Thou Briton vaunting in thy second-sight!
In such a ministry you safely tell,
How much you 'd suffer, if religion fell.

ELYSIUM.

In airy fields, the fields of bliss below,
Where woods of myrtle, set by Maro, grow;
Where grass beneath, and shade diffus'd above,
Refresh the fevers of distracted love:
There, at a solemn tide, the beauties, slain
By tender passion, act their fates again,
Through gloomy light, that just betrays the grove,
In orgies, all disconsolately rove:
They range the reeds, and o'er the poppies sweep,
That nodding bend beneath their load of sleep,
By lakes subsiding with a gentle face,
And rivers gliding with a silent pace;
Where kings and swains, by ancient authors sung,
Now chang'd to flowerets o'er the margin hung;
The self-admirer, white Narcissus, so
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below:
In bells of azure, Hyacinth arose;
In crimson painted, young Adonis glows;
The fragrant Crocus shone with golden flame,
And leaves inscrib'd with Ajax' haughty name.
A sad remembrance brings their lives to view,
And, with their passion, makes their tears renew;
Unwinds the years, and lays the former scene,
Where, after death, they live for deaths again.
Lost by the glories of her lover's state,
Deluded Semele bewails her fate;
And runs, and seems to burn, the flames arise,
And fan with idle fury as she flies.
The lovely Cænis, whose transforming shape
Secur'd her honour from a second rape,
Now moans the first, with ruffled dress appears,
Feels her whole sex return, and bathes with tears.
The jealous Procris wipes a seeming wound,
Whose trickling crimson dyes the bushy ground;
Knows the sad shaft, and calls before she go,
To kiss the favourite hand that gave the blow.
Where Ocean feigns a rage, the Sestian fair
Holds a dim taper from a tower of air;
A noiseless wind assaults the wavering light,
The beauty tumbling mingles with the night.
Where curling shades for rough Leucate rose,
With love distracted tuneful Sappho goes;
Sings to mock clifts a melancholy lay;
And with a lover's leap affrights the sea.
The sad Eryphile retreats to moan, [own;
What wrought her husband's death, and caus'd her
Surveys the glittering veil, the bribe of fate,
And tears the shadow, but she tears too late.
In thin design, and airy picture, fleet
The tales that stain the royal house of Crete;
To court a lovely bull, Pasiphaë flies,
The snowy phantom feeds before her eyes.
Lost Ariadne raves, the thread she bore
Trails on unwinding, as she walks the shore;
And Phædra, desperate, seeks the lonely groves,
To read her guilty letter while she roves;
Red shame confounds the first, the second wears
A starry crown, the third a halter bears.
Fair Leodamia mourns her nuptial night
Of love defrauded by the thirst of fight;
Yet, for another as delusive cries,
And, dauntless, sees her hero's ghost arise.
Here Thisbe, Canace, and Dido, stand,
All arm'd with swords, a fair but angry band:
This sword a lover own'd; a father gave
The next; a stranger chanc'd the last to leave.
And there ev'n she, the goddess of the grove,
Join'd with the phantom-fairs, affects to rove,
As once, for Latmos, she forsook the plain,
To steal the kisses of a slumbering swain:
Around her head a starry fillet twines,
And at the front a silver crescent shines.
These, and a thousand, and a thousand more,
With sacred rage recall the pangs they bore,
Strike the deep dart afresh, and ask relief,
Or sooth the wound with softening words of grief.
At such a tide, unheedful Love invades
The dark recesses of the madding shades;
Through long descent he fans the fogs around;
His purple feathers, as he flies, resound.
The nimble beauties, crowding all to gaze,
Perceive the common troubler of their ease;
Though dulling mists and dubious day destroy
The fine appearance of the fluttering boy,
Though all the pomp that glitters at his side,
The golden belt, the clasp and quiver hide;
And though the torch appear a gleam of white,
That faintly spots, and moves in hazy night,
Yet still they know the god, the general foe,
And threatening lift their airy hands below.
From hence they lead him where a myrtle stood,
The saddest myrtle in the mournful wood;
Devote to vex the gods, 't was here before
Hell's awful empress soft Adonis bore,
When the young hunter scorn'd her graver air,
And only Venus warm'd his shadow there.
Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,
They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;
He mourns, but vainly mourns his angry fate,
For Beauty, still relentless, acts in hate.
Though no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
Love must be guilty by the common cry;
For all are pleas'd, by partial passion led,
To shift their follies on another's head.
Now sharp reproaches ring their shrill alarms,
And all the heroines brandish all their arms;
And every heroine makes it her decree,
That Cupid suffer just the same as she.
To fix the desperate halter one essay'd,
One seeks to wound him with an empty blade.
Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,
They fall in fancy, and he feels despair.
Some toss the hollow seas around his head
(The seas that want a wave afford a dread).
Or shake the torch, the sparkling fury flies,
And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.
The mournful Myrrha bursts her rended womb,
And drowns his visage in a moist perfume.
While others, seeming mild, advise to wound
With humorous pains by sly derision found.
That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the roses first begin to glow;
Or in their flames, to singe the boy prepare,
That all should choose by wanton Fancy where.
The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breast,
She too securely through the circle prest,
Forgot the parent, urg'd his hasty fate,
And spurr'd the female rage beyond debate;
O'er all her scenes of frailty swiftly runs,
Absolves herself, and makes the crime her son's,
That clasp'd in chains with Mars she chanc'd to lie,
A noted fable of the laughing sky; [lie,
That, from her love's intemperate heat, began
Sicanian Eryx, born a savage man;
The loose Priapus, and the monster-wight,
In whom the sexes shamefully unite.
Nor words suffice the goddess of the fair,
She snaps the rosy wreath that binds her hair;

Then on the god, who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands, unpitying, dealt the frequent blow;
From all his tender skin a purple dew
The dreadful scourges of the chaplet drew,
From whence the rose, by Cupid ting'd before,
Now, doubly tinging, flames with lustre more.
Here ends their wrath, the parent seems severe,
The stroke's unfit for little Love to bear;
To save their foe the melting beauties fly,
And, cruel mother, spare thy child, they cry.
To Love's account they plac'd their death of late,
And now transfer the sad account to Fate:
The mother, pleas'd, beheld the storm asswage,
Thank'd the calm mourners, and dismiss'd her rage.
Thus Fancy, once in dusky shade express'd,
With empty terrours work'd the time of rest.
Where wretched Love endur'd a world of woe,
For all a winter's length of night below.
Then soar'd, as sleep dissolv'd, unchain'd away,
And through the port of ivory reach'd the day.
As, mindless of their rage, he slowly sails
On pinions cumber'd in the misty vales;
(Ah, fool to light!) the nymphs no more obey,
Nor was this region ever his to sway:
Cast in a deepen'd ring they close the plain,
And seize the god, reluctant all in vain.

THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS.

WHERE waving pines the brows of Ida shade,
The swain, young Paris, half supinely laid,
Saw the loose flocks through shrubs unnumber'd rove,
And, piping, call'd them to the gladded grove.
'T was there he met the message of the skies,
That he, the judge of beauty, deal the prize.
The message known; one Love with anxious mind,
To make his mother guard the time assign'd,
Drew forth her proud white swans, and trac'd the pain
That wheel her chariot in the purple air:
A golden bow behind his shoulder bends,
A golden quiver at his side depends;
Pointing to these he nods, with fearless state,
And bids her safely meet the grand debate.
Another Love proceeds, with anxious care,
To make his ivory sleek the shining hair;
Moves the loose curls, and bids the forehead show,
In full expansion, all its native snow.
A third enclasps the many-colour'd cest,
And, rul'd by Fancy, sets the silver vest;
When, to her sons, with intermingled sighs,
The goddess of the rosy lips applies:
"'T is now, my darling boys, a time to show
The love you feel, the filial aids you owe:
Yet, would we think that any dar'd to strive
For charms, when Venus and her Love's alive?
Or should the prize of beauty be deny'd,
Has beauty's empress aught to boast beside?
And, ting'd with poison, pleasing while it harms,
My darts I trusted to your infant arms;
If, when your hands have arch'd the golden bow,
The world's great ruler, bending, owns the blow,
Let no contending form invade my due,
Tall Juno's mien, nor Pallas' eyes of blue.
But, grac'd with triumph, to the Paphian shore
Your Venus bears the palms of conquest o'er;
And joyful see my hundred altars there,
With costly gums perfume the wanton air."

While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian dame,
The groves resounded where a goddess came.
The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty stride,
Her shield forgot, her helmet laid aside.
Her hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,
And peace, or something like, her visage show'd;
So, with her eyes serene, and hopeful haste,
The long-stretch'd alleys of the wood she trac'd;
But, where the woods a second entrance found,
With sceptered pomp and golden glory crown'd,
The stately Juno stalk'd, to reach the seat,
And hear the sentence in the last debate;
And long, severely long, resent the grove;
In this, what boots it she's the wife of Jove?
Arm'd with a grace at length, secure to win,
The lovely Venus, smiling, enters in;
All sweet and shining, near the youth she drew,
Her rosy neck ambrosial odours threw;
The sacred scents diffus'd among the leaves,
Ran down the woods, and fill'd their hoary caves;
The charms, so amorous all, and each so great,
The conquer'd judge no longer keeps his seat;
Oppress'd with light, he drops his weary'd eyes,
And fears he should be thought to doubt the prize.

ON MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR LEAVING LONDON.

FROM town fair Arabella flies:
The beaux unpowder'd grieve;
The rivers play before her eyes;
The breezes, softly breathing, rise;
The Spring begins to live.

Her lovers swore, they must expire:
Yet quickly find their ease;
For, as she goes, their flames retire,
Love thrives before a nearer fire,
Esteem by distant rays.

Yet soon the fair-one will return,
When Summer quits the plain:
Ye rivers, pour the weeping urn;
Ye breezes, sadly sighing, mourn;
Ye lovers, burn again.

'T is constancy enough in love
That nature's fairly shown:
To search for more, will fruitless prove;
Romances, and the turtle-dove,
The virtue boast alone.

A RIDDLE.

UPON a bed of humble clay,
In all her garments loose,
A prostitute my mother lay,
To every comer's use.

Till one gallant, in heat of love,
His own peculiar made her;
And to a region far above,
And softer beds, convey'd her.

But, in his absence, to his place
His rougher rival came;
And, with a cold constrain'd embrace,
Begat me on the dame.

I then appear'd to public view
A creature wondrous bright;
But shortly perishable too,
Inconstant, nice, and light.

On feathers not together fast
I wildly flew about,
And from my father's country pass'd
To find my mother out.

Where her gallant, of her beguil'd,
With me enamour'd grew,
And I, that was my mother's child,
Brought forth my mother too.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. VINER.

Is Viner dead? and shall each Muse become
Silent as Death, and as his music dumb?
Shall he depart without a poet's praise,
Who oft to harmony has tun'd their lays?
Shall he, who knew the elegance of sound,
Find no one voice to sing him to the ground?
Music and Poetry are sister-arts,
Show a like genius, and consenting hearts:
My soul with his is secretly ally'd,
And I am forc'd to speak, since Viner dy'd.
Oh, that my muse, as once his notes, could
That I might all his praises fully tell; [swell!
That I might say with how much skill he play'd,
How nimbly four extended strings survey'd;
How bow and fingers, with a noble strife,
Did raise the vocal fiddle into life;
How various sounds, in various order rang'd,
By unobserv'd degrees minutely chang'd,
Through a vast space could in divisions run,
Be all distinct, yet all agree in one:
And how the fleeter notes could swiftly pass,
And skip alternately from place to place;
The strings could with a sudden impulse bound,
Speak every touch, and tremble into sound.
The liquid harmony, a tuneful tide,
Now seem'd to rage, anon would gently glide;
By turns would ebb and flow, would rise and fall,
Be loudly daring, or be softly small:
While all was blended in one common name,
Wave push'd on wave, and all compos'd a stream.
The different tones melodiously combin'd,
Temper'd with art, in sweet confusion join'd;
The soft, the strong, the clear, the shrill, the deep,
Would sometimes soar aloft, and sometimes creep;
While every soul upon his motions hung,
As though it were in tuneful concert strung.
His touch did strike the fibres of the heart,
And a like trembling secretly impart;
Where various passions did by turns succeed,
He made it cheerful, and he made it bleed;
Could wind it up into a glowing fire,
Then shift the scene, and teach it to expire.
Oft have I seen him, on a public stage,
Alone the gaping multitude engage;
The eyes and ears of each spectator draw, [law;
Command their thoughts, and give their passions
While other music, in oblivion drown'd,
Seem'd a dead pulse, or a neglected sound.
Alas! he's gone, our great Apollo's dead,
And all that's sweet and tuneful with him fled;
Hibernia, with one universal cry,
Laments the loss, and speaks his elegy.
Farewell, thou author of refin'd delight,
Too little known, too soon remov'd from sight;
Those fingers, which such pleasure did convey,
Must now become to stupid worms a prey:
Thy grateful fiddle will for ever stand
A silent mourner for its master's hand:
Thy art is only to be match'd above,
Where music reigns, and in that music love:
Where thou wilt in the happy chorus join,
And quickly thy melodious soul refine
To the exalted pitch of harmony divine.

EPIGRAM.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obsta
Res angusta domi—

The greatest gifts that Nature does bestow,
Can't unassisted to perfection grow:
A scanty fortune clips the wings of fame,
And checks the progress of a rising name:
Each dastard virtue drags a captive's chain,
And moves but slowly, for it moves with pain:
Domestic cares sit hard upon the mind, [fin'd:
And cramp those thoughts which should be uncon-
The cries of poverty alarm the soul,
Abate its vigour, its designs control:
The stings of want inflict the wounds of death,
And motion always ceases with the breath.
The love of friends is found a languid fire,
That glares but faintly, and will soon expire;
Weak is its force, nor can its warmth be great,
A feeble light begets a feeble heat:
Wealth is the fuel that must feed the flame,
It dies in rags, and scarce deserves a name.

ON THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN. 1715.

This house and inhabitants both well agree,
And resemble each other as near as can be;
One half is decay'd, and in want of a prop,
The other new-built, but not finish'd at top.

LOVE IN DISGUISE.

To stifle passion, is no easy thing;
A heart in love is always on the wing;
The bold betrayer flutters still,
And fans the breath prepar'd to tell:
It melts the tongue, and tunes the throat,
And moves the lips to form the note;
And when the speech is lost,
It then sends out its ghost,
A little sigh,
To say we die. [prove;
'Tis strange the air that cools a flame should
But wonder not, it is the air of love.

Yet, Chloris, I can make my love look well,
And cover bleeding wounds I can't conceal;
My words such artful accents break,
You think I rather act than speak:
My sighs, enliven'd through a smile,
Your unsuspecting thoughts beguile;
My eyes are vary'd so,
You can't their wishes know:
And I'm so gay,
You think I play.
Happy contrivance! such as can't be priz'd,
To live in love, and yet to live disguis'd!

CHLORIS APPEARING IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

Oft have I seen a piece of art,
Of light and shade the mixture fine,
Speak all the passions of the heart,
And show true life in every line.

But what is this before my eyes,
With every feature, every grace,
That strikes with love and with surprize,
And gives me all the vital face?

It is not Chloris: for, behold,
The shifting phantom comes and goes;
And when 't is here, 't is pale and cold,
Nor any female softness knows.

But 't is her image, for I feel
The very pains that Chloris gives;
Her charms are there, I know them well,
I see what in my bosom lives.

Oh, could I but the picture save!
'T is drawn by her own matchless skill;
Nature the lively colours gave,
And she need only look to kill.

Ah! fair-one, will it not suffice,
That I should once your victim lie;
Unless you multiply your eyes,
And strive to make me doubly die?

ON A LADY WITH FOUL BREATH.

Art thou alive? It cannot be,
There's so much rottenness in thee,
Corruption only is in death;
And what's more putrid than thy breath?
Think not you live because you speak,
For graves such hollow sounds can make;
And respiration can't suffice,
For vapours do from caverns rise:
From thee such noisome stenches come,
Thy mouth betrays thy breast a tomb.
Thy body, is a corpse that goes,
By magic rais'd from its repose:
A pestilence that walks by day,
But falls at night to worms and clay.
But I will to my Chloris run,
Who will not let me be undone:
The sweets her virgin-breath contains
Are fitted to remove my pains;
There will I healing nectar sip,
And, to be sav'd, approach her lip,
Though, if I touch the matchless dame,
I'm sure to burn with inward flame.
Thus, when I would one danger shun,
I'm straight upon another thrown:
I seek a cure, one sore to ease,
Yet in that cure 's a new disease:
But love, though fatal, still can bless.
And greater dangers hide the less;
I'll go where passion bids me fly,
And choose my death, since I must die;
As doves pursued by birds of prey,
Venture with milder man to stay.

ON THE NUMBER THREE.

Beauty rests not in one fix'd place,
But seems to reign in every face;
'Tis nothing sure but fancy then,
In various forms, bewitching men;
Or is its shape and colour fram'd,
Proportion just, and woman nam'd?
If fancy only rul'd in love,
Why should it then so strongly move?
Or why should all that look agree,
To own its mighty power in Three?
In Three it shows a different face,
Each shining with peculiar grace.
Kindred a native likeness gives,
Which pleases, as in all it lives;
And, where the features disagree,
We praise the dear variety.
Then beauty surely ne'er was yet,
So much unlike itself, and so complete.

ESSAY ON THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF POETRY[1].

TO HENRY LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

—Vatibus adhære calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.
Hor. Ep. II. I.

I hate the vulgar with untuneful mind;
Hearts uninspir'd, and senses unrefin'd.
Hence, ye profane: I raise the sounding string,
And Bolingbroke descends to hear me sing.

[1] Allegory is in itself so retired a way of writing, that it was thought proper to say something beforehand concerning this piece, which is entirely framed upon it. The design, therefore, is to show the several styles which have been made use of by those who have endeavoured to write in verse. The scheme, by which it is carried on, supposes an old Grecian poet couching his observations or instructions within an allegory; which allegory is wrought out upon the single word flight, as in the figurative way it signifies a thought above the common level: here wit is made to be Pegasus, and the poet his rider, who flies by several countries where he must not touch, by which are meant so many vicious styles, and arrives at last at the sublime. This way of writing is not only very engaging to the fancy whenever it is well performed; but it has been thought also one of the first that the poets made use of. Hence arose many of those stories concerning the heathen gods, which at first were invented to insinuate truth and morality more pleasingly, and which afterwards made poetry itself more solemn, when they happened to be received into the heathen divinity. And indeed there seems to be no likelier way by which a poetical genius may yet appear as an original, than that he should proceed with a full compass of thought and knowledge, either to design his plan, or to beautify the parts of it, in an allegorical manner. We are much beholden to antiquity for those excellent compositions by

When Greece could truth in mystic fable shroud,
And with delight instruct the listening crowd,
An ancient poet (time has lost his name)
Deliver'd strains on verse to future fame.
Still, as he sung, he touch'd the trembling lyre,
And felt the notes a rising warmth inspire.
Ye sweetening graces, in the music throng,
Assist my genius, and retrieve the song
From dark oblivion. See, my genius goes
To call it forth. 'Twas thus the poem rose.
"Wit is the Muses' horse, and bears on high
The daring rider to the Muses' sky;
Who, while his strength to mount aloft he tries,
By regions varying in their nature flies.
"At first, he riseth o'er a land of toil,
A barren, hard, and undeserving soil,
Where only weeds from heavy labour grow,
Which yet the nation prune, and keep for show;
Where couplets jingling on their accent run,
Whose point of epigram is sunk to pun;
Where wings by fancy never feather'd fly[2],
Where lines by measure form'd in hatchets lie;
Where altars stand, erected porches gape,
And sense is cramp'd while words are par'd to shape.
Where mean acrostics, labour'd in a frame
On scatter'd letters, raise a painful scheme;
And, by confinement in their work, control
The great enlargings of the boundless soul;
Where if a warrior's elevated fire
Would all the brightest strokes of verse require,
Then straight in anagram a wretched crew
Will pay their undeserving praises too;
While on the rack his poor disjointed name
Must tell its master's character to Fame.
And (if my fire and fears aright presage)
The labouring writers of a future age

which writers at present form their minds; but it is not so much required of us to adhere merely to their fables, as to observe their manner. For, if we preclude our own invention, poetry will consist only in expression, or simile, or the application of old stories; and the utmost character to which a genius can arrive will depend on imitation, or a borrowing from others, which we must agree together not to call stealing, because we take only from the ancients. There have been poets amongst ourselves, such as Spencer and Milton, who have successfully ventured further. These instances may let us see that invention is not bounded by what has been done before: they may open our imaginations, and be one method of preserving us from writing without schemes. As for what relates any further, particularly to this poem, the reader will observe, that its aim is instruction. Perhaps a representation of several mistakes and difficulties, which happen to many who write poetry, may deter some from attempting what they have not been made for: and perhaps the description of several beauties belonging to it may afford hints towards forming a genius for delighting and improving mankind. If either of these happen, the poem is useful; and upon that account its faults may be more easily excused. PARNELL.

[2] These and the like conceits of putting poems into several shapes by the different lengths of lines, are frequent in old poets of most languages. PARNELL.

Shall clear new ground, and grots and caves repair,
To civilize the babbling Echoes there.
Then, while a lover treads a lonely walk,
His voice shall with its own reflection talk,
The closing sounds of all the vain device
Select by trouble frivolously nice,
Resound through verse, and with a false pretence
Support the dialogue, and pass for sense.
Can things like these to lasting praise pretend?
Can any Muse the worthless toil befriend?
Ye sacred virgins, in my thoughts ador'd,
Ah, be for ever in my lines deplor'd,
If tricks on words acquire an endless name,
And trifles merit in the court of Fame!"
At this the poet stood concern'd a while,
And view'd his objects with a scornful smile:
Then other images of different kind,
With different workings enter'd on his mind;
At whose approach, he felt the former gone,
And shiver'd in conceit, and thus went on:
"By a cold region next the rider goes,
Where all lies cover'd in eternal snows;
Where no bright genius drives the chariot high,
To glitter on the ground, and gild the sky.
Bleak level realm, where frigid styles abound,
Where never yet a daring thought was found,
But counted feet is poetry defin'd;
And starv'd conceits, that chill the reader's mind.
A little sense in many words imply,
And drag in loitering numbers slowly by.
Here dry sententious speeches, half asleep,
Prolong'd in lines, o'er many pages creep;
Nor ever show the passions well express'd,
Nor raise like passions in another's breast.
Here flat narrations fair exploits debase,
In measures void of every shining grace;
Which never arm their hero for the field,
Nor with prophetic story paint the shield,
Nor fix the crest, nor make the feathers wave,
Nor with their characters reward the brave;
Undeck'd they stand, and unadorn'd with praise,
And fail to profit while they fail to please.
Here forc'd description is so strangely wrought,
It never stamps its image on the thought;
The lifeless trees may stand for ever bare,
And rivers stop, for ought the readers care;
They see no branches trembling in the woods,
Nor hear the murmurs of increasing floods,
Which near the roots with ruffled waters flow,
And shake the shadows of the boughs below.
Ah, sacred Verse, replete with heavenly flame,
Such cold endeavours would invade thy name!
The writer fondly would in these survive,
Which, wanting spirit, never seem'd alive:
But, if applause or fame attend his pen,
Let breathless statues pass for breathing men."
Here seem'd the singer touch'd at what he sung,
And grief a while delay'd his hand and tongue:
But soon he check'd his fingers, chose a strain,
And flourish'd shrill, and thus arose again:
"Pass the next region which appears to show:
'Tis very open, unimprov'd, and low;
No noble flights of elevated thought,
No nervous strength of sense maturely wrought,
Possess this realm; but common turns are there,
Which idly sportive move with childish air.
On callow wings, and like a plague of flies,
The little Fancies in a poem rise,
The jaded reader every where to strike,
And move his passions every where alike.

There all the graceful nymphs are forc'd to play
Where any water bubbles in the way:
There shaggy satyrs are obliged to rove
In all the fields, and over all the grove:
There every star is summon'd from its sphere,
To dress one face, and make Clorinda fair:
There Cupids fling their darts in every song,
While nature stands neglected all along:
Till the teaz'd hearer, vex'd at last to find
One constant object still assault the mind,
Admires no more at what 's no longer new,
And hastes to shun the persecuting view.
There bright surprises of poetic rage
(Whose strength and beauty, more confirm'd in age
For having lasted, last the longer still)
By weak attempts are imitated ill,
Or carried on beyond their proper light,
Or with refinement flourished out of sight.
There metaphors on metaphors abound,
And sense by differing images confound:
Strange injudicious management of thought,
Not born to rage, nor into method brought.
Ah, sacred Muse! from such a realm retreat,
Nor idly waste the influence of thy heat
On shallow soils, where quick productions rise,
And wither as the warmth that rais'd them dies."
Here o'er his breast a sort of pity roll'd,
Which something labouring in the mind control'd,
And made him touch the loud resounding strings,
While thus with music's stronger tones he sings:
"Mount higher still, still keep thy faithful seat,
Mind the firm reins, and curb thy courser's heat;
Nor let him touch the realms that next appear,
Whose hanging turrets seem a fall to fear;
And strangely stand along the tracts of air,
Where thunder rolls and bearded comets glare.
The thoughts that most extravagantly soar,
The words that sound as if they meant to roar;
For rant and noise are offer'd here to choice,
And stand elected by the public voice.
All schemes are slighted which attempt to shine
At once with strange and probable design;
'Tis here a mean conceit, a vulgar view,
That bears the least respect to seeming true;
While every trifling turn of things is seen
To move by gods descending in machine.
Here swelling lines with stalking strut proceed,
And in the clouds terrific rumblings breed;
Here single heroes deal grim deaths around,
And armies perish in tremendous sound;
Here fearful monsters are preserv'd to die,
In such a tumult as affrights the sky;
For which the golden Sun shall hide with dread,
And Neptune lift his sedgy-matted head,
Admire the roar, and dive with dire dismay,
And seek his deepest chambers in the sea.
To raise their subject thus the lines devise,
And false extravagance would fain surprise;
Yet still, ye gods, ye live untouch'd by fear,
And undisturb'd at bellowing monsters here:
But with compassion guard the brain of men,
If thus they bellow through the poet's pen:
So will the reader's eyes discern aright
The rashest sally from the noblest flight,
And find that only boast and sound agree
To seem the life and voice of majesty,
When writers rampant on Apollo call,
And bid him enter and possess them all,
And make his flames afford a wild pretence
To keep them unrestrain'd by common sense.
Ah, sacred Verse! lest reason quit thy seat,
Give none to such, or give a gentler heat."
'Twas here the singer felt his temper wrought
By fairer prospects, which arose to thought;
And in himself a while collected sat,
And much admir'd at this, and much at that;
Till all the beauteous forms in order ran,
And then he took their track, and thus began:
"Above the beauties, far above the show
In which weak Nature dresses here below,
Stands the great palace of the bright and fine,
Where fair ideas in full glory shine;
Eternal models of exalted parts,
The pride of minds, and conquerors of hearts.
"Upon the first arrival here, are seen
Rang'd walks of bay, the Muses' ever-green,
Each sweetly springing from some sacred bough,
Whose circling shade adorn'd a poet's brow,
While through the leaves, in unmolested skies,
The gentle breathing of applauses flies,
And flattering sounds are heard within the breeze,
And pleasing murmur runs among the trees,
And falls of water join the flattering sounds,
And murmur softening from the shore rebounds.
The warbled melody, the lovely sights,
The calms of solitude inspire delights,
The dazzled eyes, the ravish'd ears are caught,
The panting heart unites to purer thought,
And grateful shiverings wander o'er the skin,
And wondrous extacies arise within,
Whence admiration overflows the mind,
And leaves the pleasure felt, but undefin'd."
Stay, daring rider, now no longer rove;
Now pass to find the palace through the grove:
Whate'er you see, whate'er you feel, display
The realm you sought for; daring rider, stay.
"Here various Fancy spreads a varied scene,
And Judgment likes the sight, and looks serene,
And can be pleas'd itself, and helps to please,
And joins the work, and regulates the lays.
Thus, on a plan design'd by double care,
The building rises in the glittering air,
With just agreement fram'd in every part,
And smoothly polish'd with the nicest art.
"Here laurel-boughs, which ancient heroes wore,
Now not so fading as they prov'd before,
Wreath round the pillars which the poets rear,
And slope their points to make a foliage there.
Here chaplets, pull'd in gently-breathing wind,
And wrought by lovers innocently kind,
Hung o'er the porch, their fragrant odours give,
And fresh in lasting song for ever live.
The shades, for whom with such indulgent care
Fame wreaths the boughs, or hangs the chaplets there,
To deathless honours thus preserv'd above,
For ages conquer, or for ages love.
"Here bold Description paints the walls within,
Her pencil touches, and the world is seen:
The fields look beauteous in their flowery pride,
The mountains rear aloft, the vales subside:
The cities rise, the rivers seem to play,
And hanging rocks repel the foaming sea;
The foaming seas their angry billows show,
Curl'd white above, and darkly roll'd below,
Or cease their rage, and, as they calmly lie,
Return the pleasing pictures of the sky;
The skies, extended in an open view,
Appear a lofty distant arch of blue,
In which description stains the painted bow,
Or thickens clouds, and feathers out the snow,

Or mingles blushes in the morning ray,
Or gilds the noon, or turns an evening gray.
"Here, on the pedestals of War and Peace,
In different rows, and with a different grace,
Fine statues proudly ride, or nobly stand,
To which Narration with a pointing hand
Directs the sight, and makes examples please
By boldly venturing to dilate in praise;
While chosen beauties lengthen out the song,
Yet make her hearers never think it long.
Or if, with closer art, with sprightly mien,
Scarce like herself, and more like Action seen,
She bids their facts in images arise,
And seem to pass before the readers eyes,
The words like charms enchanted motion give,
And all the statues of the palace live.
Then hosts embattled stretch their lines afar,
Their leaders' speeches animate the war,
The trumpets sound, the feather'd arrows fly,
The sword is drawn, the lance is toss'd on high,
The brave press on, the fainter forces yield,
And death in different shapes deforms the field.
Or, should the shepherds be dispos'd to play,
Amintor's jolly pipe beguiles the day,
And jocund Echos dally with the sound,
And nymphs in measures trip along the ground,
And, ere the dews have wet the grass below,
Turn homewards singing all the way they go.
"Here, as on circumstance narrations dwell,
And tell what moves, and hardly seem to tell,
The toil of heroes on the dusty plains,
Or on the green the merriment of swains,
Reflection speaks: then all the forms that rose
In life's enchanted scene themselves compose:
Whilst the grave voice, controlling all the spells,
With solemn utterance, thus the moral tells:
'So public worth its enemies destroys,
Or private innocence itself enjoys.'
"Here all the passions, for their greater sway,
In all the power of words themselves array;
And hence the soft pathetic gently charms,
And hence the bolder fills the breast with arms.
Sweet love in numbers finds a world of darts,
And with desirings wounds the tender hearts.
Fair hope displays its pinions to the wind,
And flutters in the lines, and lifts the mind.
Brisk joy with transport fills the rising strain,
Breaks in the notes, and bounds in every vein.
Stern courage, glittering in the sparks of ire,
Inflames those lays that set the breast on fire.
Aversion learns to fly with swifter will,
In numbers taught to represent an ill.
By frightful accents Fear produces fears;
By sad expression Sorrow melts to tears:
And dire Amazement and Despair are brought
By words of horrour through the wilds of thought.
'Tis thus tumultuous passions learn to roll;
'Thus, arm'd with poetry, they win the soul.
"Pass further through the dome, another view
Would now the pleasures of thy mind renew,
Where oft Description for the colours goes,
Which raise and animate its native shows;
Where oft Narration seeks a florid grace
To keep from sinking ere 't is time to cease;
Where easy turns Reflection looks to find,
When Morals aim at dress to please the mind;
Where lively figures are for use array'd,
And these an action, those a passion, aid.
"There modest Metaphors in order sit,
With unaffected, undisguising wit,
That leave their own, and seek another's place,
Not forc'd, but changing with an easy pace,
To deck a notion faintly seen before, [more.
And Truth preserves her shape, and shines the
"By these the beauteous similes reside,
In look more open, in design ally'd,
Who, fond of likeness, from another's face
Bring every feature's corresponding grace,
With near approaches in expression flow,
And take the turn their pattern loves to show;
As in a glass the shadows meet the fair,
And dress and practice with resembling air.
Thus Truth by pleasure doth her aim pursue,
Looks bright, and fixes on the doubled view.
"There Repetitions one another meet,
Expressly strong, or languishingly sweet,
And raise the sort of sentiment they please,
And urge the sort of sentiment they raise.
"There close in order are the Questions plac'd,
Which march with art conceal'd in shows of haste,
And work the reader till his mind be brought
To make its answers in the writer's thought.
For thus the moving passions seem to throng,
And with their quickness force the soul along;
And thus the soul grows fond they should prevail,
When every question seems a fair appeal;
And if by just degrees of strength they soar,
In steps as equal each affects the more.
"There strange Commotion, naturally shown,
Speaks on regardless that she speaks alone,
Nor minds if they to whom she talks be near,
Nor cares if that to which she talks can hear.
The warmth of Anger dares an absent foe;
The words of Pity speak to tears of Woe;
The Love that hopes, on errands sends the breeze;
And Love despairing moans to nak'd trees.
"There stand the new Creations of the Muse,
Poetic persons, whom the writers use
Whene'er a cause magnificently great
Would fix attention with peculiar weight.
'Tis hence that humble provinces are seen
Transform'd to matrons with neglected mien,
Who call their warriors in a mournful sound,
And show their crowns of turrets on the ground,
While over urns reclining rivers moan
They should enrich a nation not their own.
'Tis hence the virtues are no more confin'd
To be but rules of reason in the mind;
The heavenly forms start forth, appear to breathe,
And in bright shapes converse with men beneath;
And, as a god in combat Valour leads,
In council Prudence as a goddess aids.
"There Exclamations all the voice employ
In sudden flashes of concern or joy:
Then seem the sluices, which the passions bound,
To burst assunder with a speechless sound;
And then with tumult and surprise they roll,
And show the case important in the soul.
"There rising Sentences attempt to speak,
Which wonder, sorrow, shame, or anger, break;
But so the part directs to find the rest,
That what remains behind is more than guess'd.
Thus fill'd with ease, yet left unfinish'd too,
The sense looks large within the reader's view:
He freely gathers all the passion means,
And artful silence more than words explains.
Methinks a thousand graces more I see,
And I could dwell—but when would thought be [free?
Engaging Method ranges all the band,
And smooth Transition joins them hand in hand:

Around the music of my lays they throng,
Ah, too deserving objects of my song!
Live, wondrous palace, live secure of time,
To senses harmony, to souls sublime,
And just proportion all, and great design,
And lively colours, and an air divine.
"'Tis here that, guided by the Muse's fire,
And fill'd with sacred thought, her friends retire,
Unbent to care, and unconcern'd with noise,
To taste repose and elevated joys,
Which in a deep untroubled leisure meet,
Serenely ravishing, politely sweet. [choose,
From hence the charms that most engage they
And, as they please, the glittering objects use;
While to their genius, more than art they trust,
Yet art acknowledges their labours just.
From hence they look, from this exalted show,
To choose their subject in the world below,
And where a hero well deserves a name,
They consecrate his acts in song to Fame;
Or, if a science unadorn'd they find, [mind;
They smooth its look to please and teach the
And where a friendship's generously strong,
They celebrate the knot of souls in song;
Or, if the verses must inflame desire,
The thoughts are melted, and the words on fire:
But, when the temples deck'd with glory stand,
And hymns of gratitude the gods demand,
Their bosoms kindle with celestial love,
And then alone they cast their eyes above.
"Hail, sacred Verse! ye sacred Muses, hail!
Could I your pleasures with your fire reveal,
The world might then be taught to know your
And court your rage, and envy my delight. [right,
But, whilst I follow where your pointed beams
My course directing shoot in golden streams,
The bright appearance dazzles Fancy's eyes,
And weary'd out the fix'd attention lies;
Enough, my verses, have you work'd my breast,
I'll seek the sacred grove, and sink to rest."
No longer now the ravish'd poet sung,
His voice in easy cadence left the tongue;
Nor o'er the music did his fingers fly,
The sounds ran tingling, and they seem'd to die.
O, Bolingbroke! O favourite of the skies,
O born to gifts by which the noblest rise,
Improv'd in arts by which the brightest please,
Intent to business, and polite for ease;
Sublime in eloquence, where loud applause
Hath styl'd thee patron of a nation's cause. [great,
'Twas there the world perceiv'd and own'd thee
Thence Anna call'd thee to the reins of state;
"Go, said the greatest queen, with Oxford go,
And still the tumults of the world below,
Exert thy powers, and prosper; he that knows
To move with Oxford, never should repose."
She spake: the patriot overspread thy mind,
And all thy days to public good resign'd.
Else might thy soul, so wonderfully wrought
For every depth and turn of curious thought,
To this the poet's sweet recess retreat,
And thence report the pleasures of the seat,
Describe the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,
Describe his business while he works the mine,
Describe his temper when he sees it shine,
Or say, when readers easy verse insnares,
How much the writer's mind can act on theirs:
Whence images in charming numbers set,
A sort of likeness in the soul beget,
And what fair visions oft we fancy nigh
By fond delusions of the swimming eye,
Or further pierce through nature's maze to find
How passions drawn give passions to the mind.
Oh, what a sweet confusion! what surprise!
How quick the shifting views of pleasure rise!
While, lightly skimming, with a transient wing,
I touch the beauties which I wish to sing.
Is verse a sovereign regent of the soul,
And fitted all its motions to control?
Or are they sisters, tun'd at once above,
And shake like unisons if either move?
For, when the numbers sing an eager fight,
I've heard a soldier's voice express delight;
I've seen his eyes with crowding spirits shine,
And round his hilt his hand unthinking twine.
When from the shore the fickle Trojan flies,
And in sweet measures poor Eliza dies,
I've seen the book forsake the virgin's hand,
And in her eyes the tears but hardly stand.
I've known her blush at soft Corinna's name,
And in red characters confess a flame:
Or wish success had more adorn'd his arms,
Who gave the world for Cleopatra's charms.
Ye sons of glory, be my first appeal,
If here the power of lines these lines reveal.
When some great youth has with impetuous thought
Read o'er achievements which another wrought,
And seen his courage and his honour go
Through crowding nations in triumphant show,
His soul, enchanted by the words he reads,
Shines all impregnated with sparkling seeds,
And courage here, and honour there, appears
In brave design that soars beyond his years,
And this a spear, and that a chariot lends,
And war and triumph he by turns attends;
Thus gallant pleasures are his waking dream,
Till some fair cause have call'd him forth to fame.
Then, form'd to life on what the poet made,
And breathing slaughter, and in arms array'd,
He marches forward on the daring foe,
And emulation acts in every blow.
Great Hector's shade in fancy stalks along,
From rank to rank amongst the martial throng;
While from his acts he learns a noble rage,
And shines like Hector in the present age.
Thus verse will raise him to the victor's bays;
And verse, that rais'd him, shall resound his praise.
Ye tender beauties, be my witness too,
If song can charm, and if my song be true.
With sweet experience oft a fair may find
Her passions mov'd by passions well design'd;
And then she longs to meet a gentle swain,
And longs to love, and to be lov'd again.
And if by chance an amorous youth appears,
With pants and blushes she the courtship hears;
And finds a tale that must with theirs agree,
And he's Septimius, and his Acme she:
Thus lost in thought her melted heart she gives,
And the rais'd lover by the poet lives.

'With such a husband such a wife,
With Acme and Septimius' life,
is the conclusion of Cowley's beautiful imitation of Catullus. On those lines an excellent prelate has observed, that, to the honour of Cowley's morals and good taste, by a small deviation from his original, he has converted a loose love-poem into a sober epithalamium; we have all the grace, and what is more, all the warmth of Catullus, without his indecency. *N.*

THE

POEMS

OF

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

THE

LIFE OF SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

SAMUEL GARTH was of a good family in Yorkshire, and from some school in his own country became a student at Peter-house in Cambridge, where he resided till he became doctor of physic on July the 7th, 1691. He was examined before the college at London on March the 12th, 1691-2, and admitted fellow June 26th, 1693. He was soon so much distinguished by his conversation and accomplishments, as to obtain very extensive practice; and, if a pamphlet of those times may be credited, had the favour and confidence of one party, as Radcliffe had of the other.

He is always mentioned as a man of benevolence; and it is just to suppose that his desire of helping the helpless disposed him to so much zeal for the Dispensary; an undertaking, of which some account, however short, is proper to be given.

Whether what Temple says be true, that physicians have had more learning than the other faculties, I will not stay to inquire; but, I believe, every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusion of beneficence, and willingness to exert a lucrative art where there is no hope of lucre. Agreeably to this character, the college of physicians, in July 1687, published an edict, requiring all the fellows, candidates, and licentiates, to give gratuitous advice to the neighbouring poor.

This edict was sent to the court of aldermen; and, a question being made to whom the appellation of the poor should be extended, the college answered, that it should be sufficient to bring a testimonial from the clergyman officiating in the parish where the patient resided.

After a year's experience, the physicians found their charity frustrated by some malignant opposition, and made to a great degree vain by the high price of physic; they therefore voted in August 1688, that the laboratory of the college should be accommodated to the preparation of medicines, and another room prepared for their reception; and that the contributors to the expense should manage the charity.

It was now expected, that the apothecaries would have undertaken the care of providing medicines; but they took another course. Thinking the whole design pernicious

to their interest, they endeavoured to raise a faction against it in the college, and found some physicians mean enough to solicit their patronage, by betraying to them the counsels of the college. The greater part, however, enforced by a new edict, in 1694, the former order of 1687, and sent it to the may or and aldermen, who appointed a committee to treat with the college, and settle the mode of administering the charity.

It was desired by the aldermen, that the testimonials of churchwardens and overseers should be admitted; and that all hired servants, and all apprentices to handicraftsmen, should be considered as poor. This likewise was granted by the college.

It was then considered who should distribute the medicines, and who should settle their prices. The physicians procured some apothecaries to undertake the dispensation, and offered that the warden and company of the apothecaries should adjust the price. This offer was rejected; and the apothecaries who had engaged to assist the charity were considered as traitors to the company, threatened with the imposition of troublesome offices, and deterred from the performance of their engagements. The apothecaries ventured upon public opposition, and presented a kind of remonstrance against the design to the committee of the city, which the physicians condescended to confute; and at least the traders seem to have prevailed among the sons of trade; for the proposal of the college having been considered, a paper of approbation was drawn up, but postponed and forgotten.

The physicians still persisted; and in 1696 a subscription was raised by themselves, according to an agreement prefixed to the Dispensary. The poor were, for a time, supplied with medicines; for how long a time, I know not. The medicinal charity, like others, began with ardour, but soon remitted, and at last died gradually away.

About the time of the subscription begins the action of the Dispensary. The poem, as its subject was present and popular, co-operated with passions and prejudices then prevalent, and, with such auxiliaries to its intrinsic merit, was universally and liberally applauded. It was on the side of charity against the intrigues of interest, and of regular learning against licentious usurpation of medical authority, and was therefore naturally favoured by those who read and can judge of poetry.

In 1697, Garth spoke that which is now called the Harveian Oration; which the authors of the Biographia mention with more praise than the passage quoted in their notes will fully justify. Garth, speaking of the mischiefs done by quacks, has these expressions: "Non tamen telis vulnerat ista agyrtarum colluvies, sed theriacâ quâdam magis perniciosâ, non pyrio, sed pulvere nescio quo exotico certat, non globulis plumbeis, sed pilulis æque lethalibus interficit." This was certainly thought fine by the author, and is still admired by his biographer. In October 1702, he became one of the censors of the college.

Garth, being an active and zealous Whig, was a member of the Kit-cat club, and, by consequence, familiarly known to all the great men of that denomination. In 1710, when the government fell into other hands, he writ to lord Godolphin, on his dismission, a short poem, which was criticised in the Examiner, and so successfully either defended or excused by Mr. Addison, that, for the sake of the vindication, it ought to be preserved.

At the accession of the present family his merits were acknowledged and rewarded. He was knighted with the sword of his hero, Marlborough; and was made physician in ordinary to the king, and physician-general to the army.

He then undertook an edition of Ovid's Metamorphoses, translated by several hands, which he recommended by a preface, written with more ostentation than ability; his

notions are half-formed, and his materials immethodically confused. This was his last work. He died January 18, 1717-18, and was buried at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

His personal character seems to have been social and liberal. He communicated himself through a very wide extent of acquaintance; and though firm in a party, at a time when firmness included virulence, yet he imparted his kindness to those who were not supposed to favour his principles. He was an early encourager of Pope, and was at once the friend of Addison and of Granville. He is accused of voluptuousness and irreligion; and Pope, who says, "that if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth," seems not able to deny what he is angry to hear, and loth to confess.

Pope afterwards declared himself convinced, that Garth died in the communion of the church of Rome, having been privately reconciled. It is observed by Lowth, that there is less distance than is thought between scepticism and popery; and that a mind, wearied with perpetual doubt, willingly seeks repose in the bosom of an infallible church.

His poetry has been praised at least equally to its merit. In the Dispensary there is a strain of smooth and free versification; but few lines are eminently elegant. No passages fall below mediocrity, and few rise much above it. The plan seems formed without just proportion to the subject; the means and end have no necessary connection. Resnel, in his preface to Pope's Essay, remarks, that Garth exhibits no discrimination of characters; and that what any one says might, with equal propriety, have been said by another. The general design is, perhaps, open to criticism; but the composition can seldom be charged with inaccuracy or negligence. The author never slumbers in self-indulgence; his full vigour is always exerted; scarcely a line is left unfinished; nor is it easy to find an expression used by constraint, or a thought imperfectly expressed. It was remarked by Pope, that the Dispensary had been corrected in every edition, and that every change was an improvement. It appears, however, to want something of poetical ardour, and something of general delectation; and therefore, since it has been no longer supported by accidental and intrinsic popularity, it has been scarcely able to support itself.

TO

ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, should be but justice, and to tell you so, should be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues; and, to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart, can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression; but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a person, who even seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions; those more polite arts, which, till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous restorers; insomuch, that sculpture now breathes, painting speaks, music ravishes; and as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself: but you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more, would be uneasy to you; and to say less, would be unjust in

Your humble servant.

PREFACE.

SINCE this following poem in a manner stole into the world, I could not be surprised to find it uncorrect: though I can no more say I was a stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the publisher's precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leisure in reflection; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the oftenest. However, the errours of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but say the same of the defects of the author, he would need no justification against the cavils of some furious critics, who, I am sure, would have been better pleased if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury Disease is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of present writers: but though I had the authority of some Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel instances, to justify the design; yet that I might not introduce any thing that seemed inconsistent, or hard, I started this objection myself, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this sort of criticism, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a fury as well as Envy: she is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her recess; and, to be revenged on the exorcist, mortifies him with an introduction of several persons eminent in an accomplishment he has made some advances in.

Nor is the compliment less to any great genius mentioned there; since a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confess how happily they have all succeeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the Lutrin of Monsieur Boileau. I must own, I am proud of the imputation; unless their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Molesse, Canto II, and in one in his first Canto; the sense of which line is entirely his, and I could wish it were not the only good one in mine.

I have spoke to the most material objections I have heard of, and shall tell these gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I will undertake to show them two. One of these curious persons does me the honour to say, he approves of the conclusion of it; but I suppose it is upon no other reason, but because it is the conclusion. However, I should not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amusement I have very little practised hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its pursuit is painful, and its possession unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the animosities among the members of the college of physicians increasing daily (notwithstanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy president to the contrary), I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to railly some of our disaffected members into a sense of their duty, who have hitherto most obstinately opposed all manner of union; and have continued so unreasonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the college, to reinforce the observance of the statutes by a bond, which some of them would not comply with, though none of them had refused the ceremony of the customary oath; like some that will trust their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was sorry to find there could be any constitution that was not to be cured without poison, and that there should be a prospect of effecting it by a less grateful method than reason and persuasion.

The original of this difference has been of some standing, though it did not break out to fury and excess, until the time of erecting the Dispensary, being an apartment in the college, set up for the relief of the sick poor, and managed ever since with an integrity and disinterest suitable to so charitable a design.

If any person would be more fully informed about the particulars of so pious a work, I refer him to a treatise, set forth by the authority of the president and censors, in the year 97. It is called, A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in Relation to the sick Poor. The reader may there not only be informed of the rise and progress of this so public an undertaking, but also of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the best, as well as the most ancient members of the society, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of a few men, who thought it their interest to defeat so laudable a design.

The intention of this preface is not to persuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being censured for taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the satire may appear directed at any particular person, it is at such only as are presumed to be engaged in dishonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, against the dignity of their own profession. But if there be no such, then these characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give nobody offence.

The description of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the Dispensary, betwixt a member of the college with his retinue, and some of the servants that attended there to dispense the medicines; and is so far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope nobody will think the author too undecently reflecting through the whole, who, being too liable to faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the miscarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular person: it is a reflection which I should be sorry should give offence; being no more than what may be said of any physician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is so trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the least impression, either upon the reader, or the person it is applied to; being one that I think in my conscience a very able physician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but some worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess, those ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they design an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themselves; and by saying how much this small performance exceeds some others, they convince the world how far it falls short of theirs.

THE COPY OF AN INSTRUMENT SUBSCRIBED BY THE PRESIDENT, CENSOR, MOST OF THE ELECTS, SENIOR FELLOWS, CANDIDATES, &c. OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, IN RELATION TO THE SICK POOR.

WHEREAS the several orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing medicines gratis to the poor sick of the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent; as also proposals made by the said college to the lord mayor, court of aldermen, and common council, of London, in pursuance thereof; have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furnish the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reasonable rates; we therefore, whose names are here underwritten, fellows and members of the said college, being willing effectually to promote so great a charity, by the counsel and good-liking of the president and college declared in their comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, fellow and elect of the said college, the sum of ten pounds apiece of lawful money of England, by such proportions, and at such times, as to the major part of the subscribers here shall seem most convenient: which money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinsic value, in such manner, and at such times, and by such orders and directions, as by the major part of the subscribers hereto shall in writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals, this twenty-second day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, præses.	John Bateman.
Tho. Burwell, elect. and censor.	Walter Mills.
Sam. Collins, elect.	Dan. Coxe.
Edw. Browne, elect.	Henry Sampson.
Rich. Torless, elect. and censor.	Thomas Gibson.
Edw. Hulse, elect.	Charles Goodall.

Tho. Gill, censor.
Will. Dawes, censor.
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Lister.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylvestre.
Ch. Morton.
Rich. Robinson.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joseph Gaylard.
John Woollaston.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horseman.
Rich. Morton, jun.
Walter Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
—— Norris.
George Colebrook.
Gideon Harvey.

The design of printing the subscribers names, is to show, that the late undertaking has the sanction of a college act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or six members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.

VERSES TO DR. GARTH.

TO DR. GARTH,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

Oh that some genius, whose poetic vein
Like Montague's could a just piece sustain,
Would search the Grecian and the Latin store,
And thence present thee with the purest ore:
In lasting numbers praise thy whole design,
And manly beauty of each nervous line:
Show how your pointed satire's sterling wit,
Does only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
Who 're gravely dull, insipidly serene,
And carry all their wisdom in their mien;
Whom thus expos'd, thus stripp'd of their disguise,
None will again admire, most will despise!
Show in what noble verse Nassau you sing,
How such a poet 's worthy such a king!
When Somers' charming eloquence you praise,
How loftily your tuneful voice you raise!
But my poor feeble Muse is as unfit
To praise, as imitate what you have writ.
Artists alone should venture to commend
What Dennis can't condemn, nor Dryden mend:
What must, writ with that fire and with that ease,
The beaux, the ladies, and the critics, please.

C. Boyle.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR,

DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

Ask me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,
Must judge by rules what they want force to taste.
I would a poet, like a mistress, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;
But by some nameless power, to give me joy.
The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,
If with resistless fires my soul she warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
Such is thy genius, and such art is thine,
Some secret magic works in every line;
We judge not, but we feel the power divine.
Where all is just, is beauteous, and is fair,
Distinctions vanish of peculiar air.
Lost in our pleasure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
And yet 'tis thought, some critics in this town,
By rules to all, but to themselves, unknown,
Will damn thy verse, and justify their own.
Why let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
Facetious Mirmil[1] and the city bard,
So near ally'd in learning, wit, and skill,
Should not have leave to judge, as well as kill?
Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
And hope the motley piece may rival thine.
Safely despise their malice, and their toil,
Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy generous pride to please the best,
Whose judgment, and whose friendship, is a test.
With learned Haus thy healing cares be join'd;
Search thoughtful Ratcliffe to his inmost mind;
Unite, restore your arts, and save mankind:
Whilst all the busy Mirmils of the town
Envy our health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou would'st a tempting Muse engage,
Judicious Walsh can best direct her rage.
To Somers and to Dorset too submit,
And let their stamp immortalise thy wit.
Consenting Phœbus bows, if they approve,
And ranks thee with the foremost bards above.
Whilst these of right the deathless laurel send,
Be it my humble business to commend
The faithful, honest man, and the well-natur'd friend.

Chr. Codrington.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

To praise your healing art would be in vain;
The health you give, prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me wave, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire:
Which its diffusive virtue does dispense,
In flowing verse, and elevated sense.
The town, which long has swallow'd foolish verse,
Which poetasters every where rehearse,
Will mend their judgment now, refine their taste,
And gather up th' applause they threw in waste.
The play-house shan't encourage false sublime,
Abortive thoughts, with decoration-rhyme.
The satire of vile scribblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves, severe:
While yours contemns the gall of vulgar spite;
And when you seem to smile the most, you bite.

Tho. Cheek.

[1] Dr. Gibbons.

TO MY FRIEND,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

As when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving Sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they see the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:
Thus we, who lately, as of summer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful shore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full lustre shine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your first essay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the Sun, and towers it to the sky.
Others proceed to art by slow degrees,
Awkward at first, at length they faintly please;
And still, whate'er their first efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive, or an infant Muse:
Whilst yours, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full-grown, with noblest pace to move.
What ancient poets to their subjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great,
They could describe, but you alone create.
Now let your Muse rise with expanded wings,
To sing the fate of empires and of kings;
Great William's victories she'll next rehearse,
And raise a trophy of immortal verse:
Thus to your art proportion the design,
And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
A second Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

POEMS

OF

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

THE DISPENSARY,

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

—Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.
HOR. de Arte Poet.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell; [tell,
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elysian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.
Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry[1] Justice shows her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome[2], majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they view'd,
And, as she disappear'd, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.
Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degress to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 19. ——they still pursued.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
Here she's too sparing; there profusely vain.

[1] Old Bailey. [2] College of Physicians.

Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and stretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft' transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire;
Why Scarsdale rages to survive desire;
When Milo's vigour at th' Olympic 's shown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the vary'd shape of pores,
Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure, and a form unseen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will;
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.
But now no grand inquiries are descry'd,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aside.
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings show a zeal:
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd;
The lonely edifice in sweats complains [drown'd;
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.
This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The god of Sloth for his asylum chose,
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue, and dull indolence;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53. Why Atticus polite, Brutus severe,
Why Methwin muddy, Montague why clear.

No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battering in ease, and slumbering life away;
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.
First, some to cleave the stubborn [3] flint engage,
Till, urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move;
These furnaces erect, and those approve;
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you spy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.
So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos gross eruptions rise,
And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies.
The slumbering god, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again.
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs:
"How impotent a deity am I!
With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share
A grateful negligence, and ease from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I withheld
The northern monarchs from the dusty field!
How I have kept the British fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough dangers of the seas!
Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
And my divinity 's ador'd in Spain.
I swains to sylvan solitudes convey,
Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I 've shown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they strut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and blossom in decay;
Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd [4] crape the drudgery of prayer.
"Urim [5] was civil, and not void of sense,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox:
He pass'd his easy hours, instead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phillysing the fair;
Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
And, soon as the dessert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancy'd, for his gay impertinence.

But see how ill-mistaken parts succeed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well;
In convocation language could excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation disagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched scribbler, of a rare buffoon.
"Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I ask are shades and silent bowers,
To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.
Oft have my fears some distant villa chose,
O'er their quietus where fat judges dose,
And lull their cough and conscience to repose:
Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
The peals of [6] Nassau's arms these eyes unclose,
Mine he molests, to give the world repose.
That ease I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the skies.
Nor climes nor seasons his resolves control,
Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies."
But, as the slothful God to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on:
"'Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
These walls were that asylum I had chose.
Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With easy insignificance of thought.
But now some busy, enterprising brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to dissolve my easy reign."
With that the god his darling phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this message falls:
"Since mortals will dispute my power, I 'll try
Who has the greatest empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, some prince's court attend,
Most likely there you 'll meet the famish'd fiend;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 170. Sometimes among the Caspian cliffs I creep,
Where solitary bats and swallows sleep;
Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
Still Nassau's arms a soft repose deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.
Since he has bless'd the weary world with peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona cease;
I sought the covert of some peaceful cell,
Where silent shades in harmless raptures dwell;
That rest might past tranquillity restore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

Ver. 188. Nought underneath this roof but damps are found,
Nought heard but drowsy beetles buzzing round.
Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and dust the floors,
And midnight silence guards the noiseless doors.

Ver. 196. Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennyless confer,
Or in the senate-house at Westminster.

[3] The building of the Dispensary.
[4] See Boileau's Lutrin. [5] Dr. Atterbury.
[6] See Boileau's Lutrin.

Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
Or where stale maids, or meagre eunuchs, dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what the event, unless she straight inclines
To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs."
More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.

CANTO II.

Soon as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
Whilst sickening flowers drink up the silver dew,
And beaux for some assembly dress anew;
The city saints to prayers and play-house
The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest: [haste;
Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
To slide on tender pinions through the air.
Oft he attempts the summit of a rock,
And oft the hollow of some blasted oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.
Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the sight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
When Accius has applause, Dorsennus shows.
The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forsook,
And basilisks sate brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad-stool rais'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
From her chapp'd nostrils scalding torrents fall;
And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
While seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order sate,
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate;
Gruff Discontent, through Ignorance misled,
And clamorous Faction at her party's head;
Restless Sedition still dissembling fear,
And sly Hypocrisy with pious leer.
Glouting with sullen spite the fury shook
Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look;
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant scrolls,
Where Fame the acts of demigods enrols;
And, as the rent-records in pieces fell,
Each scrap did some immortal action tell.
This show'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus stood,
That, the fam'd passage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles, here, their wings display,
And there, like setting stars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a god extol,
That points at Manlius in the Capitol;
How Cocles did the Tiber's surges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Persians join,
And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne.
As the light messenger the fury spy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confusion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue:
At length, assuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he shrunk into a shade.
The hag lay long revolving what might be
The blest event of such an embassy:
Then blazons in dread smiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm.
Thus she—"Mankind are blest, they riot still
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devastation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten most when famine reigns;
For sickly seasons the physicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of state;
The lover 's easy when the fair-one sighs,
And gods subsist not but by sacrifice.
"Each other being some indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My present pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the Fates record my future ills.
"A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear, [prayer.
With arms shall vanquish Earth, and Heaven with
She on the world her clemency shall shower,
And only to preserve exert her power.
Tyrants shall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.
"Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprises of the great,
I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd snakes have teeth or stings."
She said; and straight shrill Colon's[1] person
In morals loose, but most precise in look. [took,
Black-friars' annals lately pleas'd to call
Him warden of Apothecaries-hall;
And, when so dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics ease, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling show his tinsel talent lies;
And form the want of intellects supplies.
In aspect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primeval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren superfluity of words;
The patient's ears remorseless he assails,
Murders with jargon where his med'cine fails.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 60. Then she: "Alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at these noble ills the Fates deny?
Within this isle for ever must I find
Disasters to distract my restless mind?
Good Tenison's celestial piety
At last has rais'd him to the sacred see.
Somers does sickening equity restore,
And helpless orphans are oppress'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endless blessings brings.
He spoke; and Peace clapp'd her triumphant wings.
Great Ormond shines illustriously bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal sire
Inspires the generous breast of Devonshire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant sons divinely clear,
Portland and Jersey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemisphere.
Worth in distress is rais'd by Montague;
Augustus listens if Mæcenas sue;
And Vernon's vigilance no slumber takes,
Whilst faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes."

Ver. 95. In haste he strides along, to recompense
The want of business with its vain pretence.

[1] Lee, an apothecary.

The fury thus assuming Colon's grace,
So slung her arms, so shuffl'd in her pace.
Onward she hastens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horoscope[2] invokes th' infernal gods;
And reach'd the mansion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This visionary various projects tries,
And knows that to be rich is to be wise.
By useful observations he can tell
The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell;
How gold makes a patrician of a slave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Thersites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in lady Grace;
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.
So truly Horoscope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies such bright heraldry can prove,
The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply.
His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys.
Here mummies lay most reverendly stale;
And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail;
Not far from some huge shark's devouring head
The flying fish their finny pinions spread;
Aloft in rows large poppy heads were strung,
And near, a scaly alligator hung;
In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd;
In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the numerous shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
The sage, in velvet chair, here lolls at ease,
To promise future health for present fees;
Then, as from tripod, solemn shame reveals,
And what the stars know nothing of, foretels.
One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage-fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Inquire when courteous fates will strike them off.
Some, by what means they may redress their wrong,
When fathers the possession keep too long.
And some would know the issue of their cause,
And whether gold can solder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To lose by art what fruitful Nature gave;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curse, and begs a son:
Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some ask for charms, and others philtres choose,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.
Young Hylas, botch'd with stains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame:
Cloy'd with desire, and surfeited with charms,
A hot-house he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.
Bleak Envy these dull frauds with pleasure sees,
And wonders at the senseless mysteries.
In Colon's voice she thus calls out aloud
On Horoscope environ'd by the croud:
"Forbear, forbear, thy vain amusements cease,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile release;
And to that dire misfortune listen well,
Which thou should'st fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever wast esteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we with noble scorn resolv'd to cease
Ourselves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care
And draggled dignity of scavenger;
Such zeal in that affair thou didst express,
Nought could be equal, but the great success.
Now call to mind thy generous prowess past,
Be what thou should'st, by thinking what thou wast:
The faculty of Warwick-lane design,
If not to storm, at least to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thousand night-caps croud,
And mortars utter their attempts aloud.
If they should once unmask our mystery,
Each nurse, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
Our art expos'd to every vulgar eye;
And none, in complaisance to us, would die.
What if we claim their right t' assassinate,
Must they needs turn apothecaries straight?
Prevent it, gods! all stratagems we try,
To crowd with new inhabitants your sky.
'T is we who wait the Destinies' command,
To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
And dare the college insolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie!
So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's streams.
Our manufactures now they meanly sell,
And their true value treacherously tell;
Nay, they discover too, their spite is such,
That health, than crowns more valued, costs not much;
Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools."
At this fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight
In silence tumbled from his chair of state:
The crowd in great confusion sought the door,
And left the magus fainting on the floor;
Whilst in his breast the fury breath'd a storm,
Then sought her cell, and re-assum'd her form.
Thus from the sore although the insect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in disguise.
Officious Squirt[3] in haste forsook his shop,
To succour the expiring Horoscope.
Oft he essay'd the magus to restore,
By salt of succinum's prevailing power;
Yet still supine the solid lumber lay,
An image of scarce-animated clay;
Till Fates, indulgent when disasters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.
The wight no sooner did the stream receive,
But rouz'd, and bless'd the stale restorative.
The springs of life their former vigour feel;
Such zeal he had for that vile utensil.
So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the sea-weed scent, and th' azure goddess own'd.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 202. Whilst we, at our expense, must persevere,
And for another world, be ruin'd here.

[2] Dr. Barnard.

[3] Dr. Barnard's man.

CANTO III.

All night the sage in pensive tumults lay,
Complaining of the slow approach of day;
Oft turn'd him round, and strove to think no more
Of what shrill Colon said the day before.
Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But those bless'd opiates still in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breast,
And thus his anxious thoughts the sage exprest.
"Oft has this planet roll'd around the Sun,
Since to consult the skies I first begun:
Such my applause, so mighty my success,
Some granted my predictions more than guess.
But, doubtful as I am, I 'll entertain
This faith, there can be no mistake in gain.
For the dull world must honour pay to those,
Who on their understanding most impose.
First man creates, and then he fears the elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself;
He lothes the substance, and he loves the show;
You 'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And still the only pleasure's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
Which no existence has, but in the eye.
As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air;
From stratagem to stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone.
"Mankind one day serene and free appear;
The next, they 're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
New passions new opinions still excite;
And what they like at noon they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with ease;
And health, for want of change, becomes disease.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.
They counsel others, but themselves deceive;
And though they 're cozen'd still, they still believe.
"So false their censure, fickle their esteem,
This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.
"Shall I then, who with penetrating sight
Inspect the springs that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd searches hourly pierce
The dark recesses of the universe;
Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppress;
Or fear their fury, or their name caress?
If all the fiends that in low darkness reign
Be not the fictions of a sickly brain,
That prospect, the Dispensary they call,
Before the Moon can blunt her horns, shall fall."
With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the crystal kingdoms of the skies.
The savage kind in forests cease to roam,
And sots, o'ercharg'd with nauseous loads, reel home;
Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the slumbering pair,
Whilst bridegroom sighs, and thinks the bride less fair;
Light's cheerful smiles o'er th' azure waste are spread,
And Miss from inns of court bolts out unpaid;
The sage, transported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had access,
His trust was great, his vigilance no less.
To him thus Horoscope:
"My kind companion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, since you assume a share;
Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
When clyster was in danger to be cold;
With expedition on the beadle call,
To summon all the company to th' Hall."
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial steams of harts-horn rise.
The magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to some infernal power,
And draws mysterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring spright
Ascends, to blast the tender bloom of light.
No mystic sounds from Hell's detested womb
In dusky exhalations upwards come.
And now to raise an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Disease:
Then flowers in canisters he hastes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted spring;
With cold solanum from the Pontic shore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore,
The griper senna, and the puker rue,
The sweetener sassafras, are added too;
And on the structure next he heaps a load
Of sulphur, turpentine, and mastic wood;
Gums, fossils too, the pyramids increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the east;
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with prescriptions lights the solemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumsy wings aspire,
And smothering fogs of smoke benight the fire.
With sorrow he beheld the sad portent,
Then to the hag these orisons he sent:
"Disease! thou ever most propitious power,
Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour!
Thou well canst boast thy numerous pedigree,
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,
But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains.
To you such might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vassals only kind.
"If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your sway,
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-street end, to fam'd St. Giles's pound;
Behold this poor libation with a smile,
And let auspicious light break through the pile."
He spoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay-leaves and vipers-hearts, and thus he said:
"As these consume in this mysterious fire,
So let the curs'd Dispensary expire!
And as those crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its vessels burst, and glasses fly!"
But a sinister cricket straight was heard;
The altar fell, the offering disappear'd.
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch descends in sable streams,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames;
There stands a structure on a rising hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in these dreadful shambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Python fell;
And how Medea did the philtre brew,
That could in Æson's veins young force renew;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 101. Thou that would'st lay whole states and regions waste,
Sooner than we, thy cormorants, should fast.

How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hysteric matrons still with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in sacred plants, and health restore;
How sanguine swains their amorous hours repent,
When pleasure's past, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs oft, by abortion, aim
To lose a substance, to preserve a name.
Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
The assembly Diasenna[1] thus address'd:
"My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 't is sincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on some more safe design,
And on no other business but to dine;
The faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
And interest then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who best could fill his purse, and thin the town.
But now from gathering clouds destruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
Mists from black jealousies the tempests form,
Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm.
Know, when these feuds, like those at law, were past,
The winners will be losers at the last.
Like heroes in sea-fights we seek renown;
To fire some hostile ship, we burn our own.
Who e'er throws dust against the wind, descries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
That juggler which another's sleight will show,
But teaches how the world his own may know.
"Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
When dear as Burgundy, ptisans were sold;
When patients chose to die with better will,
Than breathe, and pay th' apothecary's bill:
And, cheaper than for our assistance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, spring and fall.
Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine slaves and atheists made.
The laws were but the hireling judge's sense;
Juries were sway'd by venal evidence.
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword.
Pensions in private were the senate's aim;
And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
"But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns.
And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow,
And suffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect,
And mines, when once discovered, lose effect.
Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 182. "But now late jars our practices detect,
For mines, when once discover'd, lose th' effect.
Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still disjoin.
'T is therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the faculty to be our friend."
As he revolving stood to say the rest,
Rough Colocynthus thus his rage exprest.

[1] Gilstorp, an apothecary.

'T is therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the faculty to be our friend;
Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end.
So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their fasces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's power
Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before."
As he prepar'd the mischief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus[2] paus'd, and foam'd with spite.
Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
Or nose should redden in the drawing-room;
Or lovers that mistake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the power.
Thus he—"Thou scandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the springs of Nature start,
The nerves unbrace: nay, at the sight of thee,
A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy.
Could'st thou propose, that we, the friends of Fates,
Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
Who baffle Nature, and dispose of lives,
Whilst Russel[3], as we please, or starves or thrives,
Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
Who out of consolation scarce can kill?
The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
And Monmouth-street, Versailles with riding-hoods!
The sick to th' Hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish air!
Our properties must on our arms depend;
'T is next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'T is to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
"To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought th' insults of death defy;
The fools, through blest insensibility.
'T is what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.
"Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
Our force increases, as our funds grow less;
And what requir'd such industry to raise,
We 'll scatter into nothing as we please.
Thus they 'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shows no less wondrous power than to create.
We 'll raise our numerous cohorts, and oppose
The feeble forces of our pigmy foes;
Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to doctor Case.
Though such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest prize.
Such poor supports serve only like a stay;
The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.
"So patriots, in time of peace and ease,
Forget the fury of the late disease:
On dangers past serenely think no more,
And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.
"Arm therefore, gallant friends, 't is honour calls;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall!"

[2] Dare, an apothecary.
[3] A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

To this the session seem'd to give consent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event
At length, the growing difference to compose,
Two brothers, nam'd Ascarides[4], arose.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion strong.
To speak, they both assum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his just pre-eminence.
Thus he: "'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in honour's cause,
First know what honour is, and whence it was.
"Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave;
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,
And both exists by hope and by despair:
Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:
But when his safety he consults, it dies.
Bigoted to this id'l, we disclaim
Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.
"Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know, if the gods our enterprise approve.
Suppose th' unthinking faculty unveil
What we, through wiser conduct, would conceal:
Is 't reason we should quarrel with the glass
That shows the monstrous features of our face?
Or grant some grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they 'll repent what rashly they begun:
Though projects please, projectors are undone.
All novelties must this success expect,
When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect;
If reason could direct, ere now each gate
Had born some trophy of triumphal state;
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Nassau.
"Then, since no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing good;
The project that we vainly apprehend
Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.
Some members of the faculty there are,
Who interest prudently to oaths prefer.
Our friendship with feign'd airs they poorly court,
And boast, their politics are our support:
Them we'll consult about this enterprise,
And boldly execute what they advise."
But from below, while such resolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric shook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their safety, and their rage forget.
So when at Bathos Earth's big offspring strove
To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the ass of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confusion fled.

CANTO IV.

Not far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buskins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 288. If things of use were valued, there had been
Some workhouse where the Monument is seen.

[4] The Pearces, apothecaries.

Where Bentley [1], by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briscoe [1] lately was undone by new;
There triumphs a physician of renown,
To none, but such as rust in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgess deafens all the listening press
With peals of most seraphic emptiness;
Or when mysterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his parish to a lethargy;
This Æsculapius waits hard by, to ease
The martyrs of such Christian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town,
For lewdness, wit, and gallantry, been known.
All sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er degree,
To blend and justle into harmony.
The critics each adventurous author scan,
And praise or censure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnassus prate,
And poets canvass the affairs of state;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and stock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
First find a spark, and after lose a nose.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in th' cloister pensive Strephon waits,
Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungenerous nymph a shaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a sparkling eye,
Mirmillo [2], that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.
The trading tribe oft, thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room supply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they surfeit there,
Whilst the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterprise to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And stern Mirmillo in these words begun:
"'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know, but I must share.
'Tis plain, my interest you 've advanc'd so long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have strove to rend
Those statutes, which on oath I should defend;
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind:
Great services, as great returns should find.
And you 'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandish arms as well as urinals.
"Oxford and all her passing-bells can tell,
By this right-arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole mouths to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill,
For, save or slay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit suffers, the reward's the same.
"What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that designs it least, is most a friend.
Into the right we err, and must confess
To oversights we often owe success.
Thus Bessus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardice restor'd the day.

[1] Two booksellers.
[2] Dr. Gibbons.

So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its desert
To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.
"Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
Of any arms but such as pen and ink:
But th' enemy, at their expense, shall find
When honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind."
He said and seal'd th' engagement with a kiss,
Which was return'd by younger Ascaris[3];
Who thus advanc'd: "Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has something killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundless friendship owe,
Our files can speak, and your prescriptions show.
Your ink descends in such excessive showers,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case,
You but appear, and give the coup de grace.
O that near Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium first Achaian fury felt!
The horned river then had curs'd in vain [slain:
Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his stream with
No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise;
Their ten years toil, you'd finish'd in ten days.
Fate smiles on your attempts; and, when you list,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave resist.
Then let us arm, we need not fear success;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military ensigns we'll display;
Conquest pursues, where courage leads the way."
To this design shrill Querpo[4] did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His sire's pretended pious steps he treads,
And where the doctor fails, the saint succeeds.
A conventicle flesh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour shares.
Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow Carus[5] next discover'd his intent,
With painful pauses muttering what he meant.
His sparks of life, in spite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat.
In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his sable brows.
Legions of lunatics about him press;
His province is, lost reason to redress.
So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, restore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books beseig'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their surprise,
And, deaf to reason, still consult their eyes.
Well he perceives, the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak state by wise distrust inclines
To numerous stores, and strength in magazines.
So fools are always most profuse of words,
And cowards never fail of longest swords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to dust and worms retreat.
Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,
Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane.
And up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiss philosophy, and Rhunic rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Blome.
Where would the long neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus should refuse to buy?
For each vile scribbler's happy on this score:
He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.

[3] Mr. Parrot. [4] Dr. Howe. [5] Dr. Tyson.

Nor must we the obsequious Umbra[6] spare,
Who soft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when some rival power invades a right,
Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.
With him, the present still some virtues have;
The vain are sprightly; and the stupid grave;
The slothful, negligent; the foppish, neat;
The lewd are airy; and the sly, discreet;
A wren, an eagle; a baboon, a beau;
Colt[7], a Lycurgus; and a Phocion, Rowe[8].
Heroic ardour now th' assembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory while the scheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoscope thus offers to dissuade:
"Since of each enterprise th' event's unknown,
We'll quit the sword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives Vagellius[9], one reputed long
For strength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.
For fees, to any form he moulds a cause,
The worst has merits, and the best has flaws.
Five guineas make a criminal to-day;
And ten to-morrow wipe the stain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the fetcher, Clodius th' homicide;
Cato pernicious, Cataline a saint,
Orford suspected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our money, shall succeed.
Know, when I first invok'd disease by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the sacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sybil from her grot ascend."
As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a bard[1]:
"In vain your magic mysteries you use,
Such sounds the Sibyl's sacred ears abuse.
These lines the pale divinity shall raise,
Such is the power of sound, and force of lays.
[2] Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fauchions clash,"
And sparks of fire struck out from armour flash.
Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,
[3] And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs
Of cinders bore.—
[4] Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
Affright the skies, and fry the ocean's back."
As he went rumbling on, the fury straight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could scarce support her weight.
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips these accents sound:
"Mortal, how dar'st thou with such lines address
My awful seat, and trouble my recess?
In Essex marshy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy Fogs and drizzling Vapours dwell:
Thither raw Damps on drooping wings repair,
And shivering Quartans shake the sickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, some silent hours I pass,
And substitute physicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
The dissonance of such untuneful verse;

[6] Dr. Gould. [7] Sir H. Dutton Colt.
[8] Mr. Anthony Rowe. [9] Sir Barth. Shower.
[1] Sir Richard Blackmore. [2] King Arthur, p. 307.
[3] King Arthur, p. 327. [4] Prince Arthur, p. 130.

But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to rise in sense and sink in sound.
Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None please the fancy, who offend the ear.
In sense and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy shine!
In th' other, Syrens warble in each line.
If Dorset's sprightly Muse but touch the lyre,
The Smiles and Graces melt in soft desire,
And little Loves confess their amorous fire.
The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addison.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
Pan quits the woods, the listening Fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
And Britain, since Pausanias [7] was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior sings;
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
And silver Sequana forgets to flow.
"Such just examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling; without straining soar.
Oft though your strokes surprise, you should not choose
A theme so mighty for a virgin Muse.
Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline;
His Alexander was his last design.
'Tis Montague's rich vein alone must prove,
None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove."
The fury paus'd, till with a frightful sound
A rising whirlwind burst th' unhallow'd ground.
Then she: "The deity we Fortune call,
Though distant, rules and influences all.
Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embassies ask wings of air."
Each wondering stood; but Horoscope's great soul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.
The evening now with blushes warms the air,
The steer resigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refresh the earth below.
The bat with sooty wings flits through the grove,
The reeds scarce rustle, nor the aspines move,
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Through the transparent region of the skies,
Swift as a wish, the missionary flies:
With wonder he surveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors sporting there;
How lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
Shoot through the ether in a trail of light;
How rising steams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or soft in showers descend;
Or, if the stubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail;
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luscious sweets adorn;
How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
Why nimble corruscations strike the eye,
And bold tornados bluster in the sky;
Why a prolific aura upwards tends,
Ferments and in a living shower descends;
How vapours hanging on the towering hills
In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills;
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river-gods their thirsty urns supply.
The wondering sage pursues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night:
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To settle seasons here, and fates above;
To bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
The stormy Kids the weeping Hyades;
The shining lyre with strains attracting more
Heaven's glittering mansions now than Hell's before;
Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.
Aurora, on Etesian breezes borne,
With blushing lips breathes out the sprightly morn:
Each flower in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps.
As through the gloom the magus cuts his way
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day;
Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
And bend beneath the burden of the skies;
His towering brows aloft no tempests know,
Whilst lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.
Distant from hence beyond a waste of plains,
Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow,
As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow.
Around this hoary prince, from watery beds,
His subject islands raise their verdant heads;
The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
The land seems floating, and the ocean still.
Eternal spring with smiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From crystal rocks transparent rivulets flow;
The tuberose ever breathes, and violets blow;
The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Blossoms and fruit at once the citron shows,
And, as she pays, discovers still she owes.
The orange to her sun her pride displays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky,
The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh.
The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her purple garlands flings,
And scatters odours from his purple wings; groves
Whilst birds from woodbine bowers and jasmine
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
Cool grottos, silver brooks, and flowery vales,
Groves filled with balmy shrubs, in pomp appear,
And scent with gales of sweets the circling year.
These happy isles, where endless pleasures wait,
Are styl'd by tuneful bards—the Fortunate.
On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort,
The hoodwink'd goddess keeps her partial court:
Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,
Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 212, these lines are omitted:

The Tiber now no gentle Gallus sees,
But smiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

Ver. 332. The Fury said; and vanishing from sight,
Cry'd out, to arms; so left the realms of light.
The combatants to th' enterprize consent,
And the next day smil'd on the great event.

[7] Pausanias, written by Mr. Norton.

In this still labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry:
A sigil in this hand the gipsy bears,
In th' other a prophetic sieve and sheers.
The dame, by divination, knew that soon
The magus would appear—and then begun:
"Hail, sacred seer! thy embassy I know:
Wars must ensue, the Fates will have it so.
Dread feats shall follow, and disasters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.
"To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where Nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
'T is I that give, so mighty is my power,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence,
The sluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a supple smiling slave,
Looks lofty now, and insolently grave;
Builds, settles, purchases, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curses from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table serv'd of late,
Drinks rich tockay himself, and eates in plate;
Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.
"Souls heavenly born my faithless boons defy;
The brave is to himself a deity.
Though blest Astrea's gone, some soil remains
Where Fortune is the slave, and Merit reigns.
"The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Nassau, the Nile his Ptolemy.
Iberia, yet for future sway design'd,
Shall, for a Hesse, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She lost a hero, and she found a god."

CANTO V.

When the still Night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had spread her shady pinions o'er the ground;
And slumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme;
The surges gently dash against the shore,
Flocks quit the plains, and galley-slaves the oar;
Sleep shakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
Marmillo is the only wretch it flies;
He finds no respite from his anxious grief;
Then seeks from this soliloquy relief.
"Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppress'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.
"None e'er could die with due solemnity,
Unless his passport first was sign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd;
I give reversions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial state support,
But I, to make it easy, make it short.
I set the discontented matrons free,
And ransom husbands from captivity.
Shall one of such importance then engage
In noisy riot and in civil rage?
No: I 'll endeavour straight a peace, and so
Preserve my character and person too."
But Discord, that still haunts with hideous mien
Those dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguish; then begun
In peevish accents to express her own:
"Have I so often banish'd lazy peace
From her dark solitude, and lov'd recess?
ave I made South and Sherlock disagree,
nd puzzle truth with learn'd obscurity?
nd does the faithful Ferguson profess
His ardour still for animosities?
Have I, Britannia's safety to ensure,
Expos'd her naked to be most secure?
Have I made parties opposite, unite,
In monstrous leagues of amicable spite,
To curse their country, whilst the common cry
Is freedom; but their aim the ministry?
And shall a dastard's cowardice prevent
The war, so long I 've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I 'll renounce my wan divinity."
With that, the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And, taking Querpo's meagre shape, she said:
"At noon of night I hasten, to dispel
Those tumults in your pensive bosom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving sighs,
Nay, saw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 't were but a dream! but threats I find
Lour in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,
That shakes your soul and troubles your repose.
Mistakes in practice scarce could give you pain;
Too well you know the dead will ne'er complain.
"What looks discover, said the homicide,
Would be a fruitless industry to hide.
My safety first I must consult, and then
I 'll serve our suffering party with my pen."
"All should," reply'd the hag, "their talent learn;
The most attempting oft the least discern.
Let Peterborough speak, and Vanbrugh write,
Let Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight:
Such must succeed; but when th' enervate aim
Beyond their force, they still contend for shame.
Had Coldbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold of the town.
Asses and owls, unseen, their kind betray,
If these attempt to hoot, or those to bray.
Had Wesley never aim'd in verse to please,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still censures will on dull pretenders fall;
A Codrus should expect a Juvenal.
Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd,
To set off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a lustre from their foil;
And to a Bentley 't is we owe a Boyle.
"Consider well the talent you possess;
To strive to make it more, would make it less:
And recollect what gratitude is due,
To those whose party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your stars your magazine of sense.
Hoist in a tombril, awkward have you shin'd,
With one fat slave before, and none behind.
Then haste and join your true intrepid friends,
Success on vigour and dispatch depends."
Labouring in doubts Mirmillo stood; then said,
"'T is hard to undertake, if gain dissuade;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 87—104. Originally thus,
But soon what they 've exalted they 'll discard,
And set up Carus or the city bard;
Alarm'd at this the hero courage took,
And storms of terrour threaten'd in his look.
"My dread resolves," he cry'd "I 'll straight pur-
The fury, satisfy'd, in smiles withdrew. [sue;"

What fool for noisy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harvests more would all I wish for give."
"True man!" reply'd the elf; "by choice dis-
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd. [eas'd,
A present good they slight, an absent choose;
And what they have, for what they have not, lose.
False prospects all their true delights destroy,
Resolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
In restless hurries thoughtlessly they live,
At substance oft unmov'd, for shadows grieve.
Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;
And in effect both covet but the same.
This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years;
And first for rattles, then for worlds shed tears."
The fury spoke; then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breast with tempests, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo spent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his sight,
Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
At length gay morn glows in the eastern skies,
The larks in raptures through the ether rise,
The azure mists scud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chanter at his early matins yawns,
The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the grey dawn descries,
Arm'd cap-a-pee, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their post;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the most.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By Mulciber, the mayor of Birmingham.
Of temper'd stibium the bright shield was cast,
And yet the work the metal far surpass'd.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves, [ceives.
Grav'd round the brim, the wondering sight de-
Around the centre Fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, saws, incision-knives, and tools to slay.
Embost upon the field, a battle stood
Of leeches spouting hæmorrhoidal blood.
The artist too express'd the solemn state
Of grave physicians at a consult met;
About each symptom how they disagree,
But how unanimous in case of fee.
Whilst each assassin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the sick expires.
Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo shone,
Himself an Atlas, and his shield a moon.
A pestal for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a close-stool pan.
His crest an ibis, brandishing her beak,
And winding in loose folds her spiral neck.
This when the young Querpoïdes beheld,
His face in nurse's breast the boy conceal'd;
Then peept, and with th' effulgent helm would play,
And as the monster gap'd, would shrink away.
Thus sometimes joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear;
And tears and smiles alternate passions were.
As Querpo towering stood in martial might,
Pacific Carus sparkled on the right.
An oran outang o'er his shoulders hung;
His plume confess'd the capon whence it sprung.
His motly mail scarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war:
"Fam'd chiefs,
For present triumphs born, design'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be resolv'd, you 'll find this hand
Can deal out destiny, and fate command.
Our foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
And their Apollo interpose in vain.
Though gods themselves engage; a Diomed
With ease could show a deity can bleed.
"But war's rough trade should be by fools profest,
The truest rubbish fills a trench the best.
Let quinsies throttle, and the quartan shake,
Or dropsies drown, and gout and colics rack;
Let sword and pestilence lay waste, while we
Wage bloodless wars, and fight in theory.
Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raise, my chivalry proclaim;
Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd,
In Fame's bright list my victories record.
More lives from me their preservation own,
Than lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown."
"Your cures, shrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wisely your miscarriages conceal.
Zeno, a priest, in Samothrace of old,
Thus reason'd with Philopidas the bold:
'Immortal gods you own, but think them blind
To what concerns the state of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;
That argues want of power, and this of care.
Allow that wisdom infinite must know;
Power infinite must act.' 'I grant it so.'
Haste straight to Neptune's fane; survey with zeal
The walls.' 'What then?' reply'd the infidel.
'Observe those numerous throngs, in effigy,
The gods have sav'd from the devouring sea.'
''Tis true, their pictures that escap'd you keep,
But where are theirs that perish'd in the deep?'
"Vaunt now no more the triumph of your skill,
But though unfee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
Our scouts have learn'd the posture of the foe;
In war, surprises surest conduct show."
But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendish, reigns,
Varro's magnificence with Maro's strains;
But how at church and bar all gape and stretch
If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.
Confusion in each countenance appear'd,
A council's call'd, and Stentor[1] first was heard;
His labouring lungs the thron'd prætorium rent,
Addressing thus the passive president:
"Machaon[2], whose experience we adore,
Great as your matchless merit, is your power.
At your approach, the baffled tyrant Death[teeth.
Breaks his keen shafts, and grinds his clashing
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command your vassals must obey.
If this dread enterprise you would decline,
We'll send to treat, and stifle the design.
But, if my arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die:
Our spite, they 'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means.
So modern casuists their talents try,
Uprightly for the sake of truth to lie."
He had not finish'd, till th' out-guards descry'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 205.—True to extremes, yet to dull forms a slave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With indignation, and a daring air,
He paus'd awhile, and thus address'd the chair,

[1] Dr. Goodall. [2] Sir Thomas Millington.

The passing pomp so dazzled from afar,
It seem'd a triumph, rather than a war. [grew,
Though wide the front, though gross the phalanx
It look'd less dreadful as it nearer grew.
The adverse host for action straight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war. [field,
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the
And to their trusty squire resign the shield.
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
Would ask the Muse that sung the frogs in arms.
And now the signal summons to the fray;
Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play.
Their patron god his silver bow-strings twangs;
Tough harness rustles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing caustics ply their spiteful power;
Emetics ranch, and keen catharticks scour;
The deadly drugs in double doses fly;
And pestles peal a martial symphony.
Now from their levell'd syringes they pour
The liquid volley of a missive shower.
Not storms of sleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Push'd on by northern gusts such horrour give.
Like spouts in southern seas the deluge broke,
And numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous stroke.
So when leviathans dispute the reign
And uncontrol'd dominion of the main;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And isles of sea-weed on the waves are born;
Such watery stores from their spread nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is sea, and which is sky.
And now the staggering braves, led by despair,
Advance, and to return the charge prepare.
Each seizes for his shield a spacious scale,
And the brass weights fly thick as showers of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd;
Whilst empty jars the dire defeat resound.
Thus when some storm its crystal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling showers of ice descends;
Mount Athos shakes the forests on his brow,
Whilst down his wounded sides fresh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'erspread the vale below.
But now, all order lost, promiscuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From Stentor's [3] arm a massy opiate flies,
And straight a deadly sleep clos'd Caru's eyes.
At Colon [4] great Sertorius buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like those of death, was stung;
But with a dauntless and disdainful mien
Hurl'd back steel pills, and hit him on the spleen.
Chiron [5] attack'd Talthibius with such might,
One pass had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who straight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Psylas [6] saw, and to the victor said,
"Thou shalt not long survive th' unwieldy dead,
Thy fate shall follow;" to confirm it, swore,
By th' image of Priapus, which he bore:
And rais'd an eagle stone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver cloud:
"Great queen of night, and empress of the seas,
If faithful to thy midnight mysteries,
If still observant of my early vows,
These hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throws,
Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light."
He said, and let the ponderous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.
Though the haranguing god survey'd the war,
That day the Muse's sons were not his care;
Two friends, adepts, the Trismegists by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame;
As simpling near fair Tweed each sung by turn,
The listening river would neglect his urn.
Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,
Their Muse could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd inquiries after natures state
Dissolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
That from its birth had slept unseen till now;
Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a simile expir'd.
And now the cohorts shake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confess the victory.
Stentor, undaunted still, with noble rage
Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onset, the dispute was great,
Both could not vanquish, neither would retreat;
Each combatant his adversary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans, and stav'd urinals.
On Stentor's crest the useful chrystal breaks,
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks:
But whilst the champion, as late rumours tell,
Design'd a sure decisive stroke, he fell:
And as the victor hovering o'er him stood,
With arms extended, thus the suppliant sued:
"When honour's lost, 't is a relief to die;
Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.
But, to the lost if pity might be shown,
Reflect on young Querpoides thy son;
Then pity mine, for such an infant grace
Smiles in his eyes and flatters in his face.
If he was near compassion he 'd create,
Or else lament his wretched parent's fate.
Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Dispensary I resign."
At this the victors own such extasies,
As Memphian priests if their Osiris sneeze:
Or champions with Olympic clangour fir'd;
Or simpering prudes with sprightly Nantz inspir'd;
Or Sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or fasting zealots when the sermon's done.
Awhile the chief the deadly stroke declin'd,
And found compassion pleading in his mind.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 221. What Stentor offer'd was by most approv'd;
But several voices several methods mov'd.
At length th' adventurous heroes all agree
T' expect the foe, and act defensively.
Into the shop their bold battalions move,
And what their chief commands, the rest approve.
Down from the walls they tear the shelves in haste,
Which on their flank for palisades are plac'd;
And then behind the counter rang'd they stand,
Their front so well secur'd, t' obey command.
And now the scouts the adverse hosts descry,
Blue aprons in the air for colours fly:
With unresisted force they urge their way,
And find the foe embattled in array.

[3] Dr. Goodall against Dr. Tyson. [4] Dr. Birch. [5] Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley. [6] Dr. Chamberlain.

But whilst he view'd with pity the distress'd,
He spy'd Signetur [7] writ upon his breast.
Then tow'rds the skies he toss'd his threatening head,
And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, said:
"Sooner than I 'll from vow'd revenge desist,
His Holiness shall turn a Quietist;
Jansenius and the Jesuits agree,
The inquisition wink at heresy,
Warm convocations own the church secure,
And more consult her doctrine than her power."
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the still supplicating sage.
But, while his thoughts that fatal stroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The chief great Pæan's golden tresses knew,
He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
Thus often at the Temple-stairs we 've seen,
Two Tritons of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face besmear'd in blood;
But, at the first appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
The hero so his enterprise recalls,
His fist unclenches, and the weapon falls.

CANTO VI.

While the shrill clangour of the battle rings,
Auspicious Health appeared on Zephyr's wings;
She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than air, more gay than morning-light.
A charm she takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carlisle's shape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams dispense,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence;
On Iris thus the differing beams bestow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal music falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddess calls:
"Enough, th' achievement of your arms you 've shown,
You seek a triumph you should blush to own.
"Haste to th' elysian fields, those bless'd abodes,
Where Harvey sits among the demi-gods.
Consult that sacred sage, he 'll soon disclose
The method that must mollify these woes.
Let Celsus [8] for that enterprise prepare,
His conduct to the Shades shall be my care."
Aghast the heroes stood dissolv'd in fear,
A form so heavenly bright they could not bear;
Celsus, alone unmov'd, the sight beheld,
The rest in pale confusion left the field.
So when the pygmies, marshall'd on the plains,
Wage puny war, against th' invading cranes;
The puppets to their bodkin spears repair,
And scatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
But, when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his sounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian squadron seeks the clouds.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 342. Faith stand unmov'd through Stillingfleet's defence,
And Locke for mystery abandon sense.

[7] Those members of the college that observe a late statute, are called by the apothecaries *Signetur* men.

[8] Dr. Bateman.

And now the delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below;
Then takes amomum for the golden bough.
Thrice did the goddess with her sacred wand
The pavement strike; and straight at her command
The willing surface opens, and descries
A deep descent that leads to nether skies.
Hygeia to the silent region tends;
And with his heavenly guide the charge descends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inspir'd.
Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence pancies trick themselves in various hue,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the carnation and the bashful rose
Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;
Hence the chaste lily rises to the light,
Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their shade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Nassau.
The insects here their lingering trance survive:
Benumb'd they seem'd, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder skies and softer air.
Down to these cells obscener reptiles creep,
Where hateful nutes and painted lizards sleep;
Where shivering snakes the summer solstice wait;
Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state.
Here their new form the numb'd erucæ hide
Their numerous feet, in slender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling ear begins to rise,
Th' upstart race their native clod despise,
And proud of painted wings attempt the skies.
Now those profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.
Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy mass of lumpish lead.
There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are seen
The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin.
The copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The silver then, with bright and burnish'd grace,
Youth and a blooming lustre in its face,
To th' arms of those more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire;
Their love's more violent than the chymist's fire.
Near these the delegate with wonder spies
Where floods of living silver serpentise;
Where richest metals their bright looks put on,
And golden streams through amber-channels run;
Where light's gay god descends, to ripen gems,
And lend a lustre brighter than his beams.
Here he observes the subterranean cells,
Where wanton Nature sports in idle shells.
Some helicoeids, some conical appear:
These, mitres emulate, those turbans are.
Here marcasites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic state:
'Till drops that from impending rocks descend
Their substance petrify, and progress end.
Nigh, livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
And, whilst enrag'd, their fiery surges glow,
Convulsions in the labouring mountains rise,
And hurl their melted vitals to the skies.

He views with horrour next the noisy cave,
Where with hoarse dins imprison'd tempests rave;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celsus fear'd.
Andromeda so, whilst her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.
And now the goddess with her charge descends,
Whilst scarce one cheerful glimpse their steps befriends.
Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps;
And, undisturb'd by form, in silence sleeps;
A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An awkward lump of shapeless anarchy.
With sordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waste.
To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton safe in silence sleeps;
Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, soon as born, like other monsters, die.
Upon a couch of jet, in these abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy consort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.
Nigh this recess, with terrour they survey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic sway.
In the close covert of a cypress grove,
Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horrour wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are descry'd;
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;
Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;
Restless Anxiety, forlorn Despair,
And all the faded family of Care;
Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and distress,
Make up the frightful horrour of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
Which execute the harsh decrees of Fate.
Febris is first: the hag relentless hears
The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And restless ferments revel in each vein.
Then Hydrops next appears amongst the throng;
Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along.
But, like a miser, in excess she 's poor,
And pines for thirst amidst her watery store.
Now loathsome Lepra, that offensive spright,
With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
Still deaf to beauty's soft persuading power;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.
Whilst meagre Pthisis gives a silent blow,
Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow:
No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults, are shown;
She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
Behind stood crowds of much inferior fame,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.
Now Celsus, with his glorious guide, invades
The silent region of the fleeting shades;
Where rocks and rueful deserts are descry'd,
And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
Then shows the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his passage to the further shore.
To whom the Stygian pilot, smiling, said,
"You need no passport to demand our aid.
Physicians never linger on this strand:
Old Charon 's present still at their command.
Our awful monarch and his consort owe
To them the peopling of the realms below."
Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from shore.
Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air,
Upon the left they spy a pensive shade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:
Pale grief sat heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:
"Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
Burst from your breast, and torrents from your eyes:
And who those mangled manes are, which show
A sullen satisfaction at your woe?"
"Since," said the ghost, "with pity you'll attend,
Know, I 'm Guaicum[9], once your firmest friend;
And on this barren beach in discontent
Am doom'd to stay, till th' angry powers relent.
Those spectres, seam'd with scars, that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill-conduct are.
They vex with endless clamours my repose:
This wants his palate; that demands his nose:
And here they execute stern Pluto's will,
And ply me every moment with a pill."
Then Celsus thus: "O much-lamented state!
How rigid is the sentence you relate!
Methinks I recollect your former air, [were!
But ah, how much you 're chang'd from what you
Insipid as your late ptisans you lie,
That once were sprightlier far than Mercury.
At the sad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable souls asleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine,
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.
But still the offspring of your brain shall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall rise
In rockets, till they reach the wondering skies.
"If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,
Entreaties to their awful seats I 'd send.
But, since no human arts the Fates dissuade,
Direct me how to find bless'd Harvey's shade."
In vain th' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay;
Then, rising from the ground, he show'd the way.
Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
That with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone.
To gain the summit the bright goddess try'd;
And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
Th' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tower on high,
And taste th' indulgence of a milder sky.
Loose breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
And roses blush their fragrant lives away.
Cool streams through flowery meadows gently glide;
And, as they pass, their painted banks they chide.
These blissful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flowers ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles here.
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head,
Rob'd in rich dye she triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen.

[9] Dr. Morton.

So, when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
And every grace unsung, the waves conceal.
The delegate observes, with wondering eyes,
Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise;
Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
The silent mansion of disastrous love.
Here Jealousy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.
No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears;
Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears.
Their wounded bark records some broken vow,
And willow-garlands hang on every bough.
Olivia here in solitude he found,
Her down-cast eyes fix'd on the silent ground:
Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the dying image of despair.
How lately did this celebrated *thing*
Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring;
Till the green-sickness and love's force betray'd
To Death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid!
All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood,
The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horrour shiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he spoke:
"Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anxious care,
Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping flower,
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless shower?
Your languid looks, your late ill-conduct tell;
Oh that, instead of trash, you 'd taken steel!"
Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conscious maid
Thus to her late insulting lover said:
"When ladies listen not to loose desire,
You style our modesty our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You still find reasons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peevish things we say.
Few are the fair-ones of Rufilla's make,
Unask'd she grants, uninjur'd she 'll forsake:
But several Cælias, several ages boast,
That like, where reason recommends the most.
Where heavenly truth and tenderness conspire,
Chaste passion may persuade us to desire."
"Your sex," he cry'd, "as custom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties such haughty slaves.
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulses are but weak, where reason's strong.
Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that startle at the name.
The lonely Phœnix, though profess'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the Sun;
Those tales of spicy urns and fragrant fires
Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires."
Then, as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confess'd th' impassive air.
From his embrace th' unbody'd spectre flies,
And, as she mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.
They hasten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bless'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow
Immortal youth on heroes' shades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable sage her presence knew:
Thus he—
"Hail, blooming goddess! thou propitious power,
Whose blessings mortals more than life implore!
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where those appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.
"With just resentments and contempt you see
The foul dissensions of the faculty;
How your sad sickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a science, is become a trade.
Her sons he'er rifle her mysterious store,
But study nature less, and lucre more.
Not so when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incense blaz'd.
Oft father Tiber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd son is worshipp'd like the sire;
The sage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the same.
"I show'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of the refluent tide.
Then, Willis, why spontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the spirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cause.
Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Glisson, lie
In the abyss of blind obscurity.
But now such wondrous searches are forborn,
And Pæan's art is by divisions torn.
Then let your charge attend, and I 'll explain
How her lost health your science may regain.
"Haste, and the matchless Atticus address,
From Heaven and great Nassau he has the mace.
Th' oppress'd to his asylum still repair;
Arts he supports, and learning is his care.
He softens the harsh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
And graciously he casts a pitying eye
On the sad state of virtuous poverty.
When'er he speaks, Heaven! how the listening throng
Dwells on the melting music of his tongue!
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though serene:
And, when the power of eloquence he 'd try,
Here lightning strikes you; there soft breezes sigh.
"To him you must your sickly state refer,
Your charter claims him as your visiter.
Your wounds he 'll close, and sovereignly restore
Your science to the height it had before.
"Then Nassau's health shall be your glorious aim;
His life should be as lasting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devastations spring;
He condescends in pity to be king;
And, when amidst his olives plac'd he stands,
And governs more by candour than commands;
Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel-diadem he wears.
"Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inspire
Their sacred vehemence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in song that god-like power,
Which did the labouring universe restore:
Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the strain,
And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main.
"Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his blessings endless as they 're great:
Whilst malice and ingratitude confess
They 've strove for ruin long without success.
When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile shall rise
To bear the victor to the boundless skies,

Awhile the gods put off paternal care,
Neglects the Earth, to give the Heavens a star. ..
Near thee, Alcides, shall the hero shine;
His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.
" Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preserv'd the Latian liberties,
Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies:
Loud Ios the proud capitol had shook,
And all the statues of the gods had spoke."
No more the sage his raptures could pursue:
He paus'd; and Celsus with his guide withdrew.

CLAREMONT:

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CLARE, AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

— Dryadem sylvas, saltusque sequamur
Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia jussa. VIRG.

PREFACE.

THEY that have seen those two excellent poems of Cooper's-hill and Windsor-forest; the one by sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it inclines one to think some place of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and Echo. It is probable he had observed some spring arising amongst woods and rocks, where echos were heard; and some flower bending over the stream, and by consequence reflected from it. After reading the story in the third book of the Metamorphosis, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had dispossess'd her,

— vox tantùm atque ossa supersunt,

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare say the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleased to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can say the same of: experience shows us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother should succeed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconsiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their priests, may consult Pliny, Ovid, and the other classic authors that have mentioned them.

WHAT frenzy has of late possess'd the brain!
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our soil, our bards rise in such store,
Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more.
The last indulge the fault the first commit;
And take off still the offal of their wit.
So shameless, so abandon'd, are their ways;
They poach Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.
None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a pension or a place to give.
Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and power;
No Muse is proof against a golden shower.
Let but his lordship write some poor lampoon,
He 's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own:
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
False Fame cries—"Athens;" honest Truth—"Moorfields."
Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
Flags with full-sail; and rises but to sink.
Some venal pens so prostitute the bays,
Their panegyrics lash; their satires praise.
So nauseously, and so unlike, they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a saint.
Metius with those fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But such a shameless Muse must laughter move
That aims to make Salmoneus vie with Jove.
To form great works, puts Fate itself to pain;
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty man,
And, to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She strains no less a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's, is the poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens rise but once an age.
With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipse produc'd Alemena's son.
The sire of gods o'er Phœbus cast a shade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.
No bard for bribes should prostitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign.
To grant big Thraso valour, Phormio sense,
Should indignation give, at least offence.
I hate such mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to rescue poetry.
Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part.
"What then"—you'll say, "Must no true sterling pass,
Because impure allays some coin debase?"
Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I 'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, scribble too.
The man who 's honest, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himself severe;
Though earnest, easy; civil, yet sincere;
Who seldom but through great good-nature errs;
Detesting fraud as much as flatterers;
'T is he my Muse's homage should receive;
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine.
When Pelham you resign'd, what could repair
A loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir?
Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
From his bright urn in purest crystal glides;
But, when new-gathering streams enlarge his course,
He 's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.
Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler Muse,
That for her theme thy late recess may choose;
Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress,
Such varv'd scenes, such pleasing images,
That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bowers,
And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.
But say, who shall attempt th' adventurous part
Where Nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's art?
If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'T is he can paint in verse those rising hills,
Their gentle valleys, and their silver rills;

Close groves, and opening glades with verdure spread,
Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed;
With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
And all the bright horizon smiling round,
Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient Fame
Records from whence the villa took its name.

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
To love no foreign fashions like their own;
When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad;
Of Spanish red unheard was then the name
(For cheeks were only taught to blush by shame);
No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves;
Not yet lead-comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad eye-brows were redub'd by paste;
No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wise Providence had made;
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty silkworms spun for times to come;
Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
All like Diana were below the knee.

The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
Surly in show, unfashion'd in address;
Upright in actions, and in thought sincere;
And strictly were the same they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely mad;
But still what fancy wanted, reason had.
Whatever Nature ask'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees,
Nor serv'd up Death in soups and fricasees:
Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.

Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore;
And conscience had its rate like common whore;
Or tools to great employments had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty ministers;
In those good days of innocence, here stood
Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood,
Frequented by the Druids, to bestow
Religious honours on the Misseltoe.

The naturalists are puzzled to explain
How trees did first this stranger entertain;
Whether the busy birds ingraft it there;
Or else some deity's mysterious care,
As Druids thought; for, when the blasted oak
By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.
So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waste,
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd stood:
So sacred was the mansion of a god.

Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars rose.
To Hermes oft they paid their sacrifice;
Parent of arts, and patron of the wise.
Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures said.
None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
The people's peace they studied, and profest
No politics but public interest.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.

No mitred priest did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his master claim supremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being several centuries obscure.
None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none understood.
Nor simony, nor sine-cure, were known;
Nor would the bee work honey for the drone.
Nor was the way invented, to dismiss
Frail Abigails with fat pluralities.

But then, in fillets bound, a hallow'd band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the seasons travell'd with the Sun;
When his dim orb seem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellow'ng throats would try,
When reddening clouds reflect his blood-shot eye:
All their remarks on Nature's laws require
More lines than would even Alpin's readers tire.

This sect in sacred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian sage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from these tenements to those;
For when the plastic particles are gone,
They rally in some species like their own;
The self-same atoms, if new-jumbled, will
In seas be restless, and in earth be still;
Can, in the truffle, furnish out a feast,
And nauseate, in the scaly squill, the taste.
Those falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other stems appear.
The sap, that now forsakes the bursting bud,
In some new shoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jasmine blows,
Will, when the season offers, scent the rose;
And those bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow.
They hold that matter must be still the same,
And varies but in figure and in name;
And that the soul not dies, but shifts her seat,
New rounds of life to run, or past repeat.
Thus, when the brave and virtuous cease to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
Again shall Romulus in Nassau reign;
Great Numa, in a Brunswick prince, ordain
Good laws; and halcyon years shall hush the world again.

The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or gods descending in a morning dream.
Pass'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold:
Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they spoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The story of thy villa is their song.

The fair Montano, of the sylvan race,
Was with each beauty bless'd, and every grace.
His sire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a swift Naiad of the flood.
Her silver urn supply'd the neighbouring streams;
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.
Not lovelier seem'd Narcissus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boast more fragrancy:
His skin might with the down of swans compare,
More smooth than pearl; than mountain-snow more fair:
In shape so poplars or the cedars please;
But those are not so straight, nor graceful these:

His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, persuasive was his tongue;
The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound.
But sunk to softness at the melting sound.
The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and spread the toils,
And knew no pleasures but in sylvan spoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace;
Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chase:
For, though possession be th' undoubted view,
To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.
Those nymphs, that yield too soon, their charms impair,
And prove at last but despicably fair.
His own undoing glutton Love decrees;
And palls the appetite he meant to please:
His slender wants too largely he supplies;
Thrives on short meals, but by indulgence dies.
A grot there was, with hoary moss o'ergrown,
Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with moulder-
ing stone;
Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall,
And weeping rills but whisper as they fall;
The clasping ivies up the ruin creep,
And there the bat and drowsy beetle sleep.
This cell sad Echo chose, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the sylvan flies,
To shun the calenture of sultry skies;
But feels a fiercer flame: Love's keenest dart
Finds through his eyes a passage to his heart.
Pensive the virgin sate with folded arms,
Her tears but lending lustre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himself the pity he bestows.
"Oh whether of a mortal born!" he cries;
"Or some fair daughter of the distant skies;
That, in compassion, leave your crystal sphere,
To guard some favour'd charge, and wander here:
Slight not my suit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not; see my suppliant tears;
Nor disregard those dumb petitioners."
From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Asserting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor seeks from sleep, or sustenance, relief.
The lamp of life now casts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his setting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapless lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities:
"Haste, parents of the flood, your race to
mourn;
With tears replenish each exhausted urn;
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a just victim to an injur'd shade."
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and stopp'd unfinish'd on his tongue."
For him the Graces their sad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wish'd for eyes to weep.
What gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the sylvan lies.
The rural powers the wond'rous pile survey,
And piously their different honours pay.
Th' ascent with verdant herbage Pales spread;
And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their shade.
Her stream a Naiad from the basis pours;
And Flora strews the summit with her flowers.
Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.

Sad Echo now laments her rigour more,
Than for Narcissus her loose flame before.
Her flesh to sinew shrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks she hides her head.
Soon as the evening shows a sky serene,
Abroad she strays, but never to be seen.
And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the Nymph repeats the same;
With them she joins; her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.
Her sex's privilege she yet retains;
And, though to nothing wasted, voice remains.
So sung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphic god inspir'd:
"Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway.
No more fair Liberty shall mourn her chains;
The maid is rescu'd, her lov'd Perseus reigns.
From Jove he comes, the captive to restore;
Nor can the thunder of his sire do more.
Religion shall dread nothing but disguise;
And Justice need no bandage for her eyes.
Britannia smiles; nor fears a foreign lord;
Her safety to secure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's sword.
Like him, shall his Augustus shine in arms,
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes she shall bless;
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
"Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage:
Example must reclaim a graceless age.
Where guides themselves for guilty views mislead;
And laws even by the legislators bleed;
His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood:
For tyrants are but princes in disguise,
Though sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.
Great Edward's order early he shall wear;
New light restoring to the sully'd star.
Oft will his leisure this retirement chuse,
Still finding future subjects for the Muse;
And, to record the sylvan's fatal flame,
The place shall live in song, and Claremont be
the name."

TO THE LADY LOUISA LENOS:

WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

In moving lines these few Epistles tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the successful lovers burn;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The fair you 'll find, when soft entreaties fail,
Assert their uncontested right, and rail.
Too soon they listen, and resent too late;
'T is sure they love, whene'er they strive to hate.
Their sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding slaves.
In differing breasts what differing passions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.
The fire we boast, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns:
But yours, like incense, mounts by soft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame consumes to please.
Your sex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in patience, and persuading well.

Impartial Nature equally decrees:
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.
But, madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.
Though infant graces sooth your gentle hours,
More soft than sighs, more sweet than breathing flowers;
Let rash admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.
The time ere long, if verse presage, will come,
Your charms shall open in full Brudenell bloom.
All eyes shall gaze, all hearts shall homage vow,
And not a lover languish but for you.
The Muse shall string her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright nymph shall sicken at the sound.
So, when Aurora first salutes the sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But, when with riper red she warms the skies,
In circling throngs the wing'd musicians rise,
And the gay groves rejoice in symphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted beauty shines;
And every star its fading fire resigns.

TO RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON,

WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,

Our poet's rules, in easy numbers, tell,
He felt the passion he describes so well.
In that soft art successfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæsar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love, than tyrant's malice, flow;
Jove's thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow.
Ovid both felt the pain, and found the ease:
Physicians study most their own disease.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would listen then, and lovers lie.
Who flatter'd most the fair were most polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly so, aton'd for all.
Breeding was banish'd for the fair-one's sake,
The sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours should take.
Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring;
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming Spring.
Though you possess all Nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her snare.
On all that goddess her false smiles bestows;
As on the seas she reigns, from whence she rose.
Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft gales
Guide her gay barge, and swell the silken sails:
Each silver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her bosom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too surely finds
A sullen sky, black storms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguish, hovering on the coast,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly lost.
When coming time shall bless you with a bride,
Let passion not persuade, but reason guide;
Instead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
She has most charms who is the most sincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but disease;
Weak appetites are ever hard to please.
The nymph must fear to be inquisitive;
Tis for the sex's quiet, to believe.
Her air an easy confidence must show,
And shun to find what she would dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF BOLTON,

ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

Cease rural conquests, and set free your swains,
To dryads leave the groves, to nymphs the plains.
In pensive dales alone let Echo dwell,
And each sad sigh she hears with sorrow tell.
Haste, let your eyes at Kent's pavilion[1] shine,
It wants but stars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals and protected crowns,
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, states vanquish'd, provinces o'er-run,
And all Alcides' labour summ'd in one.
The brave must to the fair now yield the prize,
And English arms submit to English eyes:
In which bright list among the first you stand;
Though each a goddess, or a Sunderland.

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

Go, mighty prince, and those great nations see,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd
Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd,
Point out that marble where thy worth is shown,
To every grateful country but thy own.
O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!
Which strove to lessen him who made her great:
Which, pamper'd with success and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault's in the beholder's eye;
Yet he, untouch'd as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no dangers but domestic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry Envy shakes,
And only fears for her whom he forsakes:
He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
Blushing to see our blood no better lost;
Disdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in absence most Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to shun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cause requir'd,
To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

Whilst weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the sword destroys not, famine kills;
Our isle enjoys, by your successful care,
The pomp of peace, amidst the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labours long for our repose:

[1] A gallery at St. James's.

Such conduct, such integrity are shown,
There are no coffers empty but your own.
From mean dependance, merit you retrieve,
Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,
And yet conceals the source from whence it flows.
No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve:
A people at their ease is what you love:
To lessen taxes, and a nation save,
Are all the grants your services would have.
Thus far the state-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchless order by your care;
Free from confusion, settled and serene;
And, like the universe, by springs unseen.
But now some star, sinister to our prayers,
Contrives new schemes, and calls you from affairs:
No anguish in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to steer.
Thus, like a victim, no constraint you need,
To expiate their offance by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
The god of day, and your own lot's the same;
The vapours you have rais'd obscure your flame:
But though you suffer, and awhile retreat,
Your globe of light looks larger as you set.

ON HER MAJESTY'S STATUE

IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name;
With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes;
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.
Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
And even wild India wears a smiling face.
But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
The sad attendant of so good a queen:
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon,
All that great Anna for thy sake has done:
When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws;
For thee she sheath'd the terrours of her sword,
For thee she broke her general—and her word:
For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could she more?
She lost the honour she had gain'd before;
Lost all the trophies, which her arms had won
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son);
Resign'd the glories of a ten year's reign, [gain.
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could
For thee in annals she's content to shine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON THE NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madness fly?
Are scenes of death, and servile chains so dear,
To sue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curst,
To court a change—though certain of the worst?
There is no climate which you have not sought,
Where tools of war, and vagrant kings, are bought;
O! noble passion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the refuse of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your schemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine like the old,
While her asylum openly provides
For every ruffian every nation hides.
Will you still tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loath to throw;
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you seek new Prestons and Dumblains?
If vengeance loses its effects so fast,
Yet those of mercy sure—should longer last.
Say, is it rashness or despair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to these repeated strokes;
Reply:—Behold, their looks, their souls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep despair.
Hear then, you sons of blood, your destin'd fate,
Hear, ere you sin too soon—repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And stem the stream of Providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
The hand that gave it shall preserve his throne.
As vain your hopes to distant times remove,
To try the second, or the third from Jove;
For 'tis the nature of that sacred line,
To conquer monsters, and to grow divine.

ON THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, destructive to the Trojan line, [vine:
Raz'd their proud walls, though built by hands di-
But love's bright goddess, with propitious grace,
Preserv'd a hero, and restor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna rose.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT-CLUB, 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE'S name can every Muse inspire;
To Carlisle fill the glass, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the god of day shall crown
A wit and lustre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the Sun and Carlisle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties she bestow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The bravest hero, and the brightest dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Essex fill the sprightly wine;
The health's engaging and divine.
Let purest odours scent the air,
And wreaths of roses bind our hair:
In her chaste lips these blushing lie,
And those her gentle sighs supply.

LADY HYDE.

The god of wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The queen of love looks on, and smiles to see
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

Hyde, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thousand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offspring is the cheerful Morn.

LADY WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bless'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feast.

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR TAMERLANE.

To day a mighty hero comes, to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm.
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
He strains no text, nor makes dragoons persuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
Their property is his prerogative.
His sword destroys less than his mercy saves,
And none, except his passions, are his slaves.
Such, Britons, is the prince that you possess,
In council greatest, and in camps no less:
Brave, but not cruel; wise without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, disdaining to be too secure,
Ask his protection, and yet grudge his power.
With you a monarch's right is in dispute;
Who gives supplies, are only absolute.
Britons, for shame! your factious feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
Assert lost rights, an Austrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spanish throne.
A cause no less could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:
He shows you your lost honour to retrieve;
Our troops will fight, when once the senate give.
Quit your cabals and factions, and in spight
Of Whig and Tory in this cause unite.
One vote will then send Anjou back to France;
There let the meteor end his airy dance:
Else to the Mantuan soil he may repair,
Ev'n abdicated gods were Latium's care,
At worst, he'll find some Cornish borough here.

PROLOGUE

TO THE *MUSIC*-MEETING IN YORK-BUILDINGS.

Where Music and more powerful beauties reign,
Who can support the pleasure and the pain?
Here their soft magic those two Syrens try,
And if we listen, or but look, we die.
Why should we then the wondrous tales admire,
Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre;
Of walls erected by harmonious skill,
How mountains mov'd, and rapid streams stood still!
Behold this scene of beauty, and confess
The wonder greater, and the fiction less.
Like human victims here we stand decreed
To worship those bright altars where we bleed.
Who braves his fate in fields, must tremble here;
Triumphant love more vassals makes than fear.
No faction homage to the fair denies;
The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
That empire's fix'd, that's founded in desire;
Those flames, the vestals guard, can ne'er expire.

PROLOGUE

TO THE CORNISH SQUIRE, A COMEDY.

Who dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
Their ears so sanctify'd, no scenes can please,
But heavy hymns, or pensive homilies;
Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
Young rakes must, like old patriarch's expound;
The painted punk the proselyte must play,
And bawds, like fille-devotes, procure and pray.
How nature is inverted! soon you'll see
Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and monks at mystery.
Let characters be represented true,
An airy sinner makes an awkward Prue.
With force and fitting freedom vice arraign;
Though pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain.
If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
Call that the robber, this the parasite.
Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl;
Cinna's a statesman; Sydrophel, a tool.
Our censurers with want of thought dispense,
But tremble at the hideous sin of sense.
Who would not such hard fate as ours bemoan,
Indicted for some wit, and damn'd for none?
But if, to day, some scandal should appear,
Let those precise Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
Poet, and papist too, they'll surely maul,
There's no indulgences at Hicks's-hall.
Gold only can their pious spite allay,
They call none criminals that can but pay:
The heedless shrines with victims they invoke,
They take the fat, and give the gods the smoke.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

Such was our builder's art, that, soon as nam'd,
This fabric, like the infant world, was fram'd.
The architect must on dull order wait,
But 'tis the poet only can create.
None else, at pleasure, can duration give:
When marble fails, the Muses' structures live.
The Cyprian fane is now no longer seen,
Though sacred to the name of love's fair queen.
E'en Athens scarce in pompous ruin stands,
Though finish'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
More sure presages from these walls we find,
By beauty [1] founded, and by wit design'd.

[1] Lady Sunderland.

In the good age of ghostly ignorance,
How did cathedrals rise, and zeal advance!
The merry monks said orisons at ease,
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardons for sins were purchas'd with estates,
And none but rogues in rags fly'd reprobates.
But, now that pious pageantry's no more,
And stages thrive, as churches did before:
Your own magnificence you here survey,
Majestic columns stand, where dunghills lay,
And carrs triumphal rise from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here.
Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Though to the Sun his towering eagles rise,
They scarce could bear the lustre of these eyes.

EPILOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

What odd fantastic things we women do!
Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost:
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancel'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves——you may
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you, when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would choose,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
E'en churches are no sanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddess who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

A SOLILOQUY,

OUT OF ITALIAN.

Could he whom my dissembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my soul it gives;
He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myself the pity he would claim.
Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs should bleed?
Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom destiny divides;
Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cause,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each sigh you utter wounds my tenderest part,
So much my lips misrepresent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops distil,
My vital blood in every tear you spill:
And all those mournful agonies I hear,
Are but the echoes of my own despair.

AN IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

Can you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that strow the vales,
When groves are stript by winter-gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or —'—n's charms?

ANACREONTIC EPISTLE TO MR. GAY,

ON HIS POEMS.

When Fame did o'er the spacious plain
The lays she once had learn'd repeat;
All listen'd to the tuneful strain,
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

TO THE MERRY POETASTER

AT SADLERS-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

Unwieldy pedant, let thy awkward Muse
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.
To lash, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy school-boys, smart.
Then be advis'd, and scribble not again;
Thou'rt fashion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'st decry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN TO DR. GARTH, UPON THE LOSS OF MISS DINGLE: IN RETURN TO THE DOCTOR'S CONSOLATORY VERSES TO HIM, UPON THE LOSS OF HIS ROD [1]

THOU, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
Could'st, with thy never-dying verse, assuage:
Immortal verse, secure to live as long
As that ours'd prose that did condemn thy song:
Thou, happy bard, whose double-gifted pen,
Alike can cure an aching corn, or spleen;
Whose lucky hand administers repose
As well to breaking heart, as broken nose;
Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
In recompense of thine, when I was sad.
What though it comes from an unpractis'd Muse,
Bad at the best, grown worse by long disuse;
In silence lost, since once I did complain
Of Wiv—l's cold neglect in humble strain;
When check'd by slavish conscience, she deny'd
To throw aside the niece, and act the bride:
Yet sure I may be thought among the throng,
If not to sing, to whistle out a song:
Then take the kind remembrance of my verse,
While Dingle's loss with sorrow I rehearse.
Dingle is lost, the hollow caves resound
Dingle is lost, and multiply the sound;
Till Echo, chanting it by just degree,
Shortens to ding, then softens it to D.
Dingle is lost; where's now the parent's care,
The boasted force of piety and prayer?
No more shall she within thy spacious hall
Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
Deserted thus, no more shalt thou engage
Under the roof to Whartonize the age.
Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
Early she learnt to scorn the nuptial bed;
In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her mind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her kind:
For Dingle thou didst bless the nether skies;
In hopes a mingled race might once arise,
To sooth thy hoary age, and close thy dying eyes.
Learn, ye indulging parents, learn from hence
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly gave her up the other nine:
Yet she, though that, and that alone, was press'd,
Regardless of your will, the fifth transgress'd.
But oh! my friend, consider, though she's gone
She left no coffers empty but her own;
Her mind, that did direct the great machine,
Mov'd, like the universe, by springs unseen;
And, though from thy instructions she retreats,
Her globe of light grows larger as she sets:
For nought could brighter make her lustre shine
Than to withdraw, and single it from thine.
Then think of this; and pardon, when you see
Those virtues, you so late admir'd in me.

[1] See above, p. 449.

THE

POEMS

OF

NICHOLAS ROWE.

THE

LIFE OF NICHOLAS ROWE.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

NICHOLAS ROWE was born at Little Beckford in Bedfordshire, in 1673. His family had long possessed a considerable estate, with a good house, at Lambertoun in Devonshire[1]. His ancestor from whom he descended in a direct line received the arms borne by his descendants for his bravery in the Holy War. His father, John Rowe, who was the first that quitted his paternal acres to practise any part of profit, professed the law, and published Benlow's and Dallison's Reports in the reign of James the Second, when, in opposition to the notions, then diligently propagated, of dispensing power, he ventured to remark how long his authors rated the prerogative. He was made a sergeant, and died April 30, 1692. He was buried in the Temple church.

Nicholas was first sent to a private school at Highgate; and, being afterwards removed to Westminster, was at twelve years[2] chosen one of the king's scholars. His master was Busby, who suffered none of his scholars to let their powers lie useless; and his exercises in several languages are said to have been written with uncommon degrees of excellence, and yet to have cost him very little labour.

At sixteen he had, in his father's opinion, made advances in learning sufficient to qualify him for the study of law, and was entered a student of the Middle Temple, where for some time he read statutes and reports with proficiency proportionate to the force of his mind, which was already such that he endeavoured to comprehend law, not as a series of precedents, or collection of positive precepts, but as a system of rational government, and impartial justice.

When he was nineteen, he was, by the death of his father, left more to his own direction, and probably from that time suffered law to give way to poetry. At twenty-five he produced the Ambitious Step-Mother, which was received with so much favour, that he devoted himself from that time wholly to elegant literature.

His next tragedy (1702) was Tamerlane, in which, under the name of Tamerlane, he intended to characterise king William, and Lewis the Fourteenth under Bajazet. The virtues of Tamerlane seem to have been arbitrarily assigned him by his poet, for I know not that history gives any other qualities than those which make a conqueror. The

[1] In the Villare, Lamerton. Orig. Edit. [2] He was not elected till 1688. N.

fashion, however, of the time was, to accumulate upon Lewis all that can raise horrour and detestation; and whatever good was withheld from him, that it might not be thrown away, was bestowed upon king William.

This was the tragedy which Rowe valued most, and that which probably, by the help of political auxiliaries, excited most applause; but occasional poetry must often content itself with occasional praise. Tamerlane has for a long time been acted only once a year, on the night when king William landed. Our quarrel with Lewis has been long over; and it now gratifies neither zeal nor malice to see him painted with aggravated features, like a Saracen upon a sign.

The Fair Penitent, his next production (1703), is one of the most pleasing tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turns of appearing, and probably will long keep them, for there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable, and so delightful by the language. The story is domestic, and therefore easily received by the imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious, and soft or sprightly as occasion requires.

The character of Lothario seems to have been expanded by Richardson into Lovelace; but he has excelled his original in the moral effect of the fiction. Lothario, with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness. It was in the power of Richardson alone to teach us at once esteem and detestation, to make virtuous resentment over-power all the benevolence which wit, elegance, and courage, naturally excite; and to lose at last the hero in the villain.

The fifth act is not equal to the former; the events of the drama are exhausted, and little remains but to talk of what is past. It has been observed, that the title of the play does not sufficiently correspond with the behaviour of Calista, who at last shows no evident signs of repentance, but may be reasonably suspected of feeling pain from detection rather than from guilt, and expresses more shame than sorrow, and more rage than shame.

His next (1706) was Ulysses; which, with the common fate of mythological stories, is now generally neglected. We have been too early acquainted with the poetical heroes, to expect any pleasure from their revival; to show them as they have already been shown, is to disgust by repetition; to give them new qualities, or new adventures, is to offend by violating received notions.

The Royal Convert (1708) seems to have a better claim to longevity. The fable is drawn from an obscure and barbarous age, to which fictions are more easily and properly adapted; for when objects are imperfectly seen, they easily take forms from imagination. The scene lies among our ancestors in our own country, and therefore very easily catches attention. Rodogune is a personage truly tragical, of high spirit, and violent passions, great with tempestuous dignity, and wicked with a soul that would have been heroic if it had been virtuous. The motto seems to tell, that this play was not successful.

Rowe does not always remember what his characters require. In Tamerlane there is some ridiculous mention of the god of love; and Rodogune, a savage Saxon, talks of Venus, and the eagle that bears the thunder of Jupiter.

The play discovers its own date, by a prediction of the Union, in imitation of Cranmer's prophetic promises to Henry the Eighth. The anticipated blessings of union are not very naturally introduced, nor very happily expressed.

He once (1706) tried to change his hand. He ventured on a comedy, and produced The Biter; with which, though it was unfavourably treated by the audience, he was himself delighted; for he is said to have sat in the house laughing with great vehemence, whenever he had, in his own opinion, produced a jest. But, finding that he and the public had no sympathy of mirth, he tried at lighter scenes no more.

After the Royal Convert (1714) appeared Jane Shore, written, as its author professes, in imitation of Shakspeare's style. In what he thought himself an imitator of Shakspeare, it is not easy to conceive. The numbers, the diction, the sentiments, and the conduct, in every thing which imitation can consist, are remote in the utmost degree from the manner of Shakspeare, whose dramas it resembles only as it is an English story, and as some of the persons have their names in history. This play, consisting chiefly of domestic scenes and private distress, lays hold upon the heart. The wife is forgiven because she repents, and the husband is honoured because he forgives. This, therefore, is one of those pieces which we still welcome on the stage.

His last tragedy (1715) was Lady Jane Grey. This subject had been chosen by Mr. Smith, whose papers were put into Rowe's hands such as he describes them in his preface. This play has likewise sunk into oblivion. From this time he gave nothing more to the stage.

Being by a competent fortune exempted from any necessity of combating his inclination, he never wrote in distress, and therefore does not appear to have ever written in haste. His works were finished to his own approbation, and bear few marks of negligence or hurry. It is remarkable, that his prologues and epilogues are all his own, though he sometimes supplied others; he afforded help, but did not solicit it.

As his studies necessarily made him acquainted with Shakspeare, and acquaintance produced veneration, he undertook (1709) an edition of his works, from which he neither received much praise, nor seems to have expected it; yet, I believe, those who compare it with former copies will find that he has done more than he promised; and that, without the pomp of notes or boasts of criticism, many passages are happily restored. He prefixed a life of the author, such as tradition, then almost expiring, could supply, and a preface[3]; which cannot be said to discover much profundity or penetration. He at least contributed to the popularity of his author.

He was willing enough to improve his fortune by other arts than poetry. He was under-secretary for three years when the duke of Queensberry was secretary of state, and afterwards applied to the earl of Oxford for some public employment[4]. Oxford enjoined him to study Spanish; and when, some time afterwards, he came again, and said that he had mastered it, dismissed him with this congratulation, "Then, sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original."

This story is sufficiently attested; but why Oxford, who desired to be thought a favourer of literature, should thus insult a man of acknowledged merit; or how Rowe, who was so keen a Whig, that he did not willingly converse with men of the opposite party, could ask preferment from Oxford; it is not now possible to discover. Pope, who told the story, did not say on what occasion the advice was given; and, though he owned Rowe's disappointment, doubted whether any injury was intended him, but thought it rather lord Oxford's *odd way*.

[3] Mr. Rowe's preface, however, is not distinct, as it might be supposed from this passage, from the Life. *R.*

[4] Spence. [5] Ibid.

It is likely that he lived on discontented through the rest of queen Anne's reign; but the time came at last when he found kinder friends. At the accession of king George he was made poet-laureat; I am afraid by the ejection of poor Nahum Tate, who (1716) died in the Mint, where he was forced to seek shelter by extreme poverty. He was made likewise one of the land surveyors of the customs of the port of London. The prince of Wales chose him clerk of his council; and the lord chancellor Parker, as soon as he received the seals, appointed him, unasked, secretary of the presentations. Such an accumulation of employments undoubtedly produced a very considerable revenue.

Having already translated some parts of Lucan's Pharsalia, which had been published in the Miscellanies, and doubtless received many praises, he undertook a version of the whole work, which he lived to finish, but not to publish. It seems to have been printed under the care of Dr. Welwood, who prefixed the author's life, in which is contained the following character:

"As to his person, it was graceful and well-made; his face regular, and of a manly beauty. As his soul was well lodged, so its rational and animal faculties excelled in a high degree. He had a quick and fruitful invention, a deep penetration, and a large compass of thought, with singular dexterity and easiness in making his thoughts to be understood. He was master of most parts of polite learning, especially the classical authors, both Greek and Latin; understood the French, Italian, and Spanish languages; and spoke the first fluently, and the other two tolerably well.

"He had likewise read most of the Greek and Roman histories in their original languages, and most that are wrote in English, French, Italian, and Spanish. He had a good taste in philosophy; and, having a firm impression of religion upon his mind, he took great delight in divinity and ecclesiastical history, in both which he made great advances in the times he retired into the country, which was frequent. He expressed, on all occasions, his full persuasion of the truth of revealed religion; and being a sincere member of the established church himself, he pitied, but condemned not, those that dissented from it. He abhorred the principles of persecuting men upon the account of their opinions in religion; and, being strict in his own, he took it not upon him to censure those of another persuasion. His conversation was pleasant, witty, and learned, without the least tincture of affectation or pedantry; and his inimitable manner of diverting and enlivening the company made it impossible for any one to be out of humour when he was in it. Envy and detraction seemed to be entirely foreign to his constitution; and whatever provocations he met with at any time, he passed them over without the least thought of resentment or revenge. As Homer had a Zoilus, so Mr. Rowe had sometimes his; for there were not wanting malevolent people, and pretenders to poetry too, that would now-and-then bark at his best performances; but he was conscious of his own genius, and had so much good-nature as to forgive them; nor could he ever be tempted to return them an answer.

"The love of learning and poetry made him not the less fit for business, and nobody applied himself closer to it, when it required his attendance. The late duke of Queensberry, when he was secretary of state, made him his secretary for public affairs; and when that truly great man came to know him well, he was never so pleased as when Mr. Rowe was in his company. After the duke's death, all avenues were stopped to his preferment; and, during the rest of that reign, he passed his times with the Muses and his books, and sometimes the conversation of his friends.

"When he had just got to be easy in his fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better, death swept him away, and in him deprived the world of one of the best men, as well as one of the best geniuses of the age. He died like a christian and a philosopher, in charity with all mankind, and with an absolute resignation to the will of God. He kept up his good-humour to the last; and took leave of his wife and friends, immediately before his last agony, with the same tranquillity of mind, and the same indifference for life, as though he had been upon taking but a short journey. He was twice married; first to a daughter of Mr. Parsons, one of the auditors of the revenue; and afterwards to a daughter of Mr. Devenish, of a good family in Dorsetshire. By the first he had a son; and by the second a daughter, married afterwards to Mr. Fane. He died the 6th of December, 1718, in the forty-fifth year of his age; and was buried the 19th of the same month in Westminster-abbey, in the aile where many of our English poets are interred, over against Chaucer, his body being attended by a select number of his friends, and the dean and choir officiating at the funeral."

To this character, which is apparently given with the fondness of a friend, may be added the testimony of Pope, who says in a letter to Blount, "Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition, almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasure."

Pope has left behind him another mention of his companion, less advantageous, which is thus reported by Dr. Warburton.

"Rowe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, maintained a decent character, but had no heart. Mr. Addison was justly offended with some behaviour which arose from that want, and estranged himself from him; which Rowe felt very severely. Mr. Pope, their common friend, knowing this, took an opportunity, at some juncture of Mr. Addison's advancement, to tell him how poor Rowe was grieved at his displeasure, and what satisfaction he expressed at Mr. Addison's good fortune, which he expressed so naturally, that he (Mr. Pope) could not but think him sincere. Mr. Addison replied, 'I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure; and it would affect him just in the same manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged.'—Mr. Pope said he could not deny but Mr. Addison understood Rowe well."

This censure time has not left us the power of confirming or refuting; but observation daily shows, that much stress is not to be laid on hyperbolical accusations, and pointed sentences, which even he that utters them desires to be applauded rather than credited. Addison can hardly be supposed to have meant all that he said. Few characters can bear the microscopic scrutiny of wit quickened by anger; and perhaps the best advice to authors would be, that they should keep out of the way of one another.

Rowe is chiefly to be considered as a tragic writer and a translator. In his attempt at comedy he failed so ignominiously, that his Biter is not inserted in his works; and his occasional poems and short compositions are rarely worthy of either praise or censure; for they seem the casual sports of a mind seeking rather to amuse its leisure than to exercise its powers.

In the construction of his dramas, there is not much art; he is not a nice observer of the unities. He extends time and varies place as his convenience requires. To vary

the place is not, in my opinion, any violation of nature, if the change be made between the acts; for it is no less easy for the spectator to suppose himself at Athens in the second act, than at Thebes in the first; but to change the scene, as is done by Rowe, in the middle of an act, is to add more acts to the play, since an act is so much of the business as is transacted without interruption. Rowe, by this licence, easily extricates himself from difficulties; as, in Jane Gray, when we have been terrified with all the dreadful pomp of public execution, and are wondering how the heroine or the poet will proceed, no sooner has Jane pronounced some prophetic rhymes, than—pass and be gone—the scene closes, and Pembroke and Gardiner are turned out upon the stage.

I know not that there can be found in his plays any deep search into nature, any accurate discriminations of kindred qualities or nice display of passion in its progress; all is general and undefined. Nor does he much interest or affect the auditor, except in Jane Shore, who is always seen and heard with pity. Alicia is a character of empty noise, with no resemblance to real sorrow or to natural madness.

Whence, then, has Rowe his reputation? From the reasonableness and propriety of some of his scenes, from the elegance of his diction, and the suavity of his verse. He seldom moves either pity or terrour, but he often elevates the sentiments; he seldom pierces the breast, but he always delights the ear, and often improves the understanding.

His translation of the Golden Verses, and of the first book of Quillet's Poem, have nothing in them remarkable. The Golden Verses are tedious.

The version of Lucan is one of the greatest productions of English poetry; for there is perhaps none that so completely exhibits the genius and spirit of the original. Lucan is distinguished by a kind of dictatorial or philosophic dignity, rather, as Quintilian observes, declamatory than poetical; full of ambitious morality and pointed sentences, comprised in vigorous and animated lines. This character Rowe has very diligently and successfully preserved. His versification, which is such as his contemporaries practised, without any attempt at innovation or improvement, seldom wants either melody or force. His author's sense is sometimes a little diluted by additional infusions, and sometimes weakened by too much expansion. But such faults are to be expected in all translations, from the constraint of measures and dissimilitude of languages. The Pharsalia of Rowe deserves more notice than it obtains, and as it is more read will be more esteemed[6].

[6] The Life of Rowe is a very remarkable instance of the uncommon strength of Dr. Johnson's memory. When I received from him the MS. he complacently observed, "that the criticism was tolerably well done, considering that he had not seen Rowe's works for thirty years." *N.*

POEMS

OF

NICHOLAS ROWE.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I hope the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject. The sense of the author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

First to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of laws obey:
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy just regard,
Renown'd on Earth, and to the stars preferr'd,
To light and endless life, their virtue's sure reward.
Due rights perform and honours to the dead,
To every wise, to every pious shade.
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred show:
For what concern the rest of human kind,
Choose out the man to virtue best inclin'd;
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind.
Possest of such a friend, preserve him still;
Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart, so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash word nor light offences tear.
Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive,
And to the utmost still, and still forgive;
For strong necessity alone explores
The secret vigour of our latent powers,
Rouses and urges on the lazy heart,
Force, to itself unknown before, t' exert.
By use thy stronger appetites asswage,
Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage:
From each dishonest act of shame forbear;
Of others, and thyself, alike beware.
Let reverence of thyself thy thoughts control,
And guard the sacred temple of thy soul.
Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,
And reason e'en thy meanest actions guide:
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill most justly be repaid.
For wealth, the perishing, uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding-place,
But wandering loves from hand to hand to pass;
Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all those sorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd:
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls fortune is from God.
In what thou may'st, from wisdom seek relief,
And let her healing hand asswage thy grief;
Yet still whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
Let not those pains as ills be understood;
For God delights not to afflict the good.
The reasoning art, to various ends apply'd,
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring guide.
Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve;
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,
And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.
When fools and liars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.

This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern;
Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's song,
To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.
Of good and ill by words or deeds exprest
Choose for thyself, and always choose the best.
Let wary thought each enterprise forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun,
Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haste, [waste.
Act without thought, and thoughtless words they
But thou, in all thou dost, with early cares
Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs;
That sorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late.
Beware thy meddling hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But seek to know, and bend thy serious thought
To search the profitable knowledge out.
So joys on joys for ever shall increase,
Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless
Thy life with pleasure, and thy end with peace.
Nor let the body want its part, but share
A just proportion of thy tender care:
For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful wants be all supply'd.
Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare
Decaying nature's wasted force repair;
And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer.
In all things still which to this care belong,
Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong.
By virtuous use thy life and manners frame,
Manly and simply pure, and free from blame.
Provoke not Envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curse of her malicious eye.
Seek not in needless luxury to waste
Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste.
Yet, flying these, be watchful, lest thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to sordid avarice inclin'd.
Distant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy golden mean.
Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.
Let not the stealing god of sleep surprise,
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
With reverence at thy own tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own demand.
Where have I been? In what have I transgress'd?
What good or ill has this day's life express'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe?
Inquire severe whate'er from first to last, [past.
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has
If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn.
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret self with pleasure say,
"Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day."
These thoughts, and chiefly these my mind should
Employ thy study, and engage thy love. [move,
These are the rules which will to virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread.
'Tis by his name I swear, whose sacred lore
First to mankind explain'd the mystic four,
Source of eternal nature and almighty power.
In all thou dost first let thy prayers ascend,
And to the gods thy labours first commend: [end
From them implore success, and hope a prosperous
So shall thy abler mind be taught to soar,
And wisdom in her secret ways explore;
To range through Heaven above and Earth below,
Immortal gods and mortal men to know.
So shalt thou learn what power does all control,
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole;
And rightly judge in all its wondrous frame,
How universal nature is the same;
So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
On hopes of what shall never come to pass,
Man, wretched man, thou shalt be taught to know,
Who bears within himself the inborn cause of woe.
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell,
How near their good and happiness they dwell,
Depriv'd of sense; they neither hear nor see;
Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free,
But stupid, to their own sad fate agree:
Like ponderous rolling-stones, oppress'd with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on still,
Bereft of choice and freedom of the will;
For native strife in every bosom reigns,
And secretly an impious war maintains:
Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,
And every yielding passion sue for peace. [kind,
Would'st thou, great Jove, thou father of man-
Reveal the demon for that task assign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find.
And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,
And of the gods celestial essence part.
Nor sacred Nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her mystic rules reveal'd.
These if to know thou happily attain,
Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore,
And free from every pain she felt before.
Abstain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul;
So rightly judge; thy reason to maintain;
Reason which Heaven did for thy guide ordain,
Let that best reason ever hold the rein.
Then if this mortal body thou forsake,
And thy glad flight to the pure ether take,
Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine:
The tyrant Death securely shalt thou brave,
And scorn the dark dominion of the grave.

A POEM,

ON THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESSES, &c. HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counsels wait,
And Anna trusts to thee the British state
While Fame, to thee, from every foreign coast,
Flies with the news of empires won and lost,
Relates whate'er her busy eyes beheld,
And tells the fortune of each bloody field;
While, with officious duty, crowds attend,
To hail the labours of thy god-like friend,
Vouchsafe the Muse's humbler joy to hear;
For sacred numbers shall be still thy care;
Though mean the verse, though lowly be the strain,
Though least regarded be the Muse, of all the tuneful train,

Yet rise, neglected nymph, avow thy flame,
Assert th' inspiring god, and greatly aim
To make thy numbers equal to thy theme.
From Heaven derive thy verse; to Heaven belong
The counsels of the wise, and battles of the strong.
To Heaven the royal Anna owes, alone,
The virtues which adorn and guard her throne;
Thence is her justice wretches to redress,
Thence is her mercy and her love of peace;
Thence is her power, her sceptre uncontrol'd,
To bend the stubborn, and repress the bold;
Her peaceful arts fierce factions to assuage,
To heal their breaches, and to sooth their rage;
Thence is that happy prudence, which presides
In each design, and every action guides;
Thence is she taught her shining court to grace,
And fix the worthiest in the worthiest place,
To trust at home Godolphin's watchful care,
And send victorious Churchill forth to war.
Arise, ye nations rescu'd by her sword,
Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
Arise, and join the heroine to bless,
Behold she sends to save you from distress;
Rich is the royal bounty she bestows,
'Tis plenty, peace, and safety from your foes.
And thou, Iberia! rous'd at length, disdain
To wear enslav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain.
For see! the British genius comes, to cheer
Thy fainting sons, and kindle them to war.
With her own glorious fires their souls she warms,
And bids them burn for liberty and arms.
Unhappy land! the foremost once in fame,
Once lifting to the stars thy noble name,
In arts excelling, and in arms severe,
The western kingdoms' envy, and their fear:
Where is thy pride, thy conscious honour, flown,
Thy ancient valour, and thy first renown?
How art thou sunk among the nations now!
How hast thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
And dropt the warrior's wreath inglorious from thy brow!
Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,
But, oft, alternate, made the victors yield,
And prov'd their might in many a well-fought field;
Bold in defence of liberty they stood,
And doubly dy'd their cross in Moorish blood:
Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd,
The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd.
Then every nobler thought their minds did move,
And those who fought for freedom, sigh'd for love.
Like one, those sacred flames united live,
At once they languish, and at once revive;
Alike they shun the coward and the slave,
But bless the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
Nor frown, ye fair, nor think my verse untrue:
Though we disdain that man should man subdue,
Yet all the free-born race are slaves alike to you.
Yet, once again that glory to restore,
The Britons seek the Celtiberian shore.
With echoing peals at Anna's high command,
Their naval thunder wakes the drowsy land;
High at their head, Iberia's promis'd lord, [sword;
Young Charles of Austria, waves his shining
His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow,
Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe:
With joy he reads, in every warrior's face,
Some happy omen of a sure success;
Then leaps exulting on the hostile strand,
And thinks the destin'd sceptre in his hand.
Nor fate denies, what first his wishes name,
Proud Barcelona owns his juster claim,
With the first laurel binds his youthful brows,
And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath
But soon the equal of his youthful years, [bestows
Philip of Bourbon's haughty line appears;
Like hopes attend his birth, like glories grace,
(If glory can be in a tyrant's race)
In numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
But nearer draws the black impending war;
He views his host, then scorns the rebel town,
And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.
Now fame and empire, all the nobler spoils
That urge the hero, and reward his toils,
Plac'd in their view, alike their hopes engage,
And fire their breasts with more than mortal rage.
Not lawless love, nor vengeance, nor despair,
So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
As when ambition prompts the great to war;
As youthful kings, when, striving for renown,
They prove their might in arms, and combat for a crown.
Hard was the cruel strife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the chiefs suspended conquest hung;
Till, forc'd at length, disdaining much to yield,
Charles to his rival quits the fatal field.
Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
And e'en the British valour seems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
Conscious of virtue, liberty and fame,
They vow the youthful monarch's fate to share,
Above distress, unconquer'd by despair,
Still to defend the town and animate the war.
But, lo! when every better hope was past,
When every day of danger seem'd their last,
Far on the distant ocean, they survey,
Where a proud navy plows its watery way.
Nor long they doubted, but with joy descry,
Upon the chief's tall top-masts waving high,
The British cross and Belgic lion fly.
Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear
Their cries of ecstasy, and rend the air;
In peals on peals the shouts triumphant rise,
Spread swift, and rattle through the spacious skies;
While, from below, old Ocean groans profound,
The walls, the rocks, the shores repel the sound,
Ring with the deafening shock, and thunder all around.
Such was the joy the Trojan youth express'd,
Who, by the fierce Rutilian's siege distress'd,
Were by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd;
When young Ascanius, then in arms first try'd,
Numbers and every other want supply'd,
And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd:
Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome.
But oh! what verse, what numbers shall reveal
Those pangs of rage and grief the vanquish'd feel!
Who shall retreating Philip's shame impart,
And tell the anguish of his labouring heart!
What paint, what speaking pencil shall express
The blended passions striving in his face!
Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorse, [curse.
With thoughts of glory past, the losers greatest
Fatal Ambition! say what wondrous charms
Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms!
When all thy spoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
The pride of power, and glory of a crown,
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
E'en thy whole pleasure, pays not half the pain.

All hail! ye softer, happier arts of peace,
Secur'd from harms, and blest with learned ease;
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unskill'd,
Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field;
But chief, thee, goddess Muse! my verse would raise,
And to thy own soft numbers tune thy praise;
Happy the youth inspir'd, beneath thy shade,
Thy verdant, ever-living laurels laid!
There, safe, no pleasures, there no pains they know,
But those which from thy sacred raptures flow,
Nor wish for crowns, but what thy groves bestow.
Me, nymph divine! nor scorn my humble prayer,
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder care,
Doom'd to a gentler, though more lowly, fate,
Nor wishing once, nor knowing to be great;
Me, to thy peaceful haunts, inglorious bring,
Where secret thy celestial sisters sing,
Fast by their sacred hill, and sweet Castalian spring.
But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
And raise his heart with high triumphant joy;
From hence a better course of time roll on,
And whiter days successive seem to run.
From hence his kinder fortune seems to date
The rising glories of his future state,
From hence!—But oh! too soon the hero mourns
His hopes deceiv'd, and wars inconstant turns.
In vain, his echoing trumpets' loud alarms
Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
Careless of fame, as of their monarch's fate,
In sullen sloth supinely proud they sate;
Or to be slaves or free alike prepar'd,
And trusting Heaven was bound to be their guard,
Untouch'd with shame the noble strife beheld,
Nor once essay'd to struggle to the field;
But sought in the cold shade and rural seat,
An unmolested ease and calm retreat:
Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
Then with a lazy dull indifference
Turn'd to their rest, and left the world to chance.
So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,
Thaumantian Iris left the realms above,
And swift descending on her painted bow,
Sought the dull god of sleep in shades below;
Nodding and slow, his drowsy head he rear'd
And heavily the sacred message heard;
Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain,
And sunk to his first sloth and indolence again.
But oh, my Muse! th' ungrateful toil forsake,
Some task more pleasing to thy numbers take,
Nor choose in melancholy strains to tell
Each harder chance the juster cause befel.
Or rather turn, auspicious turn thy flight,
Where Marlborough's heroic arms invite,
Where highest deeds the poet's breast inspire
With rage divine, and fan the sacred fire.
See! where at once Ramillia's noble field
Ten thousand themes for living verse shall yield.
See! where at once the dreadful objects rise,
At once they spread before my wondering eyes,
And shock my labouring soul with vast surprise;
At once the wide-extended battles move,
At once they join, at once their fate they prove.
The roar ascends promiscuous; groans and cries,
The drums, the cannons' burst, the shout, supplies
One universal anarchy of noise.
One din confus'd, sound mixt and lost in sound,
Echoes to all the frighted cities round.
Thick dust and smoke in wavy clouds arise,
Stain the bright day, and taint the purer skies;
While flashing flames like lightning dart between,
And fill the horror of the fatal scene.
Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
Hate, fury, and insatiate slaughter roam;
Discord with pleasure o'er the ruin treads,
And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds;
While fierce Bellona thunders in her car,
Shakes terrible her steely whip from far,
And with new rage revives the fainting war.
So when two currents, rapid in their course,
Rush to a point, and meet with equal force,
The angry billows rear their heads on high,
Dashing aloft the foaming surges fly,
And, rising, cloud the air with misty spray;
The raging flood is heard from far to roar,
By listening shepherds on the distant shore,
While much they fear, what ills it should portend,
And wonder why the watery gods contend.
High in the midst, Britannia's warlike chief,
Too greatly bold, and prodigal of life,
Is seen to press where death and danger call, [fall,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul.
Like heat diffus'd, his great example warms,
And animates the social warriors' arms,
Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
Makes the young heroes, and renews the old.
In forms divine around him watchful wait
The guardian genii of the British state;
Justice and Truth his steps unerring guide,
And faithful Loyalty defends his side;
Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guard,
And pleasing Liberty his labours cheer'd;
But chief, the angel of his queen was there,
The union-cross his silver shield did bear,
And in his decent hand he shook a warlike spear.
While Victory celestial soars above,
Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
Hangs o'er the chief, whom she delights to bless,
And ever arms his sword with sure success,
Dooms him the proud oppressor to destroy,
Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy.
Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
Or such the painter[1] did the hero feign,
Where rushing on, and fierce, he seems to ride,
With graceful ardor, and majestic pride,
With all the gods of Greece and fortune on his side.
Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain
Labours the fight unequal to maintain;
He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
Shall share the shame, and in one ruin fall;
Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd,
And Heaven contending on the victor's side;
Then mourns his rash ambition's crime too late,
And yields reluctant to the force of fate.
So when Æneas, through night's gloomy shade,
The dreadful forms of hostile gods survey'd,
Hopeless he left the burning town and fled:
Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
Or save what Heaven had destin'd to destroy.
What vast reward, O Europe, shalt thou pay
To him who sav'd thee on this glorious day!
Bless him, ye grateful nations, where he goes,
And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.
In every land, in every city freed
Let the proud column rear its marble head,
To Marlborough and liberty decreed;
Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raise,

Le Brun.

To teach your wondering sons the hero's praise!
To him your skilful bards their verse shall bring
For him the tuneful voice be taught to sing,
The breathing pipe shall swell, shall sound the trembling string.
O happy thou! where peace for ever smiles,
Britannia! noblest of the ocean's isles,
Fair queen! who dost amidst thy waters reign,
And stretch thy empire o'er the farthest main:
What transports in thy parent bosom roll'd,
When fame at first the pleasing story told!
How didst thou lift thy towery front on high!
Not meanly conscious of a mother's joy,
Proud of thy son as Crete was of her Jove;[prove,
How wert thou pleas'd Heaven did thy choice ap-
And fix'd success where thou hast fix'd thy love!
How with regret his absence didst thou mourn!
How with impatience wait his wish'd return!
How were the winds accus'd for his delay!
How didst thou chide the gods who rule the sea,
And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on his way!
At length he comes, he ceases from his toil![toil;
Like kings of old returning from the spoil;
To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
He comes, their joy and grateful thanks to share;
Lowly he kneels before the royal seat,
And lays its proudest wreaths at Anna's feet.
While, form'd alike for labours or for ease,
In camps to thunder, or in courts to please,[care,
Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their
In all his dangers, all his triumphs, share.
Conquering he lends the well-pleas'd fair new grace,
And adds fresh lustre to each beauteous face;
Britain preserv'd by his victorious arms,
With wondrous pleasure each fair bosom warms,
Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their charms.
E'en his own Sunderland, in beauty's store[store,
So rich, she seem'd incapable of more,
Now shines with graces never known before.
Fierce with transporting joy she seems to burn,
And each soft feature takes a sprightly turn;
New flames are seen to sparkle in her eyes,
And on her blooming cheeks fresh roses rise;
The pleasing passion heightens each bright hue,
And seems to touch the finish'd piece anew,
Improves what Nature's bounteous hand had given,
And mends the fairest workmanship of Heav'n.
Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
But spreads to all the grateful people round;
Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil,
To tend the flocks and turn the mellow soil,
In homely guise their honest hearts express,
And bless the warrior who protects the peace,
Who keeps the foe aloof, and drives afar
The dreadful ravage of the wasting war.
No rude destroyer cuts the ripening crop,
Prevents the harvest, and deludes their hope;
No helpless wretches fly with wild amaze,
Look weeping back, and see their dwellings blaze;
The victor's chain no mournful captives know,
Nor hear the threats of the insulting foe;
But freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
The cheerful voice of mirth is heard to sound,
And plenty doles her various bounties round,
The humble village, and the wealthy town,
Consenting join their happiness to own:
What Heaven and Anna's gentlest reign afford,
All is secur'd by Marlborough's conquering sword.
O sacred, ever honour'd name! O thou!
That wert our greatest William once below!
What place soe'er thy virtues now possess
Near the bright source of everlasting bliss,
Where-e'er exalted to etherial height,
Radiant with stars, thou tread'st the fields of light,
Thy seats divine, thy Heaven a-while forsake,
And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight,
To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,
How fail'd oppression, and prevail'd the right.
What once below, such still thy pleasures are,
Europe and liberty are still thy care;
Thy great, thy generous, pure, immortal mind
Is ever to the public good inclin'd,
Is still the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind.
Behold where Marlborough, thy last best gift,
At parting to thy native Belgia left,
Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
Thy watchful counsels, and laborious wars;
Like thee aspires by virtue to renown,
Fights to secure an empire not his own,
Reaps only toil himself, and gives away a crown.
At length thy prayer, O pious prince! is heard,
Heaven has at length in its own cause appear'd;
At length Ramillia's field atones for all
The faithless breaches of the perjur'd Gaul;
At length a better age to man decreed,
With truth, with peace, and justice shall succeed;
Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed.
One triumph yet, my Muse, remains behind,
Another vengeance yet the Gaul shall find;
On Lombard plains, beyond his Alpine hills,
Louis the force of hostile Britain feels:
Swift to her friends distress'd her succours fly,
And distant wars her wealthy sons supply:
From slow unactive courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a name to every Briton dear,
By tedious languishing delays is held
Repining, and impatient, from the field:
While factious statesmen riot in excess,
And lazy priests whole provinces possess,
Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
And the starv'd soldier sues for bread in vain;
At once with generous indignation warm,
Britain the treasure sends, and bids the hero arm,
Straight eager to the field he speeds away,
There vows the victor Gaul shall dear repay
The spoils of Calcinato's fatal day:
Cheer'd by the presence of the chief they love,
Once more their fate the warriors long to prove;
Reviv'd each soldier lifts his drooping head,
Forgets his wounds and calls him on to lead;
Again their crests the German eagles rear,
Stretch their broad wings, and fan the Latian air;
Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul.
The chief commands, and soon in dread array
Onwards the moving legions urge their way;
With hardy marches and successful haste,
O'er every barrier fortunate they pass'd,
Which Nature or the skilful foe had plac'd.
The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
To mark which way the wary leader bends,
Vainly in war's mysterious rules is wise,
Lurks where tall woods and thickest coverts rise,
And meanly hopes a conquest from surprise.
Now with swift horse the plain around them beats,
And oft advances, and as oft retreats;
Now fix'd to wait the coming force, he seems,
Secur'd by steepy banks and rapid streams;

While river-gods in vain exhaust their store;
From plenteous urns the gushing torrents pour,
Rise o'er their utmost margins to the plain,
And strive to stay the warrior's haste in vain;
Alike they pass the plain and closer wood,
Explore the ford, and tempt the swelling flood,
Unshaken still pursue the steadfast course,
And where they want their way, they find it or they force.

But anxious thoughts Savoy's great prince infest,
And roll ill-boding in his careful breast;
Oft he revolves the ruins of the great,
And sadly thinks on lost Bavaria's fate,
The hapless mark of fortune's cruel sport,
An exile, meanly forc'd to beg support
From the slow bounties of a foreign court.
Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his last retreat,
His glory once and empire's ancient seat,
He sees from far where wide destructions spread,
And fiery showers the goodly town invade,
Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd state,
And curse the unrelenting tyrant's hate.

But great Eugene prevents his every fear,
He had resolv'd it, and he would be there;
Not danger, toil, the tedious wary way,
Nor all the Gallic powers his promis'd aid delay.
Like truth itself unknowing how to fail,
He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.
Thus ever certain does the Sun appear,
Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
Thus constant to his course sets out at morn,
Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is borne,
And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.

Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
Their friendly succour for the brave prepare,
And on the foe united bend the war.
O'er the steep trench and rampart's guarded height,
At once they rush, and drive the rapid flight;
With idle arms the Gallic legions seem
To stem the rage of the resistless stream;
At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
Headlong are push'd and swept along the field;
Resistance ceases, and 'tis war no more,
At once the vanquish'd own the victor's power;
Throughout the field, where-e'er they turn their sight,
'Tis all or conquest or inglorious flight;
Swift to their rescu'd friends their joys they bear,
With life and liberty at once they cheer,
And save them in the moment of despair.

So timely to the aid of sinking Rome,
With active haste did great Camillus come:
So to the Capitol he forc'd his way,
So from the proud barbarians snatch'd his prey,
And sav'd his country in one signal day.

From impious arms at length, O Louis, cease!
And leave at length the labouring world in peace,
Lest Heaven disclose some yet more fatal scene,
Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;
Lest from thy hand thou see thy sceptre torn,
And humbled in the dust thy losses mourn;
Lest, urg'd at length, thy own repining slave,
Though fond of burthens, and in bondage brave,
Pursue thy hoary head with curses to the grave.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA,

ON THE SIGHT OF TWO PINDARIC ODES ON THE SPLEEN AND VANITY. WRITTEN BY A LADY[1] HER FRIEND.

FLAVIA, to you with safety I commend
This verse, the secret failing of your friend.
To your good-nature I securely trust,
Who know, that to conceal, is to be just.
The Muse, like wretched maids by love undone,
From friends, acquaintance, and the light would
Conscious of folly, fears attending shame,
Fears the censorious world, and loss of fame.
Some confidant by chance she finds (though few
Pity the fools, whom love or verse undo),
Whose fond compassion sooths her in the sin,
And sets her on to venture once again.

Sure in the better ages of old time,
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime;
From Heaven they both, the gods best gifts, were
Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
Then were bad poets and loose lovers not known;
None felt a warmth which they might blush to own.
Beneath cool shades our happy fathers lay,
And spent in pure untainted joys the day:
Artless their loves, artless their numbers were,
While nature simply did in both appear,
None could the censor or the critic fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what Heaven bestow'd,
Nor were too curious of the given good.
At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
We lost being happy, to be thought more wise.
In one curs'd age, to punish verse and sin,
Critics and hangmen, both at once, came in.
Wit and the laws had both the same ill fate,
And partial tyrants sway'd in either state.
Ill-natur'd censure would be sure to damn
An alien-wit of independent fame,
While Bayes grown old, and harden'd in offence,
Was suffer'd to write on in spite of sense;
Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along
A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
To ruin and enslave the free-born English song;
Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
And to four volumes let his plays run on;
Then a lewd tide of verse with vicious rage,
Broke in upon the morals of the age.
The stage (whose art was once the mind to move
To noble daring, and to virtuous love)
Precept, with pleasure mix'd, no more profest,
But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jest:
The shocking sounds offend the blushing fair,
And drive them from the guilty theatre.
Ye wretched bards! from whom these ills have sprung,
Whom the avenging powers have spar'd too long,
Well may you fear the blow will surely come,
Your Sodom has no ten to avert its doom;
Unless the fair Ardelia will alone
To Heaven for all the guilty tribe atone;
Nor can ten saints do more than such a one.
Since she alone of the poetic crowd
To the false gods of wit has never bow'd,
The empire, which she saves, shall own her sway,
And all Parnassus her blest laws obey.

Say, from what sacred fountain, nymph divine!
The treasures flow, which in thy verse do shine?
With what strange inspiration art thou blest,
What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breast?

[1] Anne countess of Winchelsea.

Our sord'd Earth ne'er bred so bright a flame,
But from the skies, thy kindred skies it came.
To numbers great like thine, th' angelic quire
In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
Viewing with pitying eyes, our cares with thee,
They wisely own, that "all is vanity;"
E'en all the joys which mortal minds can know,
And find Ardelia's verse the least vain thing below.
If Pindar's name to those bless'd mansions reach,
And mortal Muses may immortal teach,
In verse like his, the heavenly nation raise
Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praise.
Nor shall celestial harmony disdain,
For once, to imitate an earthly strain,
Whose fame secure, no rival e'er can fear,
But those above, and fair Ardelia here.
She who undaunted could his raptures view,
And with bold wings his sacred heights pursue;
Safe through the Dithyrambic stream she steer'd,
Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd;
Not so the rest, who with successful pain
Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.
So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
While the Etruscans struck with wonder stood:
Amidst the waves her rash pursuers dy'd,
The matchless dame could only stem the tide,
And gain the glory of the farther side.
See with what pomp the antic masque comes in!
The various forms of the fantastic spleen.
Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
False joy, bred by false hope, and falser fears;
Each vice, each passion which pale nature wears,
In this odd monstrous medley mix'd appears.
Like Bayes's dance, confus'dly round they run,
Statesman, coquet, gay fop, and pensive nun,
Spectres and heroes, husbands and their wives,
With monkish drones that dream away their lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire disease,
Nor found, but from Ardelia's numbers, ease:
The dancing verse runs through my sluggish veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.
Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haste,
And to returning joy resign my breast;
Then free from every pain I did endure,
I bless the charming author of my cure.
So when to Saul the great musician play'd,
The sullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the monarch's breast, to seek some safer [shade.

SONG.

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
Her dear Philenis charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Dissolving in his arms.

Thus to themselves alone they are
What all mankind can give;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant, and all receive.

Like the twin-stars, so fam'd for friends,
Who set by turns, and rise;
When one to Thetis' lap descends,
His brother mounts the skies.

With happier fate and kinder care,
These nymphs by turns do reign,
While still the falling does prepare
The rising to sustain.

The joys of either sex in love,
In each of them we read;
Successive each to each does prove,
Fierce youth and yielding maid.

EPIGRAM.

TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

THOUGH in the Commons House you did prevail,
Good Sir Cleeve Moore, and gentle Master Hale;
Yet on good luck be cautious of relying,
Burgess for Bramber is no place to die in.
Your predecessors have been oddly fated;
Asgill and Shippen have been both *translated*.

VERSES MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

WHILE at our house the servants brawl,
And raise an uproar in the hall;
When John the butler, and our Mary,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
In sneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them silent all and civil
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And scatters tempests brewing there:
Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
And one scold makes another cease.

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S

FIRST COMING TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

AMPHION strikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and stone conspire
To raise the Theban wall.
In emulation of his praise
Two Latin signors come,
A sinking theatre to raise
And prop Van's tottering dome.
But how this last should come to pass
Must still remain unknown,
Since these poor gentlemen, alas!
Bring neither brick nor stone.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT;

OR, THE WAY TO WIN HIM: A COMEDY. BY MR. FARQUHAR. AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1703. SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great original[1], to day
We took the hint of this our modern play:
Our author, from his lines, has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free gallant:
With a gay soul, with sense and will to rove,
With language, and with softness fram'd to move,
With little truth, but with a world of love.

[1] See, The Wild-Goose Chace.

Such forms on maids in morning slumbers wait,
When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat,
When first they wish, and sigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way;
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wise,
There's danger still in darkness and surprise;
Though from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With easy freedom, and a gay address,
A pressing lover seldom wants success:
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down,
And wastes a ten years siege before one town.
For her own sake let no forsaken maid,
Our wanderer for want of love, upbraid;
Since 'tis a secret, none should e'er confess,
That they have lost the happy power to please.
If you suspect the rogue inclin'd to break,
Break first, and swear you 've turn'd him off a week;
As princes when they resty statesmen doubt,
Before they can surrender, turn them out.
What-e'er you think, grave uses may be made,
As much, e'en for inconstancy be said.
Let the good man for marriage rites design'd,
With studious care, and diligence of mind,
Turn over every page of womankind;
Mark every sense, and how the readings vary,
And when he knows the worst on't--let him marry.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER:

A COMEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE. AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, 1704. SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

If humble wives, that drag the marriage-chain
With cursed dogged husbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
They may, at least, for alimony sue.
Know, we resolve to make the case our own,
Between the plaintiff stage and the defendant town.
When first you took us from our father's house,
And lovingly our interest did espouse,
You kept us fine, caress'd, and lodg'd us here,
And honey-moon held out above three year;
At length, for pleasures known do seldom last,
Frequent enjoyment pall'd your sprightly taste;
And though at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to respect.
Sometimes, indeed, as in your way it fell,
You stopp'd, and call'd to see if we were well.
Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched place you shun,
Like bad wine, bus'ness, duels, and a dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race?
Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace?
And borne you many chopping babes of grace?
Some ugly toads we had, and that's the curse,
They were so like you, that you far'd the worse;
For this to-night we are not much in pain,
Look on't, and if you like it, entertain:
If all the midwife says of it be true,
There are some features too like some of you:
For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
We mean to run away, and let the parish take it.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY, AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, APRIL 7, 1709, AT HER PLAYING IN LOVE FOR LOVE WITH MRS. BRACEGIRDLE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. BETTERTON.

As some brave knight, who once with spear and shield
Had sought renown in many a well-fought field;
But now no more with sacred fame inspired,
Was to a peaceful hermitage retired:
There, if by chance disastrous tales he hears
Of matrons wrongs, and captive virgins tears,
He feels soft pity urge his generous breast,
And vows once more to succour the distress'd.
Buckled in mail, he sallies o'er the plain,
And turns him to the feats of arms again.
So we, to former leagues of friendship true,
Have bid once more our peaceful home adieu,
To aid old Thomas, and to please you
Like errant damsels, boldly we engage.
Arm'd, as you see, for the defenceless stage.
Time was when this good man no help did lack,
And scorn'd that any she should hold his back;
But now, so age and frailty have ordain'd,
By two[1] at once he 's forc'd to be sustain'd,
You see what failing nature brings man to;
And yet let none insult, for ought we know,
She may not wear so well with some of you.
Though old, yet find his strength is not clean past,
But true as steel he's metal to the last.
If better he perform'd in days of yore,
Yet now he gives you all that 's in his power;
What can the youngest of you all do more?
What he has been, though present praise be dumb,
Shall haply be a theme in times to come,
As now we talk of Roscius, and of Rome.
Had you withheld your favours on this night,
Old Shakespear's ghost had ris'n to do him right.
With indignation had you seen him frown
Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him say,
"Why are the Muse's labours cast away?
Why did I write what only he could play?"
But since, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on, and make the generous work complete:
Be true to merit, and still own his cause,
Find something for him more than bare applause.
In just remembrance of your pleasure past,
Be kind, and give him a discharge at last:
In peace and ease life's remnant let him wear,
And hang his consecrated buskin[2] there.

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT:

A TRAGEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE. AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1717. SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

Well—'twas a narrow 'scape my lover made,
That cup and message—I was sore afraid—

[1] Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round the waist.

[2] Pointing to the top of the stage.

Was that a present for a new-made widow,
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in——and hop'd for something good,
There was—Oh! Gad! a nasty heart and blood.[1]
If the old man had shown himself a father,
His bowl should have inclos'd a cordial rather,
Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'eau de Barbè—or comfortable nants[2]!
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And, to be witty, cry'd, he'd send the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover,
Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look'd for in a lover.
Let out the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride,
So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.
Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in,
They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With hearts of oak, so much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to mother-church and state;
When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
Yon trim king Popin, at Avignon reigning;
Shame on the canting crew of soul-insurers,
The Tyburn tribe of speech-making non-jurors;
Who, in new-fangled terms, old truths explaining,
Teach honest Englishmen, damn'd double-meaning!
Oh! would you lost integrity restore,
And boast that faith your plain fore-fathers bore;
What surer pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear pledge[3] your monarch left behind!
See how his looks his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign!
In his each feature, truth and candour trace,
And read plain-dealing written in his face.

PROLOGUE TO THE NON-JUROR:

A COMEDY. BY MR. CIBBER. AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1718. SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To night, ye Whigs and Tories, both be safe,
Nor hope at one another's cost to laugh.
We mean to souse old Satan and the pope;
They 've no relations here, nor friends, we hope.
A tool of theirs supplies the comic stage
With just materials for satiric rage:
Nor think our colours may too strongly paint
The stiff non-juring separation saint.
Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To those who give the nation to the devil;
Who at our surest, best foundation strike,
And hate our monarch and our church alike;
Our church—which, aw'd with reverential fear,
Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.
Long may she these her worst of foes defy,
And lift her mitred head triumphant to the sky:
While theirs—but satire silently disdains
To name what lives not, but in madmen's brains
Like bawds, each lurking pastor seeks the dark,
And fears the justice's inquiring clerk.
In close back-rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies:
There safe, he lets his thundering censures fly,
Unchristens, damns us, gives our laws the lie,
And excommunicates three stories high.
Why, since a land of liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this free-born state?
Here, every hour, fresh, hateful objects rise,
Peace and prosperity afflict their eyes;
With anguish, prince and people they survey,
Their just obedience and his righteous sway.
Ship off, ye slaves, and seek some passive land,
Where tyrants after your own hearts command.
To your transalpine masters rule resort,
And fill an empty abdicated court:
Turn your possessions here to ready rhino,
And buy ye lands and lordships at Urbino.

[1] This tragedy was founded upon the story of Segismonda and Guiscardo, one of Boccace's novels; wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter, as a present.

[2] i. e. Citron-water and good brandy.

[3] The prince of Wales then present.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

Do not, most fragrant earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle the brown:
But publicly espouse the dame,
And say, G—— d—— the town.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
With drabs have deeply smitten been,
Although right good commanders;
Some who with you have Hounslow seen,
And some who 've been in Flanders.

Did not base Greber's Peg[1] inflame
The sober earl of Nottingham,
Of sober sire descended?
That, careless of his soul and fame,
To play-houses he nightly came,
And left church undefended.

The monarch who of France is hight,
Who rules the roast with matchless might,
Since William went to Heaven;
Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
Who was but Scarron's leaving.

Though thy dear's father kept an inn
At grisly head of Saracen,
For carriers at Northampton;
Yet she might come of gentler kin,
Then e'er that father dreamt on.

Of proffers large her choice had she,
Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
Which she with scorn rejected:
And can a nymph so virtuous be
Of base-born blood suspected?

Her dimple cheek, and roguish eye,
Her slender waist, and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, though I talk waggishly,
I mean no more than joking.

[1] Signora Francesco Margareta de l' Epine, an Italian songstress.

Then be not jealous, friend: for why?
My lady marchioness is nigh,
To see I ne'er should hurt ye;
Besides you know full well that I
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.

THE RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE. AN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my house in Fleet-street once you lay,
How merrily, dear sir, time pass'd away?
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
I was the happiest creature on God's yearth[1]."

CONGREVE.

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not such a passion;
While yet you did not use (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords, and toast their ladies;
Thou, Jacob Tonson, wert to my conceiving,
The cheerfullest, best, honest fellow living.

TONSON.

I'm in with captain Vanburgh at the present,
A most sweet-natur'd gentleman, and pleasant;
He writes your comedies, draws schemes, and models,
And builds dukes' houses upon very odd hills:
For him, so much I dote on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to Heaven, would die.

CONGREVE.

Temple[2] and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are tam Mercurio both quam Marte;
And though for them I shall scarce go to Heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six nights in seven.

TONSON.

What if from Van's dear arms I should retire,
And once more warm my bunnians[3] at your fire;
If I to Bow-street should invite you home,
And set a bed up in my dining room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, would you come?

CONGREVE.

Though the gay sailor, and the gentle knight,
Where ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Though civil persons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing-bear;
Yet for your sake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob, with only you.

HORACE BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

HAIL, gentle cask, whose venerable head
With hoary down and ancient dust o'er-spread,
Proclaims, that since the vine first brought thee forth
Old age has added to thy worth.
Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain,
Thy votaries will to wit and love,
Or senseless noise and lewdness move,
Or sleep, the cure of these and every other pain.

Since to some day propitious and great,
Justly at first thou wast design'd by fate;
This day, the happiest of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares:
To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to day,
And longer age would bring decay) [drown'd.
Till every anxious thought in the rich stream be

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,
And Socrates himself a while forget.
Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend
The rugged stiffness of his mind,
Stern and severe, the stoic quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm,
And bless'd the sprightly power that cheer'd his gloomy soul.

With kind constraint ill-natur thou dost bend,
And mould the snarling cynic to a friend.
The sage reserv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee [free.
And by thy power unlock'd, grows easy, gay, and
The swain, who did some credulous nymph persuade
To grant him all, inspir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow-fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

The wretch who, press'd beneath a load of cares,
And labouring with continual woes, despairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd sense invade,
From earth he rears his drooping head,
Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn;
His flying cares give way to haste,
And to the god resign his breast, [turn;
Where hopes of better days, and better things re-

The labouring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
Amidst his wants, a wretched life maintains;
If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,
Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,
Of kings, and of their arbitrary power,
And how by impious arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,
And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch no more.

Fair queen of love, and thou great god of wine,
Hear, every grace, and all ye powers divine,
All that to mirth and friendship do incline,
Crown this auspicious cask, and happy night,
With all things that can give delight;
Be every care and anxious thought away;
Ye tapers, still be bright and clear,
Rival the Moon, and each pale star,
Your beams shall yield to none, but his who brings the day.

HORACE BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the queen of love invades my breast
Late, with long ease and peaceful pleasure blest;
Spare, spare the wretch, that still has been thy slave,
And let my former service have
The merit to protect me to the grave.
Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under Cynera, the good and fair,
With joy I did thy fetters wear,
Bless'd in the gentle sway of an indulgent queen.

[1] The dialect of the elder Tonson.
[2] Sir Richard Temple, afterwards lord Cobham.
[3] Jacob's term for his corns.

Stiff and unequal to the labour now,
With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why
Dost thou not much rather fly
To youthful breasts, to mirth and gaiety?
Go, bid thy swans their glossy wings expand,
And swiftly through the yielding air
To Damon thee their goddess bear,
Worthy to be thy slave, and fit for thy command.

Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue.
Skill'd in a thousand soft prevailing arts,
With wondrous force the youth imparts
Thy power to unexperienc'd virgins hearts.
Far shall he stretch the bounds of thy command;
And if thou shalt his wishes bless,
Beyond his rivals with success,
In gold and marble shall thy statues stand.

Beneath the sacred shade of Odel's wood,
Or on the banks of Ouse's gentle flood,
With odorous beams a temple he shall raise,
For ever sacred to thy praise,
Till the fair stream, and wood, and love itself de-
There while rich incense on thy altar burns, [cays.
Thy votaries, the nymphs and swains,
In melting soft harmonious strains,
Mix'd with their softer flutes, shall tell their flames by turns.

As love and beauty with the light are born,
So with the day thy honours shall return;
Some lovely youth, pair'd with a blushing maid,
A troop of either sex shall lead,
And twice the Salian measures round thy altar tread.
Thus with an equal empire o'er the light,
The queen of love, and god of wit,
Together rise, together sit:
But, goddess, do thou stay, and bless alone the [night.

There may'st thou reign, while I forget to love;
No more false beauty shall my passion move;
Nor shall my fond believing heart be led,
By mutual vows and oaths betray'd,
To hope for truth from the protesting maid.
With love the sprightly joys of wine are fled;
The roses too shall wither now,
That us'd to shade and crown my brow,
And round my cheerful temples fragrant odours [shed.

But tell me, Cynthia, say, bewitching fair,
What mean these sighs? why steals this falling tear?
And when my struggling thoughts for passage strove,
Why did my tongue refuse to move;
Tell me, can this be any thing but love?
Still with the night my dreams my griefs renew,
Still she is present to my eyes,
And still in vain I, as she flies,
O'er woods, and plains, and seas, the scornful maid pursue.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE IV. IMITATED.

TO RICHARD THORNHILL, ESQ.[1]

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my heart commend,
The critic's art, and candour of a friend,
Say what thou dost in thy retirement find,
Worthy the labours of thy active mind;
Whether the tragic Muse inspires thy thought,
To emulate what moving Otway wrote;
Or whether to the covert of some grove
Thou an' thy thoughts do from the world remove,
Where to thyself thou all those rules dost show,
That good men ought to practise, or wise know.
For sure thy mass of men is no dull clay,
But well-inform'd with the celestial ray.
The bounteous gods, to thee completely kind,
In a fair frame enclos'd thy fairer mind;
And though they did profusely wealth bestow,
They gave thee the true use of wealth to know.
Could e'en the nurse wish for her darling boy
A happiness which thou dost not enjoy:
What can her fond ambition ask beyond
A soul by wisdom's noblest precepts crown'd?
To this fair speech, and happy utterance join'd,
T' unlock the secret treasures of the mind,
And make the blessing common to mankind.
On these let health and reputation wait,
The favour of the virtuous and the great:
A table cheerfully and cleanly spread,
Stranger alike to riot and to need:
Such an estate as no extremes may know,
A free and just disdain for all things else below.
Amidst uncertain hopes, and anxious cares,
Tumultuous strife, and miserable fears,
Prepare for all events thy constant breast,
And let each day be to thee as thy last.
That morning's dawn will with new pleasure rise
Whose light shall unexpected bless thy eyes.
Me, when to town in winter you repair,
Battening in ease you 'll find, sleek, fresh, and fair;
Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,
To snatch the blessings of the flying hour,
Whom every Friday at the Vine[2] you 'll find
His true disciple and your faithful friend.

[1] Who fought the duel with Sir Cholmondley Deering.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brightest red the blushing rose
Her freshest opening beauties did disclose;
Her, the rough thistle from a neighbouring field,
With fond desires and lover's eyes beheld:
Straight the fierce plant lays by his pointed darts,
And wooes the gentle flower with softer arts.
Kindly she heard, and did his flame approve,
And own'd the warrior worthy of her love.
Flora, whose happy laws the seasons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preside,
And crowns the gardens with their flowery pride,
With pleasure saw the wishing pair combine,
To favour what their goddess did design,
And bid them in eternal union join.
"Henceforth," she said, "in each returning year,
One stem the thistle and the rose shall bear:
The thistle's lasting grace, thou, O my Rose! shalt be,
The warlike thistle's arms, a sure defence to thee."

ON CONTENTMENT.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD[1].

MANY that once, by fortune's bounty rear'd,
Amidst the wealthy and the great appear'd;

[2] A tavern in Long-Acre.
[1] In his Meditationes Sacræ.

Have wisely from those envy'd heights declin'd,
Have sunk to that just level of mankind,
Where not too little nor too much gives the true
peace of mind.

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT,

AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN. DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

In that bless'd day, from every part, the just,
Rais'd from the liquid deep or mouldering dust,
The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
All of past ages, present and to come,
In full assembly shall at once resort,
And meet within high Heaven's capacious court:
There famous names rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we shall behold,
From whom old stocks and ancestry began,
And worthily in long succession ran;
The reverend sires with pleasure shall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble feat.
There all those tender ties, which here below,
Or kindred, or more sacred friendship know,
Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow.
Refin'd from passion, and the dregs of sense,
A better, truer, dearer love from thence,
Its everlasting being shall commence:
There, like their days, their joys shall ne'er be done,
No night shall rise, to shade Heaven's glorious sun,
But one eternal holy-day go on.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG, TO THE TUNE OF "GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS."

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

"Alas, silly swain that I was!"
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
"When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, twas a pleasure too great.
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

"How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

"What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain;
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false-one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

"And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

"If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

"Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale Moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green."

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

Ye winds, to whom Colin complains,
In ditties so sad and so sweet,
Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
He's wretched to show he has wit.
No charmer like Colin can move,
And this is some pretty new art;
Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
Seem doleful and alter his face,
Can tremble, and alter his tale,
Ah! Colin has every pace:
The willow my rover prefers
To the breast, where he once beg'd to lie,
And the stream, that he swells with his tears,
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

His head my fond bosom would bear,
And my heart would soon beat him to rest;
Let the swain that is slighted despair,
But Colin is only in jest;
No death the deceiver designs,
Let the maid that is ruin'd despair;
For Colin but dies in his lines,
And gives himself that modish air.

Can shepherds, bred far from the court,
So wittily talk of their flame?
But Colin makes passion his sport,
Beware of so fatal a game;
My voice of no music can boast,
Nor my person of ought that is fine,
But Colin may find to his cost,
A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep,
And die in the much-favour'd brook,
Where Colin does now sit and weep:
Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
In sonnets so smooth and divine;
Perhaps, I may rise from my grave,
To hear such soft music as thine.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
The heart's-ease, the lily, and pink,
Did thy fingers a garland compose,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink;
How oft, my dear swain, did I swear,
How much my fond love did admire
Thy verses thy shape, and thy air,
Though deck'd in thy rural attire!

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
That all your small subjects obey'd;
And still you reign'd king of this heart,
Whose passion you falsely upbraid;
How often, my swain, have I said,
Thy arms are a palace to me,
And how well I could live in a shade,
Though adorned with nothing but thee!

Oh! what are the sparks of the town,
Though never so fine and so gay?
I freely would leave beds of down,
For thy breast on a bed of new hay:
Then, Colin, return once again,
Again make me happy in love,
Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
And as constant a nymph I will prove.

EPIGRAM

ON A LADY WHO SHED HER WATER AT SEEING THE TRAGEDY OF CATO; OCCASIONED BY AN EPIGRAM ON A LADY WHO WEPT AT IT.

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia sate:
But though her pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The gushing waters found a vent below.
Though secret, yet with copious streams she mourns,
Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.
Let others screw an hypocritic face,
She shows her grief in a sincerer place!
Here Nature reigns, and passion void of art;
For this road leads directly to the heart.

IMITATED IN LATIN.

PLORAT fata suî dum cætera turba Catonis,
Eccè oculis siccis Cælia fixa sedet;
At quanquam lacrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,
Invenêre viam quâ per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abundè,
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua.
Distorquent aliæ vultus, simulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè sincera est Cælia parte dolet.
Quâ mera Natura est, non person. . per artem,
Quâque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.

MÆCENAS.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE HONOURS CONFERRED ON THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALIFAX, 1714; BEING THAT YEAR INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

PHŒBUS and Cæsar once conspir'd to grace
A noble knight of ancient Tuscan race.
The monarch, greatly conscious of his worth,
From books and his retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the patriot with the civic crown,
The consul's fasces and patrician gown:
The world's whole wealth he gave him to bestow,
And teach the streams of treasure where to flow:
To him he bade the suppliant nations come,
And on his counsels fix'd the fate of Rome.
The god of wit, who taught him first to sing,
And tune high numbers to the vocal string,
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.
"Forbear," he cry'd, "to rob me of my share;
Our common favourite is our common care.
Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give;
But Phœbus only bids the poet live.
The service of his faithful heart is thine;
There let thy Julian star an emblem shine;
His mind, and her imperial seat are mine.
Then bind his brow ye Thespian maids," he said:
The willing Muses the command obey'd,
And wove the deathless laurel for his head.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, THEN REGENT, APPEARING AT THE FIRE IN SPRING-GARDEN, 1726.

THY guardian, blest Britannia, scorns to sleep,
When the sad subjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increase distress;
He faces danger, and so makes it less.
Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy;
He knows, to save, is greater than destroy.

SONG

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL HUSBAND.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bless their light divine;
I stand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they shine.

On one vile clod of earth she seems
To fix their influence;
Which kindles not at those bright beams,
Nor wakens into sense.

Lost and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain,
That Nature's lavish hand had wrought
This fairest work in vain.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom-fool to bed.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS FIRST VISIT TO LADY WARWICK,

AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

HEARING that Chloe's bower crown'd
The summit of a neighbouring hill,
Where every rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
To wait like servants on her will,

I went, and found 'twas as they said,
That every thing look'd fresh and fair;
Her herds in flowery pastures stray'd,
Delightful was the green-wood shade,
And gently breath'd the balmy air.

But when I found my troubled heart
Uneasy grown within my breast,
My breath come short, and in each part
Some new disorder seem to start,
Which pain'd me sore and broke my rest:

"Some noxious vapour sure," I said,
"From this unwholesome soil must rise;
Some secret venom is convey'd
Or from this field, or from that shade,
That does the power of life surprise."

Soon as the skilful Leach beheld
The change that in my health was grown:
"Blame not," he cry'd, "nor wood nor field;
Diseases which such symptoms yield,
Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

"Alike she kills in every air,
The coldest breast her beauties warm;
And though the fever took you there,
If Chloe had not been so fair,
The place had never done you harm."

STANZAS TO LADY WARWICK.

ON MR. ADDISON'S GOING TO IRELAND.

YE gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the sea!
Who chain loud storms, and still the raging main!
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover safe again.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he left,
Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,
Of every joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
And wept his sorrows in the swelling flood.

Ah, fairest maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his just reward ordain;
For his return thy pious wishes join,
That thou at length may'st pay him for his pain.

And since his love does thine alone pursue,
In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range;
I charge thee be by his example true,
And shun thy sex's inclination, change.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in sweetest words impart;
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and state,
Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,
When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise;
When harmony shall thy soft soul surprise,
Sooth all thy senses, and thy passions raise:

Amidst whatever various joys appear,
Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn;
Nor let thy heart know one delight sincere,
Till thy own truest Lycidas return.

THE VISIT.

WIT and beauty t' other day,
Chanc'd to take me in their way;
And, to make the favour greater,
Brought the graces and good-nature,
Conversation care-beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever smiling,
All the pleasures here below,
Men can ask, or gods bestow,
A jolly train, believe me! No:
There were but two, Lepell[1] and How.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A—— D——[2].

As on a summer's day
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

And as she passed by
With a scornful glance of her eye,
"What a shame," quoth she,
"For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to die!

"And dost thou nothing heed,
What Pan our god has decreed;
What a prize to day
Shall be given away,
To the sweetest shepherd's reed!

"There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

"Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine."

"Alas! my love," he cry'd,
"What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart
What is all the world beside?

"To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen;
Or the brightest queen of May.

"What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;

[1] Afterwards the celebrated lady Harvey
[2] Afterwards his wife.

My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own."

S O N G.

AH WILLOW. TO THE SAME IN HER SICKNESS.

To the brook and the willow that heard him com-
Ah willow, willow. [plain,
Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

Sweet stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow.
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
Ah willow, &c.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah willow, &c.
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.
Ah willow, &c.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye soft slumbers
Ah willow, &c. [repair;
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her
Ah willow, &c. [your care.

Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to
Ah willow, &c. [creep,
Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.
Ah willow, &c.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,
Ah willow, &c.
So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose,
Ah willow, &c.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
Ah willow, &c.
If the loss of my dear-one, my love is decreed;
Ah willow, &c.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be
Ah willow, &c. [cheer'd;
If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard;
Ah willow, &c.

Believe me, thou fair-one; thou dear-one believe,
Ah willow, &c.
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give.
Ah willow, &c.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be ty'd,
Ah willow, &c.
And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side.
Ah willow, &c.

Then run, gentle brook; and to lose thyself, haste;
Ah willow, willow.
Fade thou too, my willow, this verse is my last;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

TO THE SAME SINGING.

What charms in melody are found
To soften every pain!
How do we catch the pleasing sound,
And feel the soothing strain!

Still when I hear thee, O my fair,
I bid my heart rejoice;
I shake off every sullen care,
For sorrow flies thy voice.

The seasons Philomel obey,
Whene'er they hear her sing;
She bids the winter fly away,
And she recalls the spring.

S O N G.

THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

HE.

Since I have long lov'd you in vain,
And doated on every feature;
Give me at length but leave to complain
Of so ungrateful a creature.
Though I beheld in your wandering eyes
The wanton symptoms of ranging;
Still I resolv'd against being wise,
And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

SHE.

Why should you blame what heaven has made,
Or find any fault in creation?
'Tis not the crime of the faithless maid,
But Nature's inclination.
'Tis not because I love you less,
Or think you not a true one;
But if the truth I must confess,
I always lov'd a new-one.

TO LORD WARWICK.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

When, fraught with all that grateful minds can
move,
With friendship, tenderness, respect, and love;
The Muse had wish'd, on this returning day,
Something most worthy of herself to say:
To Jove she offer'd up an humble prayer,
To take the noble Warwick to his care.
"Give him," she said, "whate'er diviner grace
Adorns the soul or beautifies the face:
Let manly constancy confirm his truth,
And gentlest manners crown his blooming youth.
Give him to fame, to virtue to aspire,
Worthy our songs and thy informing fire:
All various praise, all honours let him prove,
Let men admire, and sighing virgins love:
With honest zeal inflame his generous mind,
To love his country, and protect mankind."
Attentive to her prayer, the god reply'd,
"Why dost thou ask what has not been deny'd?
Jove's bounteous hand has lavish'd all his power,
And making what he is, can add no more.
Yet since I joy in what I did create,
I will prolong the favourite Warwick's fate,[date."
And lengthen out his years to some uncommon

TO LADY JANE WHARTON,

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

While o'er the globe, fair nymph, your searches
And trace its rolling circuit round the sun, [run,
You seem'd the world beneath you to survey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.

With two fair lamps methought your nations shone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
How did those rays your happier empire gild!
How clothe the flowery mead and fruitful field!
Your earth was in eternal spring array'd,
And laughing joy amidst its natives play'd.
Such is their day, but cheerless is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your absent light:
And, oh! when yet ere many years are past,
Those beams on other objects shall be plac'd,
When some young hero, with resistless art,
Shall draw those eyes, and warm that virgin heart:
How shall your creatures then their loss deplore,
And want those suns that rise for them no more?
The bliss you give will be confin'd to one,
And for his sake your world must be undone.

TO MRS. PULTENEY,

UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

Tir'd with the frequent mischiefs of her eyes,
To distant climes the fair Belinda flies.
She sees her spreading flames consume around,
And not another conquest to be found.
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vassals here with proud disdain.
One only joy which in her heart she wears,
The dear companion of her flight she bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forsook,
Thus into banishment his gods he took:
But, to retrieve his native Troy's disgrace,
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1716.

Hail to thee, glorious rising Year,
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary Time;
Where thy golden footsteps tread,
Pleasures all around thee spread;
Bliss and beauty grace thy train;
Muse, strike the lyre to some immortal strain.
But, oh! what skill, what master hand,
Shall govern or constrain the wanton band?
Loose like my verse they dance, and all without command.
Images of fairest things
Crowd about the speaking strings;
Peace and sweet prosperity,
Faith and cheerful loyalty,
With smiling love and deathless poesy.

Ye scowling shades who break away,
Well do ye fly and shun the purple day,
Every fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and sullen as a storm,
Jealous Fear, and false Surmise,
Danger with her dreadful eyes,
Faction, Fury, all are fled,
And bold Rebellion hides her daring head.
Behold, thou gracious Year, behold,
To whom thy treasures all thou shalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter days were kept from times of old!
See thy George, for this is he!
On his right hand waiting free,
Britain and fair Liberty,
Every good is in his face,
Every open honest grace.
Thou great Plantagenet; immortal be thy race!

See! the sacred scyon springs,
See the glad promise of a line of kings!
Royal youth! what bard divine,
Equal to a praise like thine,
Shall in some exalted measure
Sing thee, Britain's dearest treasure?
Who her joy in thee shall tell,
Who the sprightly note shall swell,
His voice attempering to the tuneful shell?
Thee Audenard's recorded field,
Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,
And saw with hopeless heart thy fainting rival yield:
Troubled he, with sore dismay,
To thy stronger fate gave way,
Safe beneath thy noble scorn,
Wingy-footed was he borne,
Swift as the fleeting shades upon the golden corn.

What valour, what distinguish'd worth,
From thee shall lead the coming ages forth?
Crested helms and shining shields,
Warriors fam'd in foreign fields;
Hoary heads with olive bound,
Kings and lawgivers renown'd;
Crowding still they rise anew,
Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.
Young Augustus! never cease!
Pledge of our present and our future peace,
Still pour the blessings forth, and give thy great increase.
All the stock that fate ordains
To supply succeeding reigns,
Whether glory shall inspire
Gentler arts or martial fire,
Still the fair descent shall be
Dear to Albion, all, like thee,
Patrons of righteous rules, and foes to tyranny.

Ye golden lights who shine on high,
Ye potent planets who ascend the sky,
On the opening year dispense
All your kindest influence;
Heavenly powers be all prepar'd
For our Carolina's guard;
Short and easy be the pains,
Which for a nation's weal the heroine sustains.
Britannia's angel, be thou near
The growing race is thy peculiar care,
Oh spread thy sacred wing above the royal fair.
George by thee was wafted o'er
To the long expected shore:
None presuming to withstand
Thy celestial armed hand,
While his sacred head to shade,
The blended cross on high thy silver shield display'd.

But, oh! what other form divine
Propitious near the hero seems to shine!
Peace of mind, and joy serene,
In her sacred eyes are seen,
Honour binds her mitred brow,
Faith and truth beside her go,
With zeal and pure devotion bending low.
A thousand storms around her threat,
A thousand billows roar beneath her feet,
While, fix'd upon a rock, she keeps her stable seat.
Still in sign of sure defence,
Trust and mutual confidence,

On the monarch, standing by,
Still she bends her gracious eye; [are nigh.
Nor fears her foes' approach, while Heaven and he

Hence then with every anxious care!
Be gone, pale Envy, and thou, cold Despair!
Seek ye out a moody cell,
Where Deceit and Treason dwell;
There repining, raging, still
The idle air with curses fill; [thern hill;
There blast the pathless wild, and the bleak nor-
There your exile vainly moan;
There where, with murmurs horrid as your own,
Beneath the sweeping winds, the bending forests
But thou, Hope, with smiling cheer, [groan,
Do thou bring the ready year;
See the Hours! a chosen band!
See with jocund looks they stand,
All in their trim array, and waiting for command.

The welcome train begins to move,
Hope leads increase and chaste connubial love:
Flora sweet her bounty spreads,
Smelling gardens, painted meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow plain;
Pan rewards the shepherd's pain;
All is plenty, all is wealth,
And on the balmy air sits rosy-colour'd health.
I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
Like many waters swells the pealing noise,
While to their monarch, thus, they raise the pub-
"Father of thy country, hail! [lic voice.
Always every where prevail;
Pious, valiant, just, and wise,
Better suns for thee arise,
Purer breezes fan the skies,
Earth in fruits and flowers is drest,
Joy abounds in every breast,
For thee thy people all, for thee the year is blest."

SONG.

FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, MAY 28, 1716.

LAY thy flowery garlands by,
Ever-blooming gentle May!
Other honours now are nigh;
Other honours see we pay.
Lay thy flowery garlands by, &c.

Majesty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown.
Parent of our hero, thou,
George on Britain didst bestow.
Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
With the plumy helm, become:
Thee the spear and shining shield,
With every trophy of the warlike field.

Call thy better blessings forth,
For the honour of his birth:
Still the voice of loud commotion,
Bid complaining murmurs cease,
Lays the billows of the ocean;
And compose the land in peace.
Call thy better, &c.

Queen of odours, fragrant May,
For this boon, this happy day,
Janus with the double face
Shall to thee resign his place,
Thou shalt rule with better grace:
Time from thee shall wait his doom,
And thou shalt lead the year for every age to come.

Fairest month, in Cæsar pride thee,
Nothing like him canst thou bring,
Though the graces smile beside thee:
Though thy bounty gives the Spring,

Though like Flora thou array thee,
Finer than the painted bow;
Carolina shall repay thee
All thy sweetness, all thy show.

She herself a glory greater
Than thy golden sun discloses;
And her smiling offspring sweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roses.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1717.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable sire,
All richly in thy furry mantle clad;
What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inspire,
To make thy careful wrinkled brow so glad!

Now I see the reason plain,
Now I see thy jolly train:
Snowy-headed Winter leads,
Spring and Summer next succeeds;
Yellow Autumn brings the rear,
Thou art father of the year.

While from the frosty mellow'd earth
Abounding plenty takes her birth,
The conscious sire exulting sees
The seasons spread their rich increase;
So dusky night and chaos smil'd
On beauteous form, their lovely child.

O fair variety!
What bliss thou dost supply!
The soul brings forth the fair
To deck the changing year,
When our old pleasures die,
Some new one still is nigh;
Oh! fair variety;

Our passions, like the seasons turn;
And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
Britannia late oppress'd with dread,
Hung her declining drooping head:
A better visage now she wears,
And now at once she quits her fears:
Strife and war no more she knows,
Rebel sons nor foreign foes.

Safe beneath her mighty master,
In security she sits;
Plants her loose foundations faster,
And her sorrows past forgets.

Happy isle! the care of Heaven,
To the guardian hero given,
Unrepining still obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him.

Though he parted from thy shore,
While contesting kings attend him;
Could he, Britain, give thee more
Than the pledge he left behind him?

ODE TO PEACE,

FOR THE YEAR 1718.

Thou fairest, sweetest daughter of the skies,
Indulgent, gentle, life restoring Peace!
With what auspicious beauties dost thou rise,
And Britain's new-revolving Janus bless!

Hoary Winter smiles before thee,
Dances merrily along:
Hours and seasons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young:
Ever, goddess, thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful year.

In thee the night, in thee the day is blest;
In thee the dearest of the purple east:
'Tis thine immortal pleasures to impart,
Mirth to inspire, and raise the drooping heart:
To thee the pipe and tuneful string belong,
Thou theme eternal for the poet's song.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir;
Swell every note still higher,
And melody inspire
At Heaven and Earth's desire.

Hark, how the sounds agree,
With due complacency!
Sweet Peace, 'tis all by thee,
For thou art harmony.

Who, by Nature's fairest creatures,
Can describe her heavenly features?
What comparison can fit her?
Sweet are roses, she is sweeter;
Light is good, but Peace is better.
Would you see her such as Jove
Form'd for universal love,
Bless'd by men and gods above?
Would you every feature trace,
Every sweetly smiling grace?
Seek our Carolina's face.

Peace and she are Britain's treasures,
Fruitful in eternal pleasures:
Still their bounty shall increase us,
Still their smiling offspring bless us.
Happy day, when each was given
By Cæsar and indulging Heaven.

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celestial pair!
Still let Britannia be your care,
And Peace and Carolina crown the year.

ODE

FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

Oh touch the string, celestial Muse, and say,
Why are peculiar times and seasons blest?
Is it in fate, that one distinguish'd day
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the east?

Look on life and nature's race!
How the careless minutes pass,
How they wear a common face:
One is what another was!

Till the happy hero's worth
Bid the festival stand forth;
Till the golden light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
Unthought-of as the things that never were;
Had not our greatest Cæsar been its lot,
And call'd it from amongst the vulgar year!

Now, Nature, be gay
In the pride of thy May,
To court let thy graces repair;
Let Flora bestow
The crown from her brow,
For our brighter Britannia to wear.

Through every language of thy peopled Earth,
Far as the sea's or Cæsar's influence goes,
Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
And bless the author of the world's repose.

Let Volga tumbling in cascades,
And Po that glides through poplar shades,
And Tagus bright in sands of gold,
And Arethusa, rivers old,
Their great deliverer sing.
Not, Danube, thou whose winding flood
So long has blush'd with Turkish blood,
To Cæsar shall refuse a strain,
Since now thy streams without a stain
Run crystal as their spring.

CHORUS.

To mighty George, that heals thy wounds,
That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
The joyful voice, O Europe, raise:
In the great mediator's praise
Let all thy various tongues combine,
And Britain's festival be thine.

ODE TO THE THAMES[1],

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

King of the floods, whom friendly stars ordain
To fold alternate in thy winding train,
The lofty palace and the fertile vale;
King of the floods, Britannia's darling, hail!
Hail with the year so well begun,
And bid his each revolving sun,
Taught by thy streams, in smooth succession run.

From thy never-failing urn
Flowers, bloom and fair increase
With the seasons take their turn;
From thy tributary seas
Tides of various wealth attend thee;
Seas and seasons all befriend thee.

Here on thy banks, to mate the skies,
Augusta's hallow'd domes arise;
And there thy ample bosom pours
Her numerous souls and floating towers; [known,
Whose terrours late to vanquish'd Spain were
And Ætna shook with thunder not her own.

Fullest flags thou dost sustain,
While thy banks confine thy course;
Emblem of our Cæsar's reign,
Mingling clemency and force.

[1] This ode was written for Rowe by Mr. Jeffreys, and is claim'd by him in his works, p. 57.

So may'st thou still, secur'd by distant wars,
Ne'er stain thy crystal with domestic jars:
As Cæsar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
Shall join with thee to bless the coming year.

On thy shady margin,
Care its load discharging,
Is lull'd to gentle rest:
Britain thus disarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall sleep on Cæsar's breast.

Sweet to distress is balmy sleep,
To sleep auspicious dreams,
Thy meadows, Thames, to feeding sheep,
To thirst, thy silver streams:
More sweet than all, the praise
Of Cæsar's golden days:
Cæsar's praise is sweeter;
Britain's pleasure greater;
Still may Cæsar's reign excel;
Sweet the praise of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus, ever wait,
As now, on Britain's kindest fate;
Crown all our vows, and all thy gifts bestow;
Till Time no more renews his date,
And Thames forgets to flow.

THE STORY OF GLAUCUS, AND SCYLLA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph; the fair assembly broke;
The sea-green Nereids to the waves betook:
While Scylla, fearful of the wide-spread main,
Swift to the safer shore returns again.
There o'er the sandy margin, unarray'd,
With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid;
Or in some winding creek's secure retreat
She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noon-day's heat.
Her Glaucus saw, as o'er the deep he rode,
New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god.
He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love,
With many an artful blandishment he strove
Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove.
The more he sues, the more he wings his flight,
And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's height,
Steep shelving to the margin of the flood,
A neighbouring mountain bare and woodless stood;
Here, by the place secur'd, her steps she stay'd,
And, trembling still, her lover's form survey'd.
His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appall,
And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall;
She sees his face divine and manly brow
End in a fish's wreathy tail below:
She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind,
Whether he comes of god or monster kind.
This Glaucus soon perceiv'd; and, "Oh! forbear"
(His hand supporting on a rock lay near) [fear.
"Forbear," he cry'd, "fond maid, this needless
Nor fish am I, nor monster of the main,
But equal with the watery gods I reign;
Nor Proteus nor Palæmon me excel,
Nor he whose breath inspires the sounding shell.
My birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,
And I myself but late a mortal was:
E'en then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd;
The seas my hours, and all my cares, employ'd.
In meshes now the twinkling prey I drew,
Now skilfully the slender line I threw,
And silent sat the moving float to view.
Not far from shore, there lies a verdant mead,
With herbage half, and half with water spread:
There, nor the horned heifers browsing stray,
Nor shaggy kids nor wanton lambkins play;
There, nor the sounding bees their nectar cull,
Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull;
Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the place,
To crop the flowers, or cut the bushy grass:
Thither, sure first of living race came I,
And sat by chance, my dropping nets to dry.
My scaly prize, in order all display'd,
By number on the green-sword there I lay'd,
My captives, whom or in my nets I took,
Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
Strange to behold! yet what avails a lie?
I saw them bite the grass, as I sat by;
Then sudden darting o'er the verdant plain,
They spread their fins, as in their native main:
I paus'd, with wonder struck, while all my prey
Left their new master, and regain'd the sea.
Amaz'd, within my secret self I sought,
What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought:
'But sure no herbs have power like this,' I cry'd;
And straight I pluck'd some neighbouring herbs, and try'd.
Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taste,
When strong convulsions shook my troubled breast;
I felt my heart grow fond of something strange,
And my whole nature labouring with a change.
Restless I grew, and every place forsook,
And still upon the seas I bent my look.
'Farewell, for ever! farewell, land!' I said;
And plung'd amidst the waves my sinking head.
The gentle powers, who that low empire keep,
Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep;
To Tethys, and to Ocean old, they pray,
To purge my mortal earthy parts away.
The watery parents to their suit agreed,
And thrice nine times a secret charm they read,
Then with lustrations purify my limbs,
And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams:
A hundred streams from various fountains run,
And on my head at once come rushing down.
Thus far each passage I remember well,
And faithfully thus far the tale I tell;
But then oblivion dark on all my senses fell.
Again at length my thought reviving came,
When I no longer found myself the same;
Then first this sea-green beard I felt to grow,
And these large honours on my spreading brow,
My long-descending locks the billows sweep,
And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep;
My fishy tail, my arms of azure hue,
And every part divinely chang'd, I view.
But what avail these useless honours now?
What joys can immortality bestow?
What, though our Nereids all my form approve?
What boots it, while fair Scylla scorns my love?"
Thus far the god; and more he would have said;
When from his presence flew the ruthless maid:
Stung with repulse, in such disdainful sort,
He seeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE

LIFE OF JOSEPH ADDISON.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born on the first of May 1672, at Milston, of which his father, Lancelot Addison, was then rector, near Ambrosebury in Wiltshire, and appearing weak and unlikely to live, he was christened the same day. After the usual domestic education, which from the character of his father may be reasonably supposed to have given him strong impressions of piety, he was committed to the care of Mr. Naish at Ambrosebury, and afterwards of Mr. Taylor at Salisbury.

Not to name the school or the masters of men illustrious for literature is a kind of historical fraud, by which honest fame is injuriously diminished. I would therefore trace him through the whole process of his education. In 1683, in the beginning of his twelfth year, his father, being made dean of Lichfield, naturally carried his family to his new residence, and, I believe, placed him for some time, probably not long, under Mr. Shaw, then master of the school at Lichfield, father of the late Dr. Peter Shaw. Of this interval his biographers have given no account, and I know it only from a story of a barring-out, told me, when I was a boy, by Andrew Corbet of Shropshire, who had heard it from Mr. Pigot his uncle.

The practice of barring-out was a savage licence, practised in many schools at the end of the last century, by which the boys, when the periodical vacation drew near, growing petulant at the approach of liberty, some days before the time of regular recess, took possession of the school, of which they barred the doors, and bid their master defiance from the windows. It is not easy to suppose that on such occasions the master would do more than laugh; yet, if tradition may be credited, he often struggled hard to force or surprise the garrison. The master, when Pigot was a school-boy, was barred-out at Lichfield; and the whole operation, as he said, was planned and conducted by Addison.

To judge better of the probability of this story, I have inquired when he was sent to the Chartreux; but, as he was not one of those who enjoyed the founder's benefaction, there is no account preserved of his admission. At the school of the Chartreux, to which he was removed either from that of Salisbury or Lichfield, he pursued his juvenile studies under the care of Dr. Ellis, and contracted that intimacy with sir Richard Steele, which their joint labours have so effectually recorded.

Of this memorable friendship the greater praise must be given to Steele. It is not hard to love those from whom nothing can be feared; and Addison never considered Steele as a rival; but Steele lived, as he confesses, under an habitual subjection to the predominating genius of Addison, whom he always mentioned with reverence, and treated with obsequiousness.

Addison[1], who knew his own dignity, could not always forbear to show it, by playing a little upon his admirer; but he was in no danger of retort: his jests were endured without resistance or resentment.

But the sneer of jocularity was not the worst. Steele, whose imprudence of generosity, or vanity of profusion, kept him always incurably necessitous, upon some pressing exigence, in an evil hour, borrowed an hundred pounds of his friend, probably without much purpose of repayment; but Addison, who seems to have had other notions of a hundred pounds, grew impatient of delay, and reclaimed his loan by an execution. Steele felt with great sensibility the obduracy of his creditor, but with emotions of sorrow rather than of anger[2].

In 1687 he was entered into Queen's College in Oxford, where, in 1689, the accidental perusal of some Latin verses gained him the patronage of Dr. Lancaster, afterwards provost of Queen's College; by whose recommendation he was elected into Magdalen College as a demy, a term by which that society denominates those which are elsewhere called scholars; young men who partake of the founder's benefaction, and succeed in their order to vacant fellowships[3].

Here he continued to cultivate poetry and criticism, and grew first eminent by his Latin compositions, which are indeed entitled to particular praise. He has not confined himself to the imitation of any ancient author, but has formed his style from the general language, such as a diligent perusal of the productions of different ages happened to supply.

His Latin compositions seem to have had much of his fondness, for he collected a second volume of the Musæ Anglicanæ, perhaps for a convenient re-

[1] Spence.

[2] This fact was communicated to Johnson in my hearing by a person of unquestionable veracity, but whose name I am not at liberty to mention. He had it, as he told us, from Lady Primrose, to whom Steele related it with tears in his eyes. The late Dr. Stinton confirmed it to me, by saying that he had heard it from Mr. Hooke, author of the Roman History; and he, from Mr. Pope. *H.*

See, Victor's Letters, vol. I. p. 328, this transaction somewhat differently related. *R.*

[3] He took the degree of M. A. Feb. 14, 1693.

ceptacle, in which all his Latin pieces are inserted, and where his poem on the peace has the first place. He afterwards presented the collection to Boileau, who, from that time, "conceived," says Tickell, "an opinion of the English genius for poetry." Nothing is better known of Boileau, than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin, and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation.

Three of his Latin poems are upon subjects on which perhaps he would not have ventured to have written in his own language. The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes; the Barometer; and A Bowling-green. When the matter is low or scanty, a dead language, in which nothing is mean because nothing is familiar, affords great conveniences; and, by the sonorous magnificence of Roman syllables, the writer conceals penury of thought, and want of novelty, often from the reader, and often from himself.

In his twenty-second year he first showed his power of English poetry by some verses addressed to Dryden; and soon afterwards published a translation of the greater part of the Fourth Georgic upon Bees; after which, says Dryden, "my latter swarm is hardly worth the hiving."

About the same time he composed the arguments prefixed to the several books of Dryden's Virgil; and produced an Essay on the Georgics, juvenile, superficial, and uninstructive, without much either of the scholar's learning or the critic's penetration.

His next paper of verses contained a character of the principal English poets, inscribed to Henry Sacheverell, who was then, if not a poet, a writer of verses[4]; as is shown by his version of a small part of Virgil's Georgics, published in the Miscellanies; and a Latin encomium on queen Mary, in the Musæ Anglicanæ. These verses exhibit all the fondness of friendship; but, on one side or the other, friendship was afterwards too weak for the malignity of faction.

In this poem is a very confident and discriminate character of Spencer, whose work he had then never read[5]. So little sometimes is criticism the effect of judgment. It is necessary to inform the reader, that about this time he was introduced by Congreve to Montague, then chancellor of the exchequer: Addison was then learning the trade of a courtier, and subjoined Montague as a poetical name to those of Cowley and Dryden.

[4] A letter which I found among Dr. Johnson's papers, dated in January 1784, from a lady in Wiltshire, contains a discovery of some importance in literary history, viz. that, by the initials H.S. prefixed to the poem, we are not to understand the famous Dr. Henry Sacheverell, whose trial is the most remarkable incident in his life. The information thus communicated is, that the verses in question were not an address to the famous Dr. Sacheverell, but to a very ingenious gentleman of the same name, who died young, supposed to be a Manksman, for that he wrote the history of the Isle of Man.—That this person left his papers to Mr. Addison, and had formed a plan of a tragedy upon the death of Socrates.—The lady says, she had this information from a Mr. Stephens, who was a fellow of Merton College, a contemporary and intimate with Mr. Addison in Oxford, who died, near 50 years ago, a prebendary of Winchester. *H.*

[5] Spence.

By the influence of Mr. Montague, concurring, according to Tickell, with his natural modesty, he was diverted from his original design of entering into holy orders. Montague alleged the corruption of men who engaged in civil employments without liberal education; and declared, that, though he was represented as an enemy to the church, he would never do it any injury but by withholding Addison from it.

Soon after (in 1695) he wrote a poem to king William, with a rhyming introduction addressed to lord Somers. King William had no regard to elegance or literature; his study was only war; yet by a choice of ministers, whose disposition was very different from his own, he procured, without intention, a very liberal patronage to poetry. Addison was caressed both by Somers and Montague.

In 1697 appeared his Latin verses on the peace of Ryswick, which he dedicated to Montague, and which was afterwards called, by Smith, "the best Latin poem since the Æneid." Praise must not be too rigorously examined; but the performance cannot be denied to be vigorous and elegant.

Having yet no public employment, he obtained (in 1699) a pension of three hundred pounds a year, that he might be enabled to travel. He staid a year at Blois[6], probably to learn the French language; and then proceeded in his journey to Italy, which he surveyed with the eyes of a poet.

While he was travelling at leisure, he was far from being idle: for he not only collected his observations on the country, but found time to write his Dialogues on Medals, and four acts of Cato. Such at least is the relation of Tickell. Perhaps he only collected his materials, and formed his plan.

Whatever were his other employments in Italy, he there wrote the Letter to Lord Halifax, which is justly considered as the most elegant, if not the most sublime, of his poetical productions. But in about two years he found it necessary to hasten home; being, as Swift informs us, distressed by indigence, and compelled to become the tutor of a travelling squire, because his pension was not remitted.

At his return he published his Travels, with a dedication to lord Somers. As his stay in foreign countries was short, his observations are such as might be supplied by a hasty view, and consist chiefly in comparisons of the present face of the country with the descriptions left us by the Roman poets, from whom he made preparatory collections, though he might have spared the trouble, had he known that such collections had been made twice before by Italian authors.

The most amusing passage of his book is his account of the minute republic of San Marino; of many parts it is not a very severe censure to say, that they might have been written at home. His elegance of language, and variegation of prose and verse, however, gains upon the reader; and the book, though awhile neglected, became in time so much the favourite of the public, that before it was reprinted it rose to five times its price.

[6] Spence.

When he returned to England (in 1702), with a meanness of appearance which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced, he found his old patrons out of power, and was therefore, for a time, at full leisure for the cultivation of his mind; and a mind so cultivated gives reason to believe that little time was lost.

But he remained not long neglected or useless. The victory at Blenheim (1704) spread triumph and confidence over the nation; and lord Godolphin, lamenting to lord Halifax, that it had not been celebrated in a manner equal to the subject, desired him to propose it to some better poet. Halifax told him, that there was no encouragement for genius; that worthless men were unprofitably enriched with public money, without any care to find or employ those whose appearance might do honour to their country. To this Godolphin replied, that such abuses should in time be rectified; and that, if a man could be found capable of the task then proposed, he should not want an ample recompense. Halifax then named Addison, but required that the treasurer should apply to him in his own person. Godolphin sent the message by Mr. Boyle, afterwards lord Carleton; and Addison, having undertaken the work, communicated it to the treasurer, while it was yet advanced no further than the simile of the angel, and was immediately rewarded by succeeding Mr. Locke in the place of commissioner of appeals.

In the following year he was at Hanover with lord Halifax: and the year after he was made under-secretary of state, first to sir Charles Hedges, and in a few months more to the earl of Sunderland.

About this time the prevalent taste for Italian operas inclined him to try what would be the effect of a musical drama in our own language. He therefore wrote the opera of Rosamond, which, when exhibited on the stage, was either hissed or neglected; but, trusting that the readers would do him more justice, he published it, with an inscription to the dutchess of Marlborough; a woman without skill, or pretensions to skill, in poetry or literature. His dedication was therefore an instance of servile absurdity, to be exceeded only by Joshua Barnes's dedication of a Greek Anacreon to the duke.

His reputation had been somewhat advanced by The Tender Husband, a comedy which Steele dedicated to him, with a confession that he owed to him several of the most successful scenes. To this play Addison supplied a prologue.

When the marquis of Wharton was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, Addison attended him as his secretary; and was made keeper of the records in Birmingham's Tower, with a salary of three hundred pounds a year. The office was little more than nominal, and the salary was augmented for his accommodation.

Interest and faction allow little to the operation of particular dispositions, or private opinions. Two men of personal characters more opposite than those of Wharton and Addison could not easily be brought together. Wharton was impious, profligate, and shameless, without regard, or appearance of regard, to right and wrong[7]: whatever is contrary to this may be said of Addi-

[7] Dr. Johnson appears to have blended the character of the marquis with that of his son the duke. *N.*

son; but as agents of a party they were connected, and how they adjusted their other sentiments we cannot know.

"Addison must however not be too hastily condemned. It is not necessary to refuse benefits from a bad man, when the acceptance implies no approbation of his crimes; nor has the subordinate officer any obligation to examine the opinions or conduct of those under whom he acts, except that he may not be made the instrument of wickedness. It is reasonable to suppose that Addison counteracted, as far as he was able, the malignant and blasting influence of the lieutenant; and that, at least, by his intervention some good was done, and some mischief prevented.

When he was in office, he made a law to himself, as Swift has recorded, never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends, "for," said he, "I may have a hundred friends; and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two; there is therefore no proportion between the good imparted and the evil suffered."

He was in Ireland when Steele, without any communication of his design, began the publication of the Tatler: but he was not long concealed; by inserting a remark on Virgil, which Addison had given him, he discovered himself. It is indeed not easy for any man to write upon literature or common life, so as not to make himself known to those with whom he familiarly converses, and who are acquainted with his track of study, his favourite topic, his peculiar notions, and his habitual phrases.

If Steele desired to write in secret, he was not lucky; a single month detected him. His first Tatler was published April 22 (1709); and Addison's contribution appeared May 26. Tickell observes, that the Tatler began and was concluded without his concurrence. This is doubtless literally true; but the work did not suffer much by his unconsciousness of its commencement, or his absence at its cessation; for he continued his assistance to December 23, and the paper stopped on January 2. He did not distinguish his pieces by any signature; and I know not whether his name was not kept secret till the papers were collected into volumes.

To the Tatler, in about two months, succeeded the Spectator; a series of essays of the same kind, but written with less levity, upon a more regular plan, and published daily. Such an undertaking showed the writers not to distrust their own copiousness of materials or facility of composition, and their performance justified their confidence. They found however, in their progress, many auxiliaries. To attempt a single paper was no terrifying labour; many pieces were offered, and many were received.

Addison had enough of the zeal of party; but Steele had at that time almost nothing else. The Spectator, in one of the first papers, showed the political tenets of its authors; but a resolution was soon taken, of courting general approbation by general topics, and subjects on which faction had produced no diversity of sentiments; such as literature, morality, and familiar life. To this practice they adhered with few deviations. The ardour of

Steele once broke out in praise of Marlborough; and when Dr. Fleetwood prefixed to some sermons a preface, overflowing with whiggish opinions, that it might be read by the queen [8], it was reprinted in the Spectator.

To teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties, to regulate the practice of daily conversation, to correct those depravities, which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove those grievancies which, if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation, was first attempted by Casa in his book of Manners, and Castiglione in his Courtier; two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance, and which, if they are now less read, are neglected only because they have effected that reformation which their authors intended, and their precepts now are no longer wanted. Their usefulness to the age in which they were written is sufficiently attested by the translations which almost all the nations of Europe were in haste to obtain.

This species of instruction was continued, and perhaps advanced by the French; among whom La Bruyere's Manners of the Age, though, as Boileau remarked, it is written without connection, certainly deserves praise, for liveliness of description, and justness of observation.

Before the Tatler and Spectator, if the writers for the theatre are excepted, England had no masters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect, or the impertinence of civility; to show when to speak, or to be silent; how to refuse, or how to comply. We had many books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politics; but an arbiter elegantiarum, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from thorns and prickles, which tease the passer, though they do not wound him.

For this purpose nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, which we read not as study but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise is short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience.

This mode of conveying cheap and easy knowledge began among us in the Civil War [9], when it was much the interest of either party to raise and fix the prejudices of the people. It that time appeared Mercurius Aulicus, Mercurius Rusticus, and Mercurius Civicus. tI is said, that when any title grew popular, it was stolen by the antagonist, who by this stratagem conveyed his notions to those who would not have received him had he not worn the ap-

[8] This particular number of the Spectator, it is said, was not published till twelve o'clock, that it might come out precisely at the hour of her Majesty's breakfast, and that no time might be left for deliberating about serving it up with that meal, as usual. See the edition of the Tatler with notes, vol. VI. No, 271, note. p. 452, &c. *N.*

[9] Newspapers appear to have had an earlier date than here assigned. Cleiveland, in his Character of a London Diurnal, says, "The original sinner of this kind was Dutch; Gallo-belgicus the Protoplas, and the modern Mercuries but Hans en kelders." Some intelligence given by Mercurius Gallo-belgicus is mentioned in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, p. 126, originally published in 1602. These vehicles of information are often mentioned in the plays of James and Charles the first. *R.*

pearance of a friend. The tumult of those unhappy days left scarcely any man leisure to treasure up occasional compositions; and so much were they neglected, that a complete collection is no where to be found.

These Mercuries were succeeded by L'Estrange's Observator; and that by Lesley's Rehearsal, and perhaps by others; but hitherto nothing had been conveyed to the people, in this commodious manner, but controversy relating to the church or state; of which they taught many to talk, whom they could not teach to judge.

It has been suggested, that the Royal Society was instituted soon after the Restoration, to divert the attention of the people from public discontent. The Tatler and Spectator had the same tendency; they were published at a time when two parties loud, restless, and violent, each with plausible declarations, and each perhaps without any distinct termination of its views, were agitating the nation; to minds heated with political contest they supplied cooler and more inoffensive reflections; and it is said by Addison, in a subsequent work, that they had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolic and the gay to unite merriment with decency: an effect which they can never wholly lose, while they continue to be among the first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegance of knowledge.

The Tatler and Spectator adjusted, like Dasa, the unsettled practice of daily intercourse by propriety and politeness; and, like La Bruyere, exhibited the Characters and Manners of the Age. The personages introduced in these papers were not merely ideal; they were then known and conspicuous in various stations. Of the Tatler this is told by Steele in his last paper; and of the Spectator by Budgell in the preface to Theophrastus, a book which Addison has recommended, and which he was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it. Of those portraits, which may be supposed to be sometimes embellished, and sometimes aggravated, the originals are now partly known, and partly forgotten.

But to say that they united the plans of two or three eminent writers, is to give them but a small part of their due praise; they superadded literature and criticism, and sometimes towered far above their predecessors; and taught with great justness of argument and dignity of language, the most important duties and sublime truths.

All these topics were happily varied with elegant fictions and refined allegories, and illuminated with different changes of style and felicities of invention.

It is recorded by Budgell, that of the characters feigned or exhibited in the Spectator, the favourite of Addison was sir Roger de Coverley, of whom he had formed a very delicate and discriminate idea [10], which he would not suffer to be violated; and therefore, when Steele had shown him innocently picking

[10] The errours in this account are explained at considerable length in the preface to the Spectator prefixed to the edition in the British Essayists. The original delineation of sir Roger undoubtedly belongs to Steele. *C.*

up a girl in the Temple, and taking her to a tavern, he drew upon himself so much of his friend's indignation, that he was forced to appease him by a promise of forbearing sir Roger for the time to come.

The reason which induced Cervantes to bring his hero to the grave, para mi sola nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el, made Addison declare, with undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill sir Roger; being of opinion that they were born for one another, and that any other hand would do him wrong.

It may be doubted whether Addison ever filled up his original delineation. He describes his knight as having his imagination somewhat warped; but of this perversion he has made very little use. The irregularities in sir Roger's conduct seem not so much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates.

The variable weather of the mind, the flying vapours of incipient madness, which from time to time cloud reason, without eclipsing it, it requires so much nicety to exhibit, that Addison seems to have been deterred from prosecuting his own design.

To sir Roger, who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a Tory, or, as it is generally expressed, an adherent to the landed interest, is opposed sir Andrew Freeport, a new man, a wealthy merchant, zealous for the moneyed interest, and a Whig. Of this contrariety of opinions, it is probable more consequences were at first intended than could be produced when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir Andrew does but little, and that little seems not to have pleased Addison, who, when he dismissed him from the club, changed his opinions. Steele had made him, in the true spirit of unfeeling commerce, declare that he "would not build an hospital for idle people;" but at last he buys land, settles in the country, and builds not a manufactory, but an hospital for twelve old husbandmen, for men with whom a merchant has little acquaintance, and whom he commonly considers with little kindness.

Of essays thus elegant, thus instructive, and thus commodiously distributed, it is natural to suppose the approbation general, and the sale numerous. I once heard it observed, that the sale may be calculated by the product of the tax, related in the last number to produce more than twenty pounds a week, and therefore stated at one-and-twenty pounds, or three pounds ten shillings a day: this, at a halfpenny a paper, will give sixteen hundred and eighty [11] for the daily number.

This sale is not great; yet this, if Swift be credited, was likely to grow less; for he declares that the Spectator, whom he ridicules for his endless mention of the fair sex, had before his recess wearied his readers.

The next year (1713), in which Cato came upon the stage, was the grand

[11] That this calculation is not exaggerated, that it is even much below the real number, see the notes on the Tatler, ed. 1786, vol. VI. p. 452. *N.*

climacteric of Addison's reputation. Upon the death of Cato, he had, as is said, planned a tragedy in the time of his travels, and had for several years the first four acts finished, which were shown to such as were likely to spread their admiration. They were seen by Pope, and by Cibber, who relates that Steele, when he took back the copy, told him, in the despicable cant of literary modesty, that, whatever spirit his friend had shown in the composition, he doubted whether he would have courage sufficient to expose it to the censure of a British audience.

The time however was now come, when those, who affected to think liberty in danger, affected likewise to think that a stage play might preserve it; and Addison was importuned, in the name of the tutelary deities of Britain, to show his courage and his zeal by finishing his design.

To resume his work he seemed perversely and unaccountably unwilling; and by a request, which perhaps he wished to be denied, desired Mr. Hughes to add a fifth act. Hughes supposed him serious; and, undertaking the supplement, brought in a few days some scenes for his examination; but he had in the mean time gone to work himself, and produced half an act, which he afterwards completed, but with brevity irregularly disproportionate to the foregoing parts, like a task, performed with reluctance, and hurried to its conclusion.

It may yet be doubted whether Cato was made public by any change of the author's purpose; for Dennis charged him with raising prejudices in his own favour by false positions of preparatory criticism, and with poisoning the town by contradicting in the Spectator the established rule of poetical justice, because his own hero, with all his virtues, was to fall before a tyrant. The fact is certain; the motives we must guess.

Addison was, I believe, sufficiently disposed to bar all avenues against all danger. When Pope brought him the prologue, which is properly accommodated to the play, there were these words, "Britons, arise! be worth like this approved;" meaning nothing more than, Britons, erect and exalt yourself to the approbation of public virtue. Addison was frighted, lest he should be thought a promoter of insurrection, and the line was liquidated to "Britons, attend."

Now "heavily in clouds came on the day, the great, the important day," when Addison was to stand the hazard of the theatre. That there might, however, be left as little hazard as was possible, on the first night Steele, as himself relates, undertook to pack an audience. This, says Pope [n], had been tried for the first time in favour of the Distrest Mother; and was now, with more efficacy, practised for Cato.

The danger was soon over. The whole nation was at that time on fire with faction. The Whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap, to show that the satire was unfelt. The story of Bolingbroke is well known. He called Booth to

[n] Spence.

his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The Whigs, says Pope, design a second present, when they can accompany it with as good a sentence.

The play, supported thus by the emulation of factious praise, was acted night after night for a longer time than, I believe, the public had allowed to any drama before; and the author, as Mrs. Porter long afterwards related, wandered through the whole exhibition behind the scenes with restless and unappeasable solicitude.

When it was printed, notice was given that the queen would be pleased if it was dedicated to her; "but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged," says Tickell, "by his duty on the one hand, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication."

Human happiness has always its abatements; the brightest sunshine of success is not without a cloud. No sooner was Cato offered to the reader, than it was attacked by the acute malignity of Dennis, with all the violence of angry criticism. Dennis, though equally zealous, and probably by his temper more furious than Addison, for what they called liberty, and though a flatterer of the Whig ministry, could not sit quiet at a successful play; but was eager to tell friends and enemies, that they had misplaced their admirations. The world was too stubborn for instruction; with the fate of the censurer of Corneille's Cid, his animadversions showed his anger without effect, and Cato continued to be praised.

Pope had now an opportunity of courting the friendship of Addison, by vilifying his old enemy, and could give resentment its full play without appearing to revenge himself. He therefore published A Narrative of the Madness of John Dennis; a performance which left the objections to the play in their full force, and therefore discovered more desire of vexing the critic than of defending the poet.

Addison, who was no stranger to the world, probably saw the selfishness of Pope's friendship; and resolving that he should have the consequences of his officiousness to himself, informed Dennis by Steele, that he was sorry for the insult: and that, whenever he should think fit to answer his remarks, he would do it in a manner to which nothing could be objected.

The greatest weakness of the play is in the scenes of love, which are said by Pope [11] to have been added to the original plan upon a subsequent review, in compliance with the popular practice of the stage. Such an authority it is hard to reject; yet the love is so intimately mingled with the whole action, that it cannot easily be thought extrinsic and adventitious; for, if it were taken away, what would be left? or how were the four acts filled in the first draught?

At the publication the wits seemed proud to pay their attendance with encomiastic verses. The best are from an unknown hand, which will perhaps lose somewhat of their praise when the author is known to be Jeffreys.

[11] Spence.

Cato had yet other honours. It was censured as a party-play by a scholar of Oxford; and defended in a favourable examination by Dr. Sewel. It was translated by Salvini into Italian, and acted at Florence; and by the Jesuits of St. Omer's into Latin, and played by their pupils. Of this version a copy was sent to Mr. Addison: it is to be wished that it could be found, for the sake of comparing their version of the soliloquy with that of Bland.

A tragedy was written on the same subject by Des Champs, a French poet, which was translated with a criticism on the English play. But the translator and the critic are now forgotten.

Dennis lived on unanswered, and therefore little read. Addison knew the policy of literature too well to make his enemy important by drawing the attention of the public upon a criticism, which, though sometimes intemperate, was often irrefragable.

While Cato was upon the stage, another daily paper, called the Guardian, was published by Steele. To this Addison gave great assistance, whether occasionally or by previous engagement is not known.

The character of Guardian was too narrow and too serious: it might properly enough admit both the duties and decencies of life, but seemed not to include literary speculations, and was in some degree violated by merriment and burlesque. What had the guardian of the lizards to do with clubs of tall or of little men, with nests of ants, or with Strada's prolusions?

Of this paper nothing is necessary to be said, but that it found many contributors, and that it was a continuation of the Spectator, with the same elegance, and the same variety, till some unlucky sparkle from a Tory paper set Steele's politics on fire, and wit at once blazed into faction. He was soon too hot for neutral topics, and quitted the Guardian to write the Englishman.

The papers of Addison are marked in the Spectator by one of the letters in the name of Clio, and in the Guardian by a hand; whether it was, as Tickell pretends to think, that he was unwilling to usurp the praise of others, or, as Steele, with far greater likelihood, insinuates, that he could not without discontent impart to others any of his own. I have heard that his avidity did not satisfy itself with the air of renown, but that with great eagerness he laid hold on his proportion of the profits.

Many of these papers were written with powers truly comic, with nice discrimination of characters, and accurate observation of natural or accidental deviation from propriety; but it was not supposed that he had tried a comedy on the stage, till Steele, after his death declared him the author of the Drummer. This however Steele did not know to be true by any direct testimony; for, when Addison put the play into his hands, he only told him, it was the work of a "gentleman in the company;" and when it was received, as is confessed, with cold disapprobation, he was probably less willing to claim it. Tickell omitted it in his collection; but the testimony of Steele, and the total silence of any other claimant, has determined the public to assign it to Addison, and it is now printed with his other poetry. Steele carried the Drummer

to the play-house, and afterwards to the press, and sold the copy for fifty guineas.

To the opinion of Steele may be added the proof supplied by the play itself, of which the characters are such as Addison would have delineated, and the tendency such as Addison would have promoted. That it should have been ill-received would raise wonder, did we not daily see the capricious distribution of theatrical praise.

He was not all this time an indifferent spectator of public affairs. He wrote, as different exigencies required (in 1707), The present State of the War, and the Necessity of an Augmentation; which, however judicious, being written on temporary topics, and exhibiting no peculiar powers, laid hold on no attention, and has naturally sunk by its own weight into neglect. This cannot be said of the few papers entitled The Whig Examiner, in which is employed all the force of gay malevolence and humorous satire. Of this paper, which just appeared and expired, Swift remarks, with exultation, that "it is now down among the dead men[14]." He might well rejoice at the death of that which he could not have killed. Every reader of every party, since personal malice is past, and the papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effusions of wit, must wish for more of the Whig Examiners; for on no occasion was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear. His Trial of Count Tariff, written to expose the treaty of commerce with France, lived no longer than the question that produced it.

Not long afterwards, an attempt was made to revive the Spectator, at a time indeed by no means favourable to literature, when the succession of a new family to the throne filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion: and either the turbulence of the times, or the satiety of the readers, put a stop to the publication, after an experiment of eighty numbers, which were afterwards collected into an eighth volume, perhaps more valuable than any of those that went before it. Addison produced more than a fourth part; and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his associates. The time that had passed during the suspension of the Spectator, though it had not lessened his power of humour, seems to have increased his disposition to seriousness: the proportion of his religious to his comic papers is greater than in the former series.

The Spectator, from its re-commencement, was published only three times a week; and no discriminative marks were added to the papers. To Addison Tickell has ascribed twenty-three[15].

The Spectator had many contributors; and Steele, whose negligence kept him always in a hurry, when it was his turn to furnish a paper, called loudly

[14] From a Tory song in vogue at the time, the burthen whereof is,

And he, that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie. *H.*

[15] Numb. 556, 557, 558, 559, 561, 562, 565, 567, 568, 569, 571, 574, 575, 579, 580, 582, 583, 584, 585, 590, 592, 598, 600.

for the letters, of which Addison, whose materials were more, made little use; having recourse to sketches and hints, the product of his former studies, which he now reviewed and completed: among these are named by Tickell the Essays on Wit, those on the Pleasures of the Imagination, and the Criticism on Milton.

When the house of Hanover took possession of the throne, it was reasonable to expect that the zeal of Addison would be suitably rewarded. Before the arrival of king George, he was made secretary to the regency, and was required by his office to send notice to Hanover that the queen was dead, and that the throne was vacant. To do this would not have been difficult to any man but Addison, who was so overwhelmed with the greatness of the event, and so distracted by choice of expression, that the lords, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, called Mr Southwell, a clerk in the house, and ordered him to dispatch the message. Southwell readily told what was necessary in the common style of business, and valued himself upon having done what was too hard for Addison.

He was better qualified for the Freeholder, a paper which he published twice a week, from December 23, 1715, to the middle of the next year. This was undertaken in defence of the established government, sometimes with argument, and sometimes with mirth. In argument he had many equals; but his humour was singular and matchless. Bigotry itself must be delighted with the Tory Fox-hunter.

There are however some strokes less elegant, and less decent; such as the Pretender's Journal, in which one topic of ridicule is his poverty. This mode of abuse had been employed by Milton against king Charles II.

——————— Jacobæi
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.

And Oldmixon delights to tell of some alderman of London, that he had more money than the exiled princes; but that which might be expected from Milton's savageness, or Oldmixon's meanness, was not suitable to the delicacy of Addison.

Steele thought the humour of the Freeholder too nice and gentle for such noisy times; and is reported to have said, that the ministry made use of a lute, when they should have called for a trumpet.

This year (1716[16]) he married the countess dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behaviour not very unlike that of sir Roger to his disdainful widow; and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. He is said to have first known her by becoming tutor to her son[17]. "He formed," said Tonson, "the design of getting that lady from the time when he was first recommended into the family." In what part of his life he obtained the recommendation, or how long, and in what manner, he lived in the

[16] August 2. [17] Spence.

family, I know not. His advances at first were certainly timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till at last the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, "Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave." The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found them nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank, and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the tutor of her son. Rowe's ballad of the Despairing Shepherd is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair; and it is certain that Addison has left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love.

The year after (1717) he rose to his highest elevation, being made secretary of state. For this employment he might justly be supposed qualified by long practice of business, and by his regular ascent through other offices; but expectation is often disappointed; it is universally confessed that he was unequal to the duties of his place. In the house of commons he could not speak, and therefore was useless to the defence of the government. In the office, says Pope[18], he could not issue an order without losing his time in quest of fine expressions. What he gained in rank he lost in credit; and, finding by experience his own inability, was forced to solicit his dismission, with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. His friends palliated this relinquishment, of which both friends and enemies knew the true reason, with an account of declining health, and the necessity of recess and quiet.

He now returned to his vocation, and began to plan literary occupations for his future life. He purposed a tragedy on the death of Socrates: a story of which, as Tickell remarks, the basis is narrow, and to which I know not how love could have been appended. There would however have been no want either of virtue in the sentiments, or elegance in the language.

He engaged in a nobler work, a Defence of the Christian Religion, of which part was published after his death; and he designed to have made a new poetical version of the Psalms.

These pious compositions Pope imputed[19] to a selfish motive, upon the credit, as he owns, of Tonson; who having quarrelled with Addison, and not loving him, said, that when he laid down the secretary's office, he intended to take orders, and obtain a bishopric; "for," said he, "I always thought him a priest in his heart."

That Pope should have thought this conjecture of Tonson worth remembrance, is a proof, but indeed, so far as I have found, the only proof, that he retained some malignity from their ancient rivalry. Tonson pretended but to guess it; no other mortal ever suspected it; and Pope might have reflected that a man, who had been secretary of state in the ministry of

[18] Spence. [19] Spence.

Sunderland, knew a nearer way to a bishopric than by defending religion, or translating the Psalms.

It is related, that he had once a design to make an English dictionary, and that he considered Dr. Tillotson as the writer of highest authority. There was formerly sent to me by Mr. Locker, clerk of the Leathersellers' company, who was eminent for curiosity and literature, a collection of examples collected from Tillotson's works, as Locker said, by Addison. It came too late to be of use, so I inspected it but slightly, and remember it indistinctly. I thought the passages too short.

Addison, however, did not conclude his life in peaceful studies; but relapsed, when he was near his end, to a political dispute.

It so happened that (1718-19) a controversy was agitated with great vehemence between those friends of long continuance, Addison and Steele. It may be asked, in the language of Homer, what power or what cause should set them at variance. The subject of their dispute was of great importance. The earl of Sunderland proposed an act called The Peerage Bill; by which the number of peers should be fixed, and the king restrained from any new creation of nobility, unless when an old family should be extinct. To this the lords would naturally agree; and the king, who was yet little acquainted with his own prerogative, and, as is now well known, almost indifferent to the possessions of the crown, had been persuaded to consent. The only difficulty was found among the commons, who were not likely to approve the perpetual exclusion of themselves and their posterity. The bill therefore was eagerly opposed, and among others by sir Robert Walpole, whose speech was published.

The lords might think their dignity diminished by improper advancements, and particularly by the introduction of twelve new peers at once, to produce a majority of Tories in the last reign; an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with that contempt of national right with which, some time afterwards, by the instigation of Whiggism, the commons, chosen by the people for three years, chose themselves for seven. But whatever might be the disposition of the lords, the people had no wish to increase their power. The tendency of the bill, as Steele observed in a letter to the earl of Oxford, was to introduce an aristocracy; for a majority in the house of lords, so limited, would have been despotic and irresistible.

To prevent this subversion of the ancient establishment, Steele, whose pen readily seconded his political passions, endeavoured to alarm the nation, by a pamphlet called The Plebeian. To this an answer was published by Addison, under the title of The Old Whig, in which it is not discovered that Steele was then known to be the advocate for the commons. Steele replied by a second Plebeian; and, whether by ignorance or by courtesy, confined himself to his question, without any personal notice of his opponent. Nothing hitherto was committed against the laws of friendship, or propri-

ties of decency; but controvertists cannot long retain their kindness for each other. The Old Whig answered the Plebeian, and could not forbear some contempt of "little Dicky, whose trade it was to write pamphlets." Dicky, however, did not lose his settled veneration for his friend; but contented himself with quoting some lines of Cato, which were at once detection and reproof. The bill was laid aside during that session; and Addison died before the next, in which its commitment was rejected by two hundred and sixty-five to one hundred and seventy-seven.

Every reader surely must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years past in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition. Such a controversy was bellum plusquam civile, as Lucan expresses it. Why could not faction find other advocates? but among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship.

Of this dispute I have little knowledge but from the Biographia Britannica. The Old Whig is not inserted in Addison's works; nor is it mentioned by Tickell in his life; why it was omitted, the biographers doubtless give the true reason; the fact was too recent, and those who had been heated in the contention were not yet cool.

The necessity of complying with times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records; but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. What is known can seldom be immediately told; and when it might be told, it is no longer known. The delicate features of the mind, the nice discriminations of character, and the minute peculiarities of conduct, are soon obliterated; and it is surely better that caprice, obstinacy, frolic, and folly, however they might delight in the description, should be silently forgotten, than that, by wanton merriment and unseasonable detection, a pang should be given to a widow, a daughter, a brother, or a friend. As the process of these narratives is now bringing me among my contemporaries, I begin to feel myself walking upon ashes under which the "fire is not extinguished," and coming to the time of which it will be proper rather to say "nothing that is false, than all that is true."

The end of this useful life was now approaching.—Addison had for some time been oppressed by shortness of breath, which was now aggravated by a dropsy; and, finding his danger pressing, he prepared to die conformably to his own precepts and professions.

During this lingering decay, he sent, as Pope relates[20], a message by the earl of Warwick to Mr. Gay, desiring to see him. Gay, who had not visited him for some time before, obeyed the summons, and found himself received with great kindness. The purpose for which the interview had been soli-

[20] Spence.

cited was then discovered. Addison told him, that he had injured him; but that, if he recovered, he would recompense him. What the injury was he did not explain; nor did Gay ever know, but supposed that some preferment designed for him had, by Addison's intervention, been withheld.

Lord Warwick was a young man of very irregular life, and perhaps of loose opinions. Addison, for whom he did not want respect, had very diligently endeavoured to reclaim him; but his arguments and expostulations had no effect. One experiment, however, remained to be tried: when he found his life near its end, he directed the young lord to be called; and when he desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunctions, told him, "I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die." What effect this awful scene had on the earl, I know not: he likewise died himself in a short time.

In Tickell's excellent Elegy on his friend are these lines:

> He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
> The price of knowledge, taught us how to die—

in which he alludes, as he told Dr. Young, to this moving interview.

Having given directions to Mr. Tickell for the publication of his works, and dedicated them on his death-bed to his friend Mr. Craggs, he died June 17, 1719, at Holland-house, leaving no child but a daughter[21].

Of his virtue it is a sufficient testimony, that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime. He was not one of those who are praised only after death; for his merit was so generally acknowledged, that Swift having observed that his election passed without a contest, adds, that, if he proposed himself for king, he would hardly have been refused.

His zeal for his party did not extinguish his kindness for the merit of his opponents: when he was secretary in Ireland, he refused to intermit his acquaintance with Swift.

Of his habits, or external manners, nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or sullen taciturnity, which his friends called modesty by too mild a name. Steele mentions with great tenderness "that remarkable bashfulness, which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit;" and tells us, "that his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed." Chesterfield affirms, that "Addison was the most timorous and awkward man that he ever saw." And Addison, speaking of his own deficience in conversation, used to say of himself, "that, with respect to intellectual wealth, he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket."

That he wanted current coin for ready payment, and by that want was often obstructed and distressed; that he was often oppressed by an improper and ungraceful timidity; every testimony concurs to prove: but Chesterfield's representation is doubtless hyperbolical. That man cannot be sup-

[21] Who died at Bilton, in Warwickshire, at a very advanced age, in 1797. See Gent. Mag. vol. LXVII. p. 256, 885. *N.*

posed very unexpert in the arts of conversation and practice of life, who, without fortune or alliance, by his usefulness and dexterity, became secretary of state; and who died at forty-seven, after having not only stood long in the highest rank of wit and literature, but filled one of the most important offices of state.

The time in which he lived had reason to lament his obstinacy of silence; "for he was," says Steele, "above all men in that talent called humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed." This is the fondness of a friend; let us hear what is told us by a rival: "Addison's conversation[22]," says Pope, "had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar: before strangers, or, perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence."

This modesty was by no means inconsistent with a very high opinion of his own merit. He demanded to be the first name in modern wit; and with Steele to echo him, used to depreciate Dryden, whom Pope and Congreve defended against them[23]. There is no reason to doubt that he suffered too much pain from the prevalence of Pope's poetical reputation; nor is it without strong reason suspected, that by some disingenuous acts he endeavoured to obstruct it; Pope was not the only man whom he insidiously injured, though the only man of whom he could be afraid.

His own powers were such as might have satisfied him with conscious excellence. Of very extensive learning he has indeed given no proofs. He seems to have had small acquaintance with the sciences, and to have read little except Latin and French; but of the Latin poets his Dialogues on Medals show that he had perused the works with great diligence and skill. The abundance of his own mind left him little in need of adventitious sentiments; his wit always could suggest what the occasion demanded. He had read with critical eyes the important volume of human life, and knew the heart of man from the depths of stratagem to the surface of affectation.

What he knew he could easily communicate. "This," says Steele, "was particular in this writer, that when he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about a room, and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated."

Pope[24], who can be less suspected of favouring his memory, declares that he wrote very fluently, but was slow and scrupulous in correcting; that many of his Spectators were written very fast, and sent immediately to the press; and that it seemed to be for his advantage not to have time for much revisal.

[22] Spence. [23] Tonson and Spence. [24] Spence.

"He would alter," says Pope, "any thing to please his friends, before publication; but would not retouch his pieces afterwards; and I believe not one word in Cato, to which I made an objection, was suffered to stand."

The last line of Cato is Pope's, having been originally written

And oh! 'twas this that ended Cato's life.

Pope might have made more objections to the six concluding lines. In the first couplet the words "from hence" are improper; and the second line is taken from Dryden's Virgil. Of the next couplet, the first verse, being included in the second, is therefore useless; and in the third Discord is made to produce Strife.

Of the course of Addison's familiar day[25], before his marriage, Pope has given a detail. He had in the house with him Budgell, and perhaps Philips. His chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and colonel Brett. With one or other of these he always breakfasted. He studied all morning; then dined at a tavern; and went afterwards to Button's.

Button had been a servant in the countess of Warwick's family, who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russel-street, about two doors from Covent-garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said, when Addison had suffered any vexation from the countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.

From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late, and drank too much wine. In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to set loose his powers of conversation; and who, that ever asked succours from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?

Among those friends it was that Addison displayed the elegance of his colloquial accomplishments, which may easily be supposed such as Pope represents them. The remark of Mandeville, who, when he had passed an evening in his company, declared that he was a parson in a tye-wig, can detract little from his character; he was always reserved to strangers, and was not incited to uncommon freedom by a character like that of Mandeville.

From any minute knowledge of his familiar manners, the intervention of sixty years has now debarred us. Steele once promised Congreve and the public a complete description of his character; but the promises of authors are like the vows of lovers. Steele thought no more on his design, or thought on it with anxiety that at last disgusted him, and left his friend in the hands of Tickell.

One slight lineament of his character Swift has preserved. It was his practice when he found any man invincibly wrong, to flatter his opinions by ac-

[25] Spence.

quiescence, and sink him yet deeper in absurdity. This artifice of mischief was admired by Stella; and Swift seems to approve her admiration.

His works will supply some information. It appears, from his various pictures of the world, that with all his bashfulness, he had conversed with many distinct classes of men, had surveyed their ways with very diligent observation, and marked with great acuteness the effects of different modes of life. He was a man in whose presence nothing reprehensible was out of danger; quick in discerning whatever was wrong or ridiculous, and not unwilling to expose it. "There are," says Steele, "in his writings many oblique strokes upon some of the wittiest men of the age." His delight was more to excite merriment than detestation; and he detects follies rather than crimes.

If any judgment be made, from his books, of his moral character, nothing will be found but purity and excellence. Knowledge of mankind, indeed, less extensive than that of Addison, will show, that to write, and to live, are very different. Many who praise virtue, do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies: of those, with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem, but the kindness; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence.

It is justly observed by Tickell, that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." No greater felicity can genius attain, than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having turned many to righteousness.

Addison, in his life, and for some time afterwards, was considered by a great part of readers as supremely excelling both in poetry and criticism. Part of his reputation may be probably ascribed to the advancement of his fortune; when, as Swift observes, he became a statesman, and saw poets waiting at his levee, it was no wonder that praise was accumulated upon him. Much likewise may be more honourably ascribed to his personal character: he who, if he had claimed it, might have obtained the diadem, was not likely to be denied the laurel.

But time quickly puts an end to artificial and accidental fame; and Addison is to pass through futurity protected only by his genius. Every name

which kindness or interest once raised too high is in danger, lest the next age should, by the vengeance of criticism, sink it in the same proportion. A great writer has lately styled him "an indifferent poet, and a worse critic."

His poetry is first to be considered; of which it must be confessed that it has not often those felicities of diction which give lustre to sentiments, or that vigour of sentiment that animates diction: there is little of ardour, vehemence, or transport; there is very rarely the awfulness of grandeur, and not very often the splendour of elegance. He thinks justly; but he thinks faintly. This is his general character; to which, doubtless, many single passages will furnish exception.

Yet, if he seldom reaches supreme excellence, he rarely sinks into dulness, and is still more rarely entangled in absurdity. He did not trust his powers enough to be negligent. There is in most of his compositions a calmness and equability, deliberate and cautious, sometimes with little that delights, but seldom with any thing that offends.

Of this kind seem to be his poems to Dryden, to Somers, and to the king. His ode on St. Cecilia has been imitated by Pope, and has something in it of Dryden's vigour. Of his account of the English Poets, he used to speak as a "poor thing;" but it is not worse than his usual strain. He has said, not very judiciously, in his character of Waller,

> Thy verse could show e'en Cromwell's innocence;
> And compliment the storms that bore him hence.
> O! had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
> But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
> How had his triumph glitter'd in thy page!

What is this but to say, that he who could compliment Cromwell had been the proper poet for king William? Addison, however, never printed the piece.

The Letter from Italy has been always praised, but has never been praised beyond its merit. It is more correct, with less appearance of labour, and more elegant, with less ambition of ornament, than any other of his poems. There is, however, one broken metaphor, of which notice may properly be taken:

> Fir'd with that name—
> I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
> That longs to lanch into a nobler strain.

To bridle a goddess is no very delicate idea; but why must she be bridled? because she longs to lanch; an act which was never hindered by a bridle: and whither will she lanch? into a nobler strain. She is in the first line a horse, in the second a boat; and the care of the poet is to keep his horse or his boat from singing.

The next composition is the far-famed Campaign, which Dr. Warton has termed a "Gazette in Rhyme," with harshness not often used by the good-nature of his criticism. Before a censure so severe is admitted, let us consider

that war is a frequent subject of poetry, and then inquire who has described it with more justness and force. Many of our own writers tried their powers upon this year of victory: yet Addison's is confessedly the best performance; his poem is the work of a man not blinded by the dust of learning; his images are not borrowed merely from books. The superiority which he confers upon his hero is not personal prowess, and "mighty bone," but deliberate intrepidity, a calm command of his passions, and the power of consulting his own mind in the midst of danger. The rejection and contempt of fiction is rational and manly.

It may be observed that the last line is imitated by Pope:

> Marlb'rough's exploits appear divinely bright—
> Rais'd of themselves their genuine charms they boast,
> And those that paint them truest, praise them most.

This Pope had in his thoughts; but not knowing how to use what was not his own, he spoiled the thought when he had borrowed it;

> The well-sung woes shall sooth my pensive ghost;
> He best can paint[27] them who shall feel them most.

Martial exploits may be painted; perhaps woes may be painted; but they are surely not painted by being well-sung: it is not easy to paint in song, or to sing in colours.

No passage in the Campaign has been more often mentioned than the simile of the angel, which is said in the Tatler to be "one of the noblest thoughts that ever entered into the heart of man," and is therefore worthy of attentive consideration. Let it be first inquired whether it be a simile. A poetical simile is the discovery of likeness between two actions, in their general nature dissimilar, or of causes terminating by different operations in some resemblance of effect. But the mention of another like consequence from a like cause, or of a like performance by a like agency, is not a simile, but an exemplification. It is not a simile to say that the Thames waters fields, as the Po waters fields; or that as Hecla vomits flames in Iceland, so Ætna vomits flames in Sicily. When Horace says of Pindar, that he pours his violence and rapidity of verse, as a river swoln with rain rushes from the mountain; or of himself, that his genius wanders in quest of poetical decorations, as the bee wanders to collect honey; he, in either case, produces a simile; the mind is impressed with the resemblance of things generally unlike, as unlike as intellect and body. But if Pindar had been described as writing with the copiousness and grandeur of Homer, or Horace had told that he reviewed and finished his own poetry with the same care as Isocrates polished his orations, instead of similitude, he would have exhibited almost identity; he would have given the same portraits with different names. In the poem now examined, when the English are represented as gaining a fortified pass, by repetition of attack, and perseverance of resolution; their obstinacy of courage and vigour of onset is well

[27] "Paint means" (says Dr. Warton) "express or describe them." C.

illustrated by the sea that breaks, with incessant battery, the dikes of Holland. This is a simile: but when Addison, having celebrated the beauty of Marlborough's person, tells us, that "Achilles thus was formed with every grace," here is no simile, but a mere exemplification. A simile may be compared to lines converging at a point, and is more excellent as the lines approach from greater distance: an exemplification may be considered as two parallel lines, which run on together without approximation, never far separated, and never joined.

Marlborough is so like the angel in the poem, that the action of both is almost the same, and performed by both in the same manner. Marlborough "teaches the battle to rage;" the angel "directs the storm:" Marlborough is "unmoved in peaceful thought;" the angel is "calm and serene:" Marlborough stands "unmoved amidst the shock of hosts;" the angel rides "calm in the whirlwind." The lines on Marlborough are just and noble; but the simile gives almost the same images a second time.

But perhaps this thought, though hardly a simile, was remote from vulgar conceptions, and required great labour of research, or dexterity of application. Of this Dr. Madden, a name which Ireland ought to honour, once gave me his opinion. "If I had set," said he, "ten school-boys to write on the battle of Blenheim, and eight had brought me the angel, I should not have been surprised."

The opera of Rosamond, though it is seldom mentioned, is one of the first of Addison's compositions. The subject is well chosen, the fiction is pleasing, and the praise of Marlborough, for which the scene gives an opportunity, is, what perhaps every human excellence must be, the product of good-luck, improved by genius. The thoughts are sometimes great, and sometimes tender; the versification is easy and gay. There is doubtless some advantage in the shortness of the lines, which there is little temptation to load with expletive epithets. The dialogue seems, commonly, better than the songs. The two comic characters of sir Trusty and Grideline, though of no great value, are yet such as the poet intended[28]. Sir Trusty's account of the death of Rosamond is, I think, too grossly absurd. The whole drama is airy and elegant; engaging in its process, and pleasing in its conclusion. If Addison had cultivated the lighter parts of poetry, he would probably have excelled.

The tragedy of Cato, which, contrary to the rule observed in selecting the works of other poets, has by the weight of its character forced its way into the late collection, is unquestionably the noblest production of Addison's genius. Of a work so much read, it is difficult to say any thing new. About things on which the public thinks long, it commonly attains to think right; and of Cato it has been not unjustly determined, that it is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama, rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life. Nothing here "excites or assuages

[28] But, according to Dr. Warton, "ought not to have intended." C.

emotion:" here is "no magical power of raising phantastic terrour or wild anxiety." The events are expected without solicitude, and are remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care; we consider not what they are doing, or what they are suffering; we wish only to know what they have to say. Cato is a being above our solicitude; a man of whom the gods take care, and whom we leave to their care with heedless confidence. To the rest neither gods nor men can have much attention; for there is not one amongst them that strongly attracts either affection or esteem. But they are made the vehicles of such sentiments and such expression, that there is scarcely a scene in the play which the reader does not wish to impress upon his memory.

When Cato was shown to Pope[a], he advised the author to print it, without any theatrical exhibition; supposing that it would be read more favourably than heard. Addison declared himself of the same opinion; but urged the importunity of his friends for its appearance on the stage. The emulation of parties made it successful beyond expectation; and its success has introduced or confirmed among us the use of dialogue too declamatory, of unaffecting elegance, and chill philosophy.

The universality of applause, however it might quell the censure of common mortals, had no other effect than to harden Dennis in fixed dislike; but his dislike was not merely capricious. He found and showed many faults; he showed them indeed with anger, but he found them with acuteness, such as ought to rescue his criticism from oblivion; though, at last, it will have no other life than it derives from the work which it endeavours to oppress.

Why he pays no regard to the opinion of the audience, he gives his reason by remarking, that,

"A deference is to be paid to a general applause, when it appears that the applause is natural and spontaneous; but that little regard is to be had to it, when it is affected and artificial. Of all the tragedies which in his memory have had vast and violent runs, not one has been excellent, few have been tolerable, most have been scandalous. When a poet writes a tragedy, who knows he has judgment, and who feels he has genius, that poet presumes upon his own merit, and scorns to make a cabal. That people come coolly to the representation of such a tragedy, without any violent expectation, or delusive imagination, or invincible prepossession; that such an audience is liable to receive the impressions which the poem shall naturally make on them, and to judge by their own reason, and their own judgments, and that reason and judgment are calm and serene, not formed by nature to make proselytes, and to controul and lord it over the imaginations of others. But that when an author writes a tragedy, who knows he has neither genius nor judgment, he has recourse to the making a party, and he endeavours to make up in industry what is wanting in talent, and to supply by poetical craft the absence of

[a] Spence.

poetical art: that such an author is humbly contented to raise men's passions by a plot without doors, since he despairs of doing it by that which he brings upon the stage. That party and passion, and prepossession, are clamorous and tumultuous things, and so much the more clamorous and tumultuous by how much the more erroneous: that they domineer and tyrannise over the imaginations of persons who want judgment, and sometimes too of those who have it; and, like a fierce and outrageous torrent, bear down all opposition before them."

He then condemns the neglect of poetical justice; which is always one of his favourite principles.

"'Tis certainly the duty of every tragic poet, by the exact distribution of poetical justice, to imitate the divine dispensation, and to inculcate a particular providence. 'Tis true, indeed, upon the stage of the world, the wicked sometimes prosper, and the guiltless suffer. But that is permitted by the governor of the world, to show, from the attribute of his infinite justice, that there is a compensation in futurity, to prove the immortality of the human soul, and the certainty of future rewards and punishments. But the poetical persons in tragedy exist no longer than the reading or the representation; the whole extent of their enmity is circumscribed by those; and therefore, during that reading or representation, according to their merits or demerits, they must be punished or rewarded. If this is not done, there is no impartial distribution of poetical justice, no instructive lecture of a particular providence, and no imitation of the divine dispensation. And yet the author of this tragedy does not only run counter to this, in the fate of his principal character; but every where, throughout it, makes virtue suffer, and vice triumph: for not only Cato is vanquished by Cæsar, but the treachery and perfidiousness of Syphax prevail over the honest simplicity and the credulity of Juba; and the sly subtlety and dissimulation of Portius over the generous frankness and open-heartedness of Marcus."

Whatever pleasure there may be in seeing crimes punished and virtue rewarded, yet, since wickedness often prospers in real life, the poet is certainly at liberty to give it prosperity on the stage. For if poetry has an imitation of reality, how are its laws broken by exhibiting the world in its true form? The stage may sometimes gratify our wishes; but, if it be truly "the mirror of life," it ought to show us sometimes what we are to expect.

Dennis objects to the characters, that they are not natural, or reasonable; but as heroes and heroines are not beings that are seen every day, it is hard to find upon what principles their conduct shall be tried. It is, however, not useless to consider what he says of the manner in which Cato receives the account of his son's death.

"Nor is the grief of Cato, in the fourth act, one jot more in nature than that of his son and Lucia in the third. Cato receives the news of his son's death not only with dry eyes, but with a sort of satisfaction; and in the same page sheds tears for the calamity of his country, and does the same thing in the

next page upon the bare apprehension of the danger of his friends. Now, since the love of one's country is the love of one's countrymen, as I have shown upon another occasion, I desire to ask these questions: Of all our countrymen, which do we love most, those whom we know, or those whom we know not? And of those whom we know, which do we cherish most, our friends or our enemies? And of our friends, which are the dearest to us, those who are related to us, or those who are not? And of all our relations, for which have we most tenderness, for those who are near to us, or for those who are remote? And of our near relations, which are the nearest, and consequently the dearest to us, our offspring or others? Our offspring most certainly; as Nature, or in other words, Providence, has wisely contrived for the preservation of mankind. Now, does it not follow, from what has been said, that for a man to receive the news of his son's death with dry eyes, and to weep at the same time for the calamities of his country, is a wretched affectation, and a miserable inconsistency? Is not that, in plain English, to receive with dry eyes the news of the deaths of those for whose sake our country is a name so dear to us, and at the same time to shed tears for those for whose sakes our country is not a name so dear to us?"

But this formidable assailant is less resistible when he attacks the probability of the action, and the reasonableness of the plan. Every critical reader must remark, that Addison has, with a scrupulosity almost unexampled on the English stage, confined himself in time to a single day, and in place to rigorous unity. The scene never changes, and the whole action of the play passes in the great hall of Cato's house at Utica. Much therefore is done in the hall, for which any other place would be more fit; and this impropriety affords Dennis many hints of merriment, and opportunities of triumph. The passage is long; but as such disquisitions are not common, and the objections are skilfully formed and vigorously urged, those who delight in critical controversy will not think it tedious.

"Upon the departure of Portius, Sempronius makes but one soliloquy, and immediately in comes Syphax, and then the two politicians are at it immediately. They lay their heads together, with their snuff-boxes in their hands, as Mr. Bays has it, and feague it away. But in the midst of that wise scene, Syphax seems to give a seasonable caution to Sempronius:

> "*Syph.* But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
> Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
> Cato has piercing eyes.

"There is a great deal of caution shown indeed, in meeting in a governor's own hall to carry on their plot against him. Whatever opinion they have of his eyes, I suppose they have none of his ears, or they would never have talked at this foolish rate so near:

> "Gods! thou must be cautious.

Oh! yes, very cautious: for if Cato should overhear you, and turn you off for politicians, Cæsar would never take you; no, Cæsar would never take you.

"When Cato, Act II. turns the senators out of the hall, upon pretence of acquainting Juba with the result of their debates, he appears to me to do a thing which is neither reasonable nor civil. Juba might certainly have better been made acquainted with the result of that debate in some private apartment of the palace. But the poet was driven upon this absurdity to make way for another; and that is, to give Juba an opportunity to demand Marcia of her father. But the quarrel and rage of Juba and Syphax in the same act; the invectives of Syphax against the Romans and Cato; the advice that he gives Juba, in her father's hall, to bear away Marcia by force; and his brutal and clamorous rage upon his refusal, and at a time when Cato was scarcely out of sight, and perhaps not out of hearing, at least some of his guards or domestics must necessarily be supposed to be within hearing; is a thing that is so far from being probable, that it is hardly possible.

"Sempronius, in the second act, comes back once more in the same morning to the governor's hall, to carry on the conspiracy with Syphax against the governor, his country, and his family; which is so stupid that it is below the wisdom of the O—s, the Macs and the Teagues; even Eustace Commins himself would never have gone to Justice-hall, to have conspired against the government. If officers at Portsmouth should lay their heads together, in order to the carying off J—G—'s[30] niece or daughter, would they meet in J—G—'s hall, to carry on that conspiracy? There would be no necessity for their meeting there, at least till they came to the execution of their plot, because there would be other places to meet in. There would be no probability that they should meet there, because there would be places more private and more commodious. Now there ought to be nothing in a tragical action but what is necessary or probable.

"But treason is not the only thing that is carried on in this hall; that, and love, and philosophy, take their turns in it, without any manner of necessity or probability occasioned by the action, as duly and as regularly, without interrupting one another, as if there were a triple league between them, and a mutual agreement that each should give place to, and make way for, the other, in a due and orderly succession.

"We now come to the third act. Sempronius, in this act, comes into the governor's hall, with the leaders of the mutiny: but, as soon as Cato is gone, Sempronius, who but just before had acted like an unparalleled knave, discovers himself, like an egregious fool, to be an accomplice in the conspiracy.

[30] The person meant by the initials J. G. is sir John Gibson, lieutenant governor of Portsmouth in the year 1710, and afterwards. He was much beloved in the army, and by the common soldiers called *Johnny Gibson*. *H.*

"*Semp.* Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They 're thrown neglected by; but, if it fails,
They 're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death—

"Tis true, indeed, the second leader says, there are none there but friends; but is that possible at such a juncture? Can a parcel of rogues attempt to assassinate the governor of a town of war, in his own house, in mid-day? and, after they are discovered, and defeated, can there be none near them but friends? Is it not plain, from these words of Sempronius,

"Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death—

and from the entrance of the guards upon the word of command, that those guards were within ear-shot? Behold Sempronius then palpably discovered. How comes it to pass, then, that instead of being hanged up with the rest, he remains secure in the governor's hall, and there carries on his conspiracy against the government, the third time in the same day, with his old comrade Syphax, who enters at the same time that the guards are carrying away the leaders, big with the news of the defeat of Sempronius; though where he had his intelligence so soon is difficult to imagine? And now the reader may expect a very extraordinary scene; there is not abundance of spirit indeed, nor a great deal of passion, but there is wisdom more than enough to supply all defects.

"*Syph.* Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted, their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the winds, and long to scour the desert.
Let but Sempronius lead us in our flight,
We 'll force the gate, where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage;
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.
"*Semp.* Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose;
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind.

"Well! but though he tells us the half purpose he has failed of, he does not tell us the half that he has carried. But what does he mean by

"Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind?

"He is now in her own house! and we have neither seen her nor heard of her, any where else since the play began. But now let us hear Syphax:

"What hinders then, but that you find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

"But what does old Syphax mean by finding her out? They talk as if she were as hard to be found as a hare in a frosty morning.

"*Semp.* But how to gain admission!

"Oh! she is found out then, it seems.

"But how to gain admission! for access
Is giv'n to none, but Juba and her brothers.

"But, raillery apart, why access to Juba! For he was owned and received as a lover neither by the father nor by the daughter. Well! but let that pass. Syphax puts Sempronius out of pain immediately; and, being a Numidian, abounding in wiles, supplies him with a stratagem for admission, that, I believe, is a non-pareille.

"*Syph.* Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards;
The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before them.

"Sempronius is, it seems, to pass for Juba in full day at Cato's house, where they were both so very well known, by having Juba's dress and his guards; as if one of the marshals of France could pass for the duke of Bavaria at noon-day, at Versailles, by having his dress and liveries. But how does Syphax pretend to help Sempronius to young Juba's dress? Does he serve him in a double capacity, as a general and master of his wardrobe? But why Juba's guards? For the devil of any guards has Juba appeared with yet. Well! though this is a mighty politic invention, yet, methinks, they might have done without it; for since the advice that Syphax gave to Sempronius was,

"To hurry her away by manly force,

in my opinion, the shortest and likeliest way of coming at the lady was by demolishing, instead of putting on an impertinent disguise to circumvent two or three slaves. But Sempronius, it seems, is of another opinion. He extols to the skies the invention of old Syphax:

"*Semp.* Heavens! what a thought was there!

"Now, I appeal to the reader, if I have not been as good as my word. Did I not tell him, that I would lay before him a very wise scene?

"But now let us lay before the reader that part of the scenery of the fourth act, which may show the absurdities which the author has run into, through the indiscreet observance of the unity of place. I do not remember that Aristotle has said any thing expressly concerning the unity of place. 'Tis true, implicitly he has said enough in the rules which he has laid down for the chorus. For, by making the chorus an essential part of tragedy, and by bringing it on the stage immediately after the opening of the scene, and retaining it till the very catastrophe, he has so determined and fixed the place of action, that it was impossible for an author on the Grecian stage to break through that unity. I am of opinion, that if a modern tragic poet can preserve the unity of place without destroying the probability of the incidents, 'tis always best for him to do it; because, by the preserving of that unity, as we have taken notice above, he adds grace, and clearness, and comeliness, to the representation. But since there are no express rules about it, and we are under no compulsion to keep it, since we have no chorus as the Grecian

poet had; if it cannot be preserved, without rendering the greater part of the incidents unreasonable and absurd, and perhaps sometimes monstrous, 'tis certainly better to break it.

"Now comes bully Sempronius, comically accoutred and equipped with his Numidian dress and his Numidian guards. Let the reader attend to him with all his ears; for the words of the wise are precious:

"*Semp.* The deer is lodg'd, I 've track'd her to her covert.

"Now I would fain know why this deer is said to be lodged, since we have not heard one word, since the play began, of her being at all out of harbour: and if we consider the discourse with which she and Lucia begin the act, we have reason to believe that they had hardly been talking of such matters in the street. However, to pleasure Sempronius, let us suppose, for once, that the deer is lodged.

"The deer is lodg'd, I 've track'd her to her covert.

"If he had seen her in the open field, what occasion had he to track her, when he had so many Numidian dogs at his heels, which, with one halloo, he might have set upon her haunches? If he did not see her in the open field, how could he possibly track her? If he had seen her in the street, why did he not set upon her in the street, since through the street she must be carried at last? Now here, instead of having his thoughts upon his business, and upon the present danger; instead of meditating and contriving how he shall pass with his mistress through the southern gate, where her brother Marcus is upon the guard, and where he would certainly prove an impediment to him, which is the Roman word for the *baggage;* instead of doing this Sempronius is entertaining himself with whimsies:

"*Sem.* How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If ought could glad my soul,
Beyond th', enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young, gay Barbarian.
But hark! what noise? Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! There is but one way left!
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards.

"Pray, what are 'those his guards?' I thought at present, that Juba's guards had been Sempronius's tools, and had been dangling after his heels.

"But now let us sum up all these absurdities together. Sempronius goes at noon-day, in Juba's clothes, and with Juba's guards, to Cato's palace, in order to pass for Juba, in a place where they were both so very well known: he meets Juba there, and resolves to murder him with his own guards. Upon the guards appearing a little bashful, he threatens them:

"Hah: Dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men; or, by yon azure Heav'n!

"But the guards still remaining restive, Sempronius himself attacks Juba, while each of the guards is representing Mr. Spectator's sign of the Gaper,

awed it seems, and terrified by Sempronius's threats. Juba kills Sempronius, and takes his own army prisoners, and carries them in triumph away to Cato. Now I would fain know, if any part of Mr. Bayes's tragedy is so full of absurdity as this?

"Upon hearing the clash of swords, Lucia and Marcia come in. The question is, why no men come in upon hearing the noise of swords in the governor's hall? Where was the governor himself? Where were his guards? Where were his servants? Such an attempt as this, so near the person of a governor of a place of war, was enough to alarm the whole garrison: and yet, for almost half an hour after Sempronius was killed, we find none of those appear, who were the likeliest in the world to be alarmed; and the noise of swords is made to draw only two poor women thither, who were most certain to run away from it. Upon Lucia and Marcia's coming in, Lucia appears in all the symptoms of an hysterical gentlewoman:

> "*Luc.* Sure 'twas the clash of swords! my troubled heart
> Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
> It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound!

"And immediately her old whimsey returns upon her:

> "O Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake—
> I die away with horrour at the thought.

"She fancies that there can be no cutting of throats, but it must be for her. If this is tragical, I would fain know what is comical. Well! upon this they spy the body of Sempronius; and Marcia, deluded by the habit, it seems, takes him for Juba; for, says she,

> "The face is muffled up within the garment.

"Now, how a man could fight, and fall with his face muffled up in his garment, is, I think, a little hard to conceive! Besides, Juba, before he killed him, knew him to be Sempronius. It was not by his garment that he knew this; it was by his face then: his face therefore was not muffled. Upon seeing this man with his muffled face, Marcia falls a-raving; and, owning her passion for the supposed defunct, begins to make his funeral oration. Upon which Juba enters listening, I suppose on tip-toe; for I cannot imagine how any one can enter listening in any other posture. I would fain know how it comes to pass, that during all this time he had sent nobody, no, not so much as a candle-snuffer, to take away the dead body of Sempronius. Well! but let us regard him listening. Having left his apprehension behind him, he, at first, applies what Marcia says to Sempronius. But finding at last, with much ado, that he himself is the happy man, he quits his eve-dropping, and discovers himself just time enough to prevent his being cuckolded by a dead man, of whom the moment before he had appeared so jealous; and greedily intercepts the bliss which was fondly designed for one who could not be the better for it. But here I must ask a question: how comes Juba to listen here, who had not listened before throughout the play. Or how comes he to be the only person of this tragedy who listens, when love and treason were so often talked

in so public a place as a hall? I am afraid the author was driven upon all these absurdities only to introduce this miserable mistake of Marcia, which, after all, is much below the dignity of tragedy, as any thing is which is the effect or result of trick.

"But let us come to the scenery of the fifth act. Cato appears first upon the scene, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, a drawn sword on the table by him. Now let us consider the place in which this sight is presented to us. The place, forsooth, is a long hall. Let us suppose, that any one should place himself in this posture, in the midst of one of our halls in London; that he should appear solus, in a sullen posture, a drawn sword on the table by him; in his hand Plato's treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, translated lately by Bernard Lintot: I desire the reader to consider, whether such a person as this would pass, with them who beheld him, for a great patriot, a great philosopher, or a general, or some whimsical person, who fancied himself all these? and whether the people, who belonged to the family, would think that such a person had a design upon their midriffs or his own?

"In short, that Cato should sit long enough in the aforesaid posture, in the midst of this large hall, to read over Plato's treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, which is a lecture of two long hours; that he should propose to himself to be private there upon that occasion; that he should be angry with his son for intruding there; then, that he should leave this hall upon the pretence of sleep, give himself the mortal wound in his bedchamber, and then be brought back into that hall to expire, purely to show his good-breeding, and save his friends the trouble of coming up to his bedchamber; all this appears to me to be improbable, incredible, impossible."

Such is the censure of Dennis. There is, as Dryden expresses it, perhaps "too much horseplay in his raillery;" but if his jests are coarse, his arguments are strong. Yet, as we love better to be pleased than be taught, Cato is read, and the critic is neglected.

Flushed with consciousness of these detections of absurdity in the conduct, he afterwards attacked the sentiments of Cato; but he then amused himself with petty cavils and minute objections.

Of Addison's smaller poems, no particular mention is necessary; they have little that can employ or require a critic. The parallel of the princes and gods, in his verses to Kneller, is often happy, but is too well known to be quoted.

His translations, so far as I have compared them, want the exactness of a scholar. That he understood his authors cannot be doubted; but his versions will not teach others to understand them, being too licentiously paraphrastical. They are, however, for the most part smooth and easy; and, what is the first excellence of a translator, such as may be read with pleasure by those who do not know the originals.

His poetry is polished and pure; the product of a mind too judicious to commit faults, but not sufficiently vigorous to attain excellence. He has

sometimes a striking line, or a shining paragraph; but in the whole he is warm rather than fervid, and shows more dexterity than strength. He was however one of our earliest examples of correctness.

The versification which he had learned from Dryden he debased rather than refined. His rhymes are often dissonant; in his Georgic he admits broken lines. He uses both triplets and Alexandrines, but triplets more frequently in his translations than his other works. The mere structure of verses seems never to have engaged much of his care. But his lines are very smooth in Rosamond, and too smooth in Cato.

Addison is now to be considered as a critic; a name which the present generation is scarcely willing to allow him. His criticism is condemned as tentative or experimental, rather than scientific; and he is considered as deciding by taste[1] rather than by principles.

It is not uncommon, for those who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their masters. Addison is now despised by some who perhaps would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them. That he always wrote as he would think it necessary to write now, cannot be affirmed; his instructions were such as the characters of his readers made proper. That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk, was in his time rarely to be found. Men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance; and, in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured. His purpose was to infuse literary curiosity by gentle and unsuspected conveyance, into the gay, the idle, and the wealthy; he therefore presented knowledge in the most alluring form, not lofty and austere, but accessible and familiar. When he showed them their defects, he showed them likewise that they might be easily supplied. His attempt succeeded; inquiry was awakened, and comprehension expanded. An emulation of intellectual elegance was excited; and, from this time to our own, life has been gradually exalted, and conversation purified and enlarged.

Dryden had, not many years before, scattered criticism over his prefaces with very little parsimony; but though he sometimes condescended to be somewhat familiar, his manner was in general too scholastic for those who had yet their rudiments to learn, and found it not easy to understand their master. His observations were framed rather for those that were learning to write, than for those that read only to talk.

An instructor like Addison was now wanting, whose remarks being superficial might be easily understood, and being just might prepare the mind for more attainments. Had he presented Paradise Lost to the public with all the pomp of system and severity of science, the criticism would perhaps have been admired, and the poem still have been neglected; but by the blandishments of gentleness and facility he has made Milton an universal favourite, with whom readers of every class think it necessary to be pleased.

[1] Taste must decide. WARTON. C.

He descended now and then to lower disquisitions; and by a serious display of the beauties of Chevy-Chase exposed himself to the ridicule of Wagstaff, who bestowed a like pompous character on Tom Thumb; and to the contempt of Dennis, who, considering the fundamental position of his criticism, that Chevy-Chase pleases, and ought to please, because it is natural, observes, "that there is a way of deviating from nature, by bombast or tumour, which soars above nature, and enlarges images beyond their real bulk: by affectation, which forsakes nature in quest of something unsuitable; and by imbecility, which degrades nature by faintness and diminution, by obscuring its appearances, and weakening its effects." In Chevy-Chase there is not much of either bombast or affectation; but there is chill and lifeless imbecility. The story cannot possibly be told in a manner that shall make less impression on the mind.

Before the profound observers of the present race repose too securely on the consciousness of their superiority to Addison, let them consider his Remarks on Ovid, in which may be found specimens of criticism sufficiently subtle and refined: let them peruse likewise his Essays on Wit, and on the Pleasures of Imagination, in which he founds art on the base of nature, and draws the principles of invention from dispositions inherent in the mind of man with skill and elegance[2], such as his contemners will not easily attain.

As a describer of life and manners, he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humour, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never "outsteps the modesty of nature," nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious: he appears neither weakly credulous, nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision; sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy; and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not groveling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track

[2] Far, in Dr. Warton's opinion, beyond Dryden. C.

to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour.

It was apparently his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic[3]; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity: his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

[3] But, says Dr. Warton, he sometimes is so; and in another MS note he adds, often so. *C.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship; and, therefore, I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one [1], whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and, as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better, than that he may continue to deserve the favour and countenance of such a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity between us, which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept of my hearty wishes that the great reputation you have acquired so early may increase more and more: and that you may long serve your country with those excellent talents and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

dear sir,

your most entirely affectionate friend,

and faithful obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

June 4, 1719.

[1] Mr. Tickell.

POEMS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

HOW long, great poet, shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote, [thought:
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.
Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still out-shines the bright original.
Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow:
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling thro' the woods.
O may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age, nor sickness, interrupt thy song:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mold
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.
June 2, 1693.
The author's age 22.

A POEM TO HIS MAJESTY[1].

PRESENTED TO THE LORD KEEPER.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS, LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL, 1695.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
If yet your time and actions are your own;
Receive the present of a Muse unknown:
A Muse that in adventurous numbers, sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.
To you, my lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But, since the state has all your cares engross'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.
On you, my lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar,
When every dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auspicious prince; and let the Muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.

[1] King William.

Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My Muse expecting on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in every blow;
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice; [voice:
The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her
She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the shore;
She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her hero through the dusty plain,
When thro' the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.

O that some Muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse!
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day sweats, and midnight cares!
But still the god-like man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man
Who, driven by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the towering Muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or slaughtering mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's god-like acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age;
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.

The race of Nassau was by Heaven design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the Earth with laws,
And fight in every injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call;
And, as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again,
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namur's late terrours and destruction show,
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.

His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears:
Oppress religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming Muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terrour through the haughty east:
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore
With horrour hear the British engines roar;
Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous fleet, that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast;
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e'er the waves in restless errours roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the polar circles spread our sails:
Or, deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars:
Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the Sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has ras'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain and purple flood,
Thy arms have made; and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care.
Or, if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Nassau through the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side:
Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But, when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to every blow, and edge his sword.

Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Ask Villeroy, (for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd, and the treaty seal'd)
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole power of France stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where Berkeley stands,
And executes his injur'd king's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling towers;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round them where they break;
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills Heaven with ashes, and the Earth with smoke:
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly;
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.
Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wondering mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd, [stood.
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes
Here Russel's actions should my Muse require;
And, would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thundering in my verse;
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames disperst on every shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's god-like acts refuse,
Ormond the theme of every Oxford Muse?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,
Thro' all the noise and hurry of the fight,
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's loss more light.
But stop my Muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,
Maria's name still wounds each British ear:
Each British heart Maria still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty prince, desir'd of Britain, come!
May Heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement struck
Through Gallic hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thine eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's sound:
Well-pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
And steeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful blessings flow.

A TRANSLATION

OF ALL VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC, EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHEREAL sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays:
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.
First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive. [stores,
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their
To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass;
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.
Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills, run trickling through the grass;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.
Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind,
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With store of savory scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.
Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up, [drop:
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,

And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,
To smear the chinks, and plaster up the pores:
For this they hoard up glue, whose clingingdrops,
Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire:
Nor neighbouring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd———
When th' under-world is seiz'd with cold and night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees through woods and forests take their flight.
They rifle every flower, and lightly skim
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream:
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the wind, through distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackening from afar;
While shady coverts and fresh steams they choose,
Milfoil and common honey-suckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpet's harsh alarms,
Run thro' the hive, and call them to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shivering wings,
And fit their claws and point their angry stings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight;
At last, when all the Heavens are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute, and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.
But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.
The kings are different: one of better note,
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their kings;
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
The first are best———
From their o'erflowing combs, you 'll often press
Pure luscious sweets, that, mingling in the glass,
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour thro' the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb,
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
Clip their kings' wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flowery banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terrour, and the scare crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse them in the neighbouring soil.
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water them, and urge their shady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd show what art the gardener's toils require,
Why rosy pæstum blushes twice a year:
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a cheerful green does parsly grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted grass;
Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.
For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galesus drencht the washy soil,
An old Corycian yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;
But savory herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board:
The spring did first his opening roses blow,
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tenderest of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and lingering western breeze:
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the sappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his smiling orchard drest,
As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum,
And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.
But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;

Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurst kindly under ground.
Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only, make their young the public care;
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode.
Each provident of cold in summer flies
Thro' fields, and woods, to seek for new supplies,
And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste every bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, labouring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum;
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on its gluey base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar every flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the Heavens, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise.
By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt complete;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busy swarms their different labours share.
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion every part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows spoils.
On lavender and saffron-buds they feed,
On bending osiers, and the balmy reed:
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.
All work together, all together rest.
The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the ripening dew;
Again when evening warns them to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
Nor e range abroad when winds and storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And, lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of every blast,
They carry stones to poise them in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.
But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain.
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they choose out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.
But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Groveling beneath their flowery load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
Tho' seven short springs conclude their vital date,
Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race their children's children reign.
No prostrate vassal of the east can more
With slavish fear his mighty prince adore;
His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.
Some from such instances as these have taught,
"The bees extract is heavenly; for they thought
The universe alive; and that a soul,
Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
And ran thro' earth, and air, and sea, and all the deep of heaven;
That this first kindled life in man and beast,
Life that again flows into this at last.
That no compounded animal could die,
But when dissolv'd, the spirit mounted high,
Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky."
Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spirt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.
Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies:
And once when hastening from the watery sign
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.
The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound;
Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.
When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;

For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms,
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at the entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.
When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality),
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin,
Their funeral rights are form'd, and every bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dry'd roses, thyme, and centaury join,
And raisins ripened on the Psythian vine.
Besides there grows a flower in marshy ground,
Its name amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves;
The flower itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flower, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant, in holy garlands, often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watery mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.
But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.
For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.
First then a close contracted space of ground,
With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Thro' these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two years growth of horn be proudly shows;
And shakes the comely terrours of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on every side,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.
All this is done when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals:
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quivering wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer showers,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot them on the foes.
Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
While Cæsar, towering to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage and commenc'd a god:
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

A SONG,

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, AT OXFORD.

Cecilia, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest;
Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our prayers;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune every string and every tongue,
Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From every voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name thro' all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

For ever consecrate the day,
To music and Cecilia;
Music the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of Heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.

When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

Music religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs [prayers.
Give force to every word, and recommend our
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All Heaven shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL, APRIL 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse-possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses worth, though not my own.
Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barbarous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the sights,
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But, when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky way a shining white
O'erflows the Heavens with one continued light;
That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess:
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well-pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a
nobler flight. [lays
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
Blest man! who now shall be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.
But Milton next, with high and haughty stalk,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage;
Nor Earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upwards springs, and towering high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes Heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critics nicer laws.
How are you struck with terrour and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
Oh, had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.
But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise;
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire:
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.

Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flattering song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show e'en Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence.
Oh, had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horrour had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes e'en rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming e'en in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears:
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unbends
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.
I've done at length; and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my Muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and Muse, farewell.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

VIRG. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalis'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:

E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terrour and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb;
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that Heaven and Earth impart,
The smiles of Nature, and the charms of Art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the Sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our Heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrours cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her god-like sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I 've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

Lost in the gloomy horrour of the night,
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hovering in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones, and ruddy flame
Incenst, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.
'Tis said, that thunder-struck Enceladus
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the Sun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,

Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the Sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From Earth and Heaven; all nature stood disclos'd:
When looking on the neighbouring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.
He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpris'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: "By Heaven's eternal fires,
By every god that sits enthron'd on high,
By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
And bear me hence to any distant shore,
So I may shun this savage race accurst.
'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust;
For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."
He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet;
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity,
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.
"I'm one," says he, "of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man:
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dasht and broke them on the grundsil edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less mean while
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects:
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretcht at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd
With purple wine and crudded gore confus'd.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dextrously apply'd,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round jelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays:
Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race:
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains' tops,
Enormous in their gait; oft have heard
Their voice and tread; oft seen them as they past,
Sculking and scouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the Moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travel'd o'er in her obscure sojourn
The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
A wretched sustenance." As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way: around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing: to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean; while the topmast wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side: we stood
Amaz'd, be sure; a sudden horrour chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in every vein,
Till, using all the force of winds and oars,
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his outstretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But, finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.
Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-eyed brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly: we with eager haste
Work every one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.
So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1705.

——Rheni pacator et Istri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint. Liv. Hist. lib. 33.

While crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year:
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks im-
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd; [mur'd,
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair
His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in prayer.
To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy tyes:
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice;
By showers of blessings Heaven approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.
Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had Nature bid her fall
In distant climes far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues!
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.
Still to the rising Sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
The mid-night watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass),
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein:
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mountain spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unraveling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are past;
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;

Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
Threatening destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.
The western Sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what host of foes
Were never to behold that evening close!
Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war deface'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With showers of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.
How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last
But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlborough lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear,
To brave the thickest terrours of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.
At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by watery moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.
The few surviving foes disperst in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase), Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine.
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st the assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the power of France
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake:
The listening soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.
But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war;
Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.
The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horrour to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;

Though fens and floods possest the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.
But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise. [prov'd,
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horrour, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty household troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave:
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away, [glides,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild af-
Beholds the various havoc of the fight; [fright,
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly distrest! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.
With floods of gore, that from the vanquish'd
fell,
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes, and Augs-
burg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terrour of the victor's name
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In every thought the towering genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete?
Where the swoln Rhine rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And though the dog star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the Sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to incamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain [plain:
Of Marlborough's sword, and Hochstet's fatal
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How wept his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth by Marlborough's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all the thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.
The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terrour of his arms:
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack.
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
Like Heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
Make every subject glad, and a whole people blest.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them most.

COWLEY'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ADDISON.

From life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil discharg'd,
Here Cowley lies! beneath this shed,
To every worldly interest dead;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To fortune's goods a foe profest,
And hating wealth by all carest.
'Tis true he's dead; for oh! how small
A spot of earth is now his all:
Oh! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away;
Bring flowers; the short-liv'd roses bring,
To life deceas'd, fit offering:
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

POEMATA.

INAUGURATIO REGIS GULIELMI[1], 1689.

Tityrus.

Hic inter corylos, umbrosa cacumina, densas,
Nos cantare pares quoniam convenimus ambo,
Dicamus laudes heroum (ut, Mopse, solemus)
Tempora transibunt sic læta canentibus, & nunc
Dic age, quos nostro celebrari carmine sumes.
Mopsus. Tityre, nunc reddantur eis pia munera laudum,
Otia qui dederint nobis placidamque quietem;
Scilicet illorum resonent encomia sylvæ,
Qui dignabantur regni fulcire ruinas. [cicutæ;
T. Tanta haud conveniunt humili tenuique
Sed quoniam in magnis, dicunt, voluisse sat esse;
Ipse tuas, Gulielme, canam laudesque Mariæ;
Nam, quos junxit amor, nemo sejungere debet.
M. Tunc mihi Phœbe fave, Musæque favete canenti,
Ne culpa ingenii illorum minuantur honores.
T. Ast ego nec Phœbum curo, Phœbive sorores,
Carmina namque mihi cedit nunc lemma canenti.
M. Sint licet illustri proavorum stemmate clari,
Sunt magis ornati propriis virtutibus ambo.
T. Si rex est regit immanes qui pectoris æstus;
Tum quot regna tenet Gulielmus! quotque Maria!
M. Inclytus hic Mavors, sapiens hæc altera Pallas,
Vulnerat ille armis, forma sed vulnerat illa.
T. Quando vias Pelagi tentârunt, mole superbum
Sustulit ad nubes mare se, fastuque tumebat.
M. Quando tellurem tetigerunt, Arcades omnes
Pani deo Arcadiæ tenerum mactavimus agnum.
T. Tunc iterum totus resonat modulamine campus,
Miscent pastores iterum nymphæque choreas.
M. Lætus gramineis lusit tunc agnus in agris,
Floribus atque novis hœdi insiluere petulci.
T. Quantus erat victor Gulielmus, quando po-
Vicit corda, hostes vicit, vicitque seipsum! [pelli

[1] These verses occasioned Mr. Addison's being elected into Magdalen College.

M. Participat sponsi virtutem & regna Maria,
Digna tribus regnis, et tanto digna marito.
T. Primus hic imperio, nulli est virtute secundus,
Sic sol, quam stellæ, majori luce refulget.
M. Sed qualis stellas micat inter luna minores,
Talis, cum cincta est sociis, regina videtur. [mur,
T. At quæ non illis nunc, Tityre, digna precemur,
Ludere qui pecori, pecorisque dedere magistris?
M. Æternam inveniam, quam donavere, quietem!
T. Et sero cœlos exornet sidus utrumque! [tem!

JOSEPHUS ADDISON, Commensalis è *Coll. Reg.*

ON THE RETURN OF KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE [1].

CUM Domini impatiens excussit Ierna catenas,
Tota ruens in Martem, intestinosque labores,
Integri quicunque graves vidêre tumultus
(Constitit heu! tanti virtus) in vincula missi,
Exosam luctuque trahunt et carcere vitam.
Latè agri dumis horrescunt, aspera rura
Luxuriant segete spinarum, autumnus Iernæ
Nullus adest, cultorque deest quærentibus arvis.
Passim turba dolis instat peregrina secundis,
Nativamque premit lasciva potentia plebem;
In lacrymas gens omnis abit, manifestat ubique
Communes luctus, vultuque laborat in uno.
Præceps in tardas sic crevit Hibernia pœnas,
Et sic venturæ maturuit illa ruinæ:
Facta esset tanto nequaquam vindice digna,
Si minor horrendas Gulielmi ferserat iras.
Anglia in iguavam dudum resoluta quietem,
Imperiis rediviva tuis, Nassove, veternum
Excutit, et longum sopitos suscitat ignes.
Te duce quas fecit strages! quæ prælia movit!
Dum fervet cædes, et campo sanguis inundat,
Assiduæ sudant pergendo pensa sorores,
Et stipata gemit sub pondere cymba Charontis.
Terga premens Cæsar fugientia corripit hostes
Vindex, atque trahit partem sua quamque ruina:
Plumbea tempestas hanc obruit, eminùs illa
Glandis cadit, frustraque evitat missile ferrum.
Altera dum pœnas differt fugiendo sequaces,
Infidæ sese credit moritura paludi.
His gradibus longo se solvit Hibernia luctu,
Imperium expulsi tandem indignata tyranni
Nobiliora petit vincla, optatasque catenas
Induit, atque jugo Gulielmi ornata superbit.
Gens nimium dilecta Deo! nimiumque Britanni
Felices! hæc si exundantia gaudia nullus
Frænâsset dolor, et ducis [2] haud ignobile fatum
Lætitiæ nimios non castigaverat æstus.
Ille triumphato toti s securus ab hoste,
Exulibus Dîs ille, ille avis fidus avitis
Ah! tandem occubuit pietate insignis et armis.
Hei mihi! quale jacet venerandâ mole cadaver!
Qualis honor vultûs! et frontis læta senectus!
Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! et bellica virtus
Quando habitura parem!
Musa, tamen taceas intempestiva dolores,
Melpomene, taceas; non hoc sine numine Divûm
Evenisse puto: Senis aspera fata triumphi
Famam auxêre tui, victor Gulielme, nec ulla
Æmula divisos virtus partitur honores. [tram
I, decus, i, nostrum! agnoscat fera Gallia dex-
Victricem, et quæ te vidit prima arma gerentem,
Sentiat expletas maturo in corpore vires.
Sed caveas, dum te in bellum rapit impetus ardens,
O caveas, nimio ne marte impulsus in hostes
Irrueres, latamque darent tria regna ruinam.
Insano tandem parce indulgere labori,
Parce, Jacobe, ultra Lodôici innitier armis.
Discerptos frustra nunc luges frontis honores;
Sera sibi veniunt tandem suspiria, serò
Nunc quereris, quanquam, nisi mens tibi læva
Et nisi credideras fallaci uxorius arti, [fuisset,
Jam lætus poteras placidis dare jura Britannis,
Et rexisse gregem, fato meliore, paternum;
Sed nunc Parcæ obstant, et non revocabilis ordo.

Jos. ADDISON, è *Coll. Magd.*

[1] From the Academiæ Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro exoptato serenissimi Regis Gulielmi ex Hibernia reditu. Oxoniæ, è Theatro Sheldoniano, Anno Dom. 1690.

[2] The great duke of Schomberg, whose death has been lamented by many of our poets.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO CAROLO MONTAGUE, ARMIGERO,

SCACCARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARII PRÆFECTO, REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipse pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod infer ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis tuæ
Magd. Coll. cultor devotissimus,
Oxon. 1697. JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virûm, stepitusque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum exeute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alter quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans

Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi volnere campos!
Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus[1] fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa fuerit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphureamque nocte m, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, & formidabile pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, & fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolûm pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam:
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovique latus socialibus armis [cent,
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura mis-
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis, ductor[2], fortissime, turmis
Exere. Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum, Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris [æstus
Non jubar Arctoüm, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis. [ton,
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arc-
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos rivium tractus et patrida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum[3] qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima duxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Steenki.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor, [ardor.
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus
Non jam Ripheæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovi secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo su pensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut densa circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo [tes
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gemen-
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho. [ventæ
Jamque Nepos[4] tibi parvus adest, lætoque ju-
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus

[1] Honoratissimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

[2] Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex regii satellitii præfectis.

[3] Moscoviæ imperator.

[4] Celsissimus princeps dux Glocestrensis.

Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lusit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus id terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

Qua penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo;
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum qua sit natura, an neglegat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile tempnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes;
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaën flavo circum pretiosus amicta
Ambiit, et gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum numen in auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimis aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuensque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonorum.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque parates.

ΠΤΤΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ.

SIVE PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

Pennatas acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmæadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro

Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Gesta latent? Fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
Exignosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.
Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat grus improba nido:
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commissa strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cäystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis;
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmæum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem; non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque imminanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
Pygmæadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc perfuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugno, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; hellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt gruibus plaudentibus escam.
Jamque recrudescit bellum, grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, solioque tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.
Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmæa tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem

Exiguam; late populus cubitalis oberrat.
Instant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim
Assyriæ imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patientia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.
Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nuliumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
His nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi decorpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando lactantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ [tes
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale biben-
Affigunt oculos in numine: laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
[1] Wainfletus, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Heu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!—
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infremit dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? Quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? O! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, et sero in lacrymas effunditur;
obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber

[1] Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, O pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ, [mam.
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supre-

SPILÆRISTERIUM.

Hic ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tunidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque sinit procedere recto.
Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut sors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat: subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur lato agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant facilem aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia——
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, ut umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

AD D.D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postulet
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperique
Presidium haud leve, Montacutus,
Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem,
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Frustra liquores quot chemica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
Lentumque deflubunt nepotes
(Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem vicissim
Subjiciet libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestam, urgetque curas
Sponte sua satis ingruentes;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis bene temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES,

ANGLICE A PUPPET-SHOW.

Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita quæ risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delactatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,

Undique congressi permis a sedilia complent,
Nec confusus luous; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallido fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.

Sed præter reliquos incidit homuncio rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa,
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque proterva
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.

Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Ligneа gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nymphaрum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credat positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, teneris que vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.

At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.

Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen undegenus ducat, qu dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus infui
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte puti
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus iner.
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

Non usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Respuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
Ucunque stet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppositas gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim; has inter orbæ
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur natantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio perituro mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
En læta vernantes Favoni
Flamina, perpetuosque flores!

O pectus ingens! O animum gravem
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closeted several senators on the project: Horace is supposed to have written the following ode on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise:
His tigers drew him to the skies;
Wild from the desert and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd; [yoke.
He tam'd them to the lash and bent them to the
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.
"Troy," says the goddess, "perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.
"Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adulterer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.
"My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advance'd to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies:
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light:
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.
"The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd roar.
"Still let the curst detested place
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray,
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
"May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts and deserts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, couch't, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
"While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
"In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two: [spread,
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
"Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowel'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glittering ills, conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.
"This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign:
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
"A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raze;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies head myself will show
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
"Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass;
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground:

Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.
But hold, my Muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty and lose their sound.

THE VESTAL,

FROM OVID DE FASTIS, LIB. III. EL. 1.

Blanda quies victis furtim subrepit ocellis, &c.

As the fair vestal to the fountain came,
(Let none be startled at a vestal's name)
Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast,
To take the freshness of the morning-air,
And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair;
While thus she rested, on her arm reclin'd,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
And purling streams that through the meadow stray'd,
In drowsy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid.
The god of war beheld the virgin lie,
The god beheld her with a lover's eye;
And by so tempting an occasion press'd,
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possess'd:
Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE Sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god),
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
Whilst some on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.
O earth a different landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the Heaven's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.
Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god:
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aking sight.
The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, stand.
Here Spring appears with flowery chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? For know
My son thou art, and I must call thee so."
"Light of the world," the trembling youth replies,
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
The parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."
The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My son," said he,
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymenè
Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
And roll impervious to my piercing sight."
The youth, transported, asks without delay,
To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:
"My son," says he "some other proof require;
Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality:
There is not one of all the gods that dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain;
And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downwards from the Heavens my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
Ev'n I am seiz'd with horrour and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
A mighty downfall steeps the evening stage,
And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driven
Down headlong from the precipice of Heaven.
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course:
I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could you resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;
While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;

Next him the bright Hæmonian bow is strung;
And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung:
The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
Nor would you find it easy to compose [flows
The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils
The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
When they grow warm and restive to the rein.
Let not my son a fatal gift require,
But, O! in time, recall your rash desire;
You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
Let these my fears your parentage reveal;
And learn a father from a father's care;
Look on my face; or, if my heart lay bare,
Could you but look, you'd read the father there.
Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
For open to your wish all nature lies,
Only decline this one unequal task,
For 't is a mischief, not a gift, you ask;
You ask a real mischief, Phaeton:
Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son:
I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice."
Thus did the god th' unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel through the skies.
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold, [gold.
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with
The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys;
When now the Morn disclos'd her purple rays;
The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy Morn,
And the Moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours without delay
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble Hours obey:
From their full racks the generous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat,
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,
"Take this at least, this last advice, my son;
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be to moderate their haste.
Drive them not on directly through the skies,
But where the zodiac's winding circle lies,
Along the midmost zone; but sally forth
Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
That no new fires or Heaven or Earth infest;
Keep the mid-way, the middle way is best.
Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.
Shun both extremes; the rest let fortune guide,
And better for thee than thyself provide!
See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
Aurora gives the promise of a day;
I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake,
And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
While yet securely on the earth you stand;
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
Let me alone to light the world, while you
Enjoy those beams which you may safely view."
He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.
Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of Heaven before them lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the Morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea th' unballast vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll.
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Bootes too, that fain
Thou wouldst have fled, though cumber'd with thy wain.
Th' unhappy youth, then bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.
So fares the pilot when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost;
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and prayer.
What could he do? His eyes if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
The horses' names he knew not in the fright:
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold them tight.
Now all the horrours of the Heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the Heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
And flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove;

Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day,
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the Earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds disperse in fumes, the wondering Moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continued range of fire.
Th' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn;
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the Sun.
Then Lybia first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns;
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns;
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails;
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.
The floods are drain'd from every distant coast:
Ev'n Tanaïs, though fix'd in ice, was lost;
Enrag'd Caicus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Mæander, that unweary'd strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thickening fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The swans, that on Cäyster often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last and dy'd.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents are all dry,
And where they roll'd seven gaping trenches lie.
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.
The ground deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
The sea shrinks in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, th' unbutton phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.
The Earth at length on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas that floated round her waste,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Up-lifted to the Heavens her blasted head,
And clapt her hands upon her brows and said;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat:)
"If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
If I must perish by the force of fire,
Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,"
For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke,
"See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
And does the plough for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?
But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
Why are his waters boiling in the Sun?
The wavy empire, which by lot was given, [ven?
Why does it waste, and further shrink from Hea-
If I nor he your pity can provoke, [smoke.
See your own Heavens, the Heavens begin to
Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
Destruction seizes on the Heavens and gods;
Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
If Heaven, and earth, and sea together burn,
All must again into their chaos turn.
Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
And succour Nature, ere it be too late." [spread,
She ceas'd; for, chok'd with vapours round her
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove call'd to witness every power above,
And ev'n the god, whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts, he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.
Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thunderings. Thus th' almighty sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from Heaven.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel and here a silver spoke;
Here were the beam and axle torn away; [lay.
And, scatter'd o'er the Earth, the shining fragment

The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of Heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
"Here he who drove the Sun's bright chariot lies;
His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
But in the glorious enterprise he dy'd."
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted eve, without a Sun:
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the Sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day that still did Nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.
But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And, as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd, round the world she goes,
To seek where'er his body might be cast;
Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears;
The dear, dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and sigh and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn;)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full Moon return'd;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;
When now the eldest, Phaethusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies, stood
Crusted with bark, and hardening into wood;
But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from the verdant fingers strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
"Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear;
A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the Sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below:
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mix'd in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

CYCNUS beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
And issued through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
Who, still remembering how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Mean-while Apollo in a gloomy shade,
The native lustre of his brows decay'd,
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sun-shine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.
Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
"E'er since the birth of Time," said he, "I've borne
A long ungrateful toil without return;
Let now some other manage, if he dare,
The fiery steeds and mount the burning car,
Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
And learn to lay his murdering thunder by;
Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
My son deserv'd not so severe a fate." [pray
The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and entreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horrour shook,
And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
And as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

THE day was settled in its course; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the Heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made:
But all was safe: the Earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass,

No tracts of Heaven's destructive fire remain;
The fields and woods revive, and Nature smiles again.
But, as the god walk'd to and fro the Earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride,
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.
The Sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf without a guard.
"Here I am safe," he cries, "from Juno's eye;
Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
"How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?"
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
To Jove himself, though Jove himself were here."
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd.
He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, ere she half had told the morning chase,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stopt her with a kiss;
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin could
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd);
With all her might against his force she strove:
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Possest at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his Heavens th' insulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.
But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph: The nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.
How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the Moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian fainting, in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.
A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash," she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
In vain excus'd; her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
"Begone!" the goddess cries with stern disdain,
"Begone!" nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain;"
She fled, for-ever banish'd from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
"It is enough! I 'm fully satisfy'd!
This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love:
But vengeance shall awake those guilty charms,
That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms,
No longer shall their wonted force retain,
Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain."
This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground;
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and though
She could not call him false, she thought him so.
How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire!
But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast;
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbad, and snatch'd them through the air
In whirlwinds up to Heaven, and fix'd them there:
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
They ask what brings her there. "Ne'er ask," says she,
"What brings me here; Heaven is no place for me.
You 'll see, when Night has cover'd all things o'er,
Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
Usurp the Heavens; you 'll see them proudly roll
In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
And who shall now on Juno's altar wait,
When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast:
This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
And, as he acted after Io's rape,
Restore th' adultress to her former shape;
Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
But you, ye venerable powers, be kind;
And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."
The goddess ended, and her wish was given.
Back she return'd in triumph up to Heaven;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite,
To sooty blackness from the purest white.
The story of his change shall here be told;
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew;
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd;
The busy daw flew with him side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.
"Stay, silly bird, th' ill-natur'd task refuse,
Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
Be warn'd by my example: you discern
What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
My foolish honesty was all my crime;
Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
The two-shap'd Erichthonius had his birth
(Without a mother) from the teeming Earth;
Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
To guard the chest, commanded not to look
On what was hid within. I stood to see
The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighbouring tree.
The sisters Pandrosos and Herse keep
The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
But, for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
"But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
As never by the heavenly maid belov'd;
But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lie;
Though Pallas hate me now, she won't deny;
For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
Was once a maid (by Heaven the story's true),
A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
Swift he pursued: I ran along the strand,
Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round.
My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
Sank in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore;
Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird:
Preferr'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
"On her incestuous life I need not dwell
(In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell);
And of her dire amours you must have heard,
For which she now does penance in a bird,
That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."
The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curst the harmless daw; the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook;
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been prest.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And, weltering in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
"Ah, cruel god! though I have justly dy'd,

What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.
The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.
But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge:
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHOE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore,
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders, came
To see the child, Ocyrrhoë was her name;
She knew her father's art, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
"Hail, great physician of the world, all hail;
Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
Shall heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
And quit thy claim to immortality;
When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
The gods in pity shall contract thy date;
And give thee over to the power of fate."
Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had she still to say: but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
"My voice," says she, "is gone, my language fails;
Through every limb my kindred shape prevails;
Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
And with prophetic raptures swell my heart?
What new desires are these? I long to pace
O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass;
I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;
But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
My sire does half a human shape retain,
And in his upper parts preserves the man."
Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare:
Till by degrees, accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed exprest.
Her stooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in her flowing tail she frisks her train.
The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCHSTONE.

Sore wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove,
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.
As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that separate from their fellows stray'd,
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood);
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed,
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke:
"Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee."
"Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on,
That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a stone.
The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country swain;
And cried out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
In the recovery of my cattle join,
A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
The peasant quick replies, "You'll find them there
In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
"And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he:
Then to a touch-stone turns the faithless spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS, TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE.

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore;
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.
The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
And was the bright procession pass below;

Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them; as the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye:
So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer;
So much did Hersè all the rest outvy,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold bullet, that with fury slung
From Balearic engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves with an air the sleep-procuring wand:
The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
Three rooms contiguous in a range were plac'd;
The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching god descry'd,
And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came.
"I come," reply'd the god, "from Heaven to woo
Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
I am the son and messenger of Jove,
My name is Mercury, my business love;
Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
And gain admittance to your sister's heart."
She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;
And now remembring the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast;
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A poisonous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hang.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep.
Restless in spite: while, watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy;
Foe to herself, distressing and distrest,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight;
On curst Aglauros try thy utmost art,
And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And, mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to Heaven: the hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give.
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year, laid waste:
On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate;
Th' imaginary bride appears in state;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant Sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had past:
At length before the door herself she cast;
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd; "Begone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."
"Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.

Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chillness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
Till, hardening every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

WHEN now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will exprest:
"My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
Thy sire's commands are through the world convey'd,
Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the shore."
Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove them to the shore;
Where the king's daughter with a lovely train
Of fellow nymphs, was sporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aside
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride);
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsully'd by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and exprest
The softness of the lover in the beast.
Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she prest the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:
Her train of rustling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictean shore;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid:
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast;
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more;
But live an exile in a foreign clime.
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The restless youth search'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When, tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry sire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome;
There asks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wanderings, and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracle this answer gave:
"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
Mark well the place where first she lays her down;
There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."
No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude;
Her gently at a distance he pursued;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè she took,
And now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook;
When to the Heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.
Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie;
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood

A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn.
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes:
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault;
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongue, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And, gazing round him, overlook'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
The Serpent in the polar circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.
And now the scorching Sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore
Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amid their corpse he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
"Such friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer date:
But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate."
Then heav'd a stone, and, rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
With more success the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast!
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force,
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then fore'd him to recoil;
The pointed javelin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
Till, spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
"Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?"
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horrour gaz'd:
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.
He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows:
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts:
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.
So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; till all the man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.
Cadmus, surpris'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
To mingle in a blind promiscuous war."
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood: and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Boeotian empire birth.

Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have guess'd
The royal founder in his exile blest:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.
Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandsire in his horrow'd face;
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

In a fair chase a shady mountain stood,
Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntsmen till the heat of day
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the rest:
"My friends," says he, "our sport is at the best.
The Sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
His burning beams directly on our heads;
Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
And ere to morrow's Sun begins his race,
Take the cool morning to renew the chase."
They all consent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.
Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A spacious grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone:
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling swell into a lake below.
Nature had every where so play'd her part,
That every where she seem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
Each busy nymph her proper part undrest;
While Crocalè, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.
Now all undrest the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries.)
Then in a huddle round their goddess prest:
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn:
And though the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd them in his face, while thus she spoke:
"Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd;
A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."
This said, the man begun to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the watery glass
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and skulk in woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aking heart assails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chase,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.
He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did pursue:
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies:
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad huntsman groveling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continued wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountains with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
He shook his head in answer to the name;
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker-on.
But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master panting in a deer.

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;

Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin-goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed;
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke:
"Are my reproaches of so small a force?
'Tis time I then pursue another course:
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
If rightly styl'd among the powers above
The wife and sister of the thundering Jove
(And none can sure a sister's right deny);
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;
While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.
Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
"'Tis well," says she, "if all be true that's said.
But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
Many an honest well-designing maid
Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,
In all the pomp of his divinity;
Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."
Th' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of Jove when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would choose;
"Fear not," replied the god, "that I'll refuse
Whate'er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice,
Choose what you will, and you shall have your choice.
"Then," says the nymph, "when next you seek my arms
May you descend in those celestial charms
With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
And fill with transport Heaven's immortal dame.'
The god surpris'd would fain have stopp'd her voice:
But he had sworn and she had made her choice.
To keep his promise, he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second rate,
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horrour bright,
Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.
But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Enclos'd the abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Nisæans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on Earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of state;
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth," says he, (and as he spoke he laugh'd,)
"The sense of pleasure in the male is far
More dull and dead, than what you females share."
Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.
It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
But, after seven revolving years, he view'd
The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
"And if," says he, "such virtue in you lie,
That he who dares your slimy folds untie
Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try."
Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The sovereign umpire in their grand debate:
And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno, fir'd,
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But Jove (for so it is in Heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

FAM'D far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' enquiring nations sought their doom;

The fair Liriope his answers try'd,
And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;
This nymph the god Cephisus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
"If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.
Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd.
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.
Once, in the woods, as he pursued the chase,
The babbling Echo had descried his face;
She, who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often, when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers slipp'd away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cry'd, "That tongue, for this thy crime,
Which could so many subtle tales produce,
Shall be hereafter but of little use."
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.
This love-sick virgin, over-joy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till, harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymph in vain caress the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy:
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"
Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.
There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For, as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the watery glass.
By his own flames consum'd, the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's watery gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
"You trees," says he, "and thou surrounding grove,
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I!
I who before me see the charming fair,
Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint;
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
With equal flames and languishes by turns.
Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss:
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
To utter something which I cannot hear.
"Ah, wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long perplex'd deceit;
It is myself I love, myself I see;
The gay delusion is a part of me.

I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return.
Whom should I court? How utter my complaint?
Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
And too much plenty makes me die for want.
How gladly would I from myself remove!
And at a distance set the thing I love.
My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
I wish him absent whom I most desire.
And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
O might the visionary youth survive,
I should with joy my latest breath resign!
But, oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."
This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
"Ah, whither," cries Narcissus, "dost thou fly?
Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
Let me still see, though I'm no further blest."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:
His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,
Ere yet the Sun's autumnal heats refine
The sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new rédoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the Sun,
So melts the youth, and languishes away:
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.
She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan;
"Ah, youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
"Ah, youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
"Farewel," says he: the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she reply'd, "Farewel."
Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn;
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

THIS sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
"'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:
For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
When the young god's solemnities appear;
Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
Thy impious carcase, into pieces torn,
Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."
Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;
"What madness, Thebans, has your soul possess'd?
Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
Thus quell your courage? Can the weak alarm
Of women's yell those stubborn souls disarm,
Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
Nor the loud din and horrour of a fight?
And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
Will you without a stroke your city yield,
And poorly quit an undisputed field!
But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
Remember him to whom you stand ally'd:
The serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
If Thebes must fall, oh, might the fates afford
A nobler doom, from famine, fire, or sword!
Then might the Thebans perish with renown:
But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
Whom not the prancing steed, nor ponderous shield,
Nor the back'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
The purple vests, and flowery garland please.
Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
This boasted power; why then should Pentheus yield?
Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
I'll try the force of his divinity."
Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane;
His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide
In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke:

"Vile slave, whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
And terrify thy base seditious crew:
Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
And, why thou join'st in these mad orgies, tell."
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies:
"*From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,*
Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name:
My sire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.
His whole estate within the waters lay;
With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey;
His art was all his livelihood; which he
Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:
In streams, my boy, and rivers, take thy chance;
There swims, said he, *thy whole inheritance.*
"'Long did I live on this poor legacy,'
Till tir'd with rocks and my own native sky,
To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind:
Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.
"Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,
My vessel driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
Moor'd in a Chian creek: ashore I went,
And all the following night in Chios spent.
When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
Supplies of water from a neighbouring spring,
Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;
Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
With more than female sweetness in his look,
Whom straggling in the neighbouring fields he took.
With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
"I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
And saw divinity in all his face.
'I know not who,' said I, 'this god should be;
But that he is a god I plainly see:
And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
These men have us'd, and oh befriend our course!'
'Pray not for us,' the nimble Dictys cry'd;
Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
Who over-look'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke;
The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
Such impious avarice their souls possest.
'Nay, Heaven forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey,'
Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
With his clench'd fist had struck me over-board,
Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
"His base confederates the fact approve;
When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,
Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;
And shook his drowsy limbs and round him gaz'd:
'What means this noise?' he cries; 'am I betray'd?
Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?'
'Fear not,' said Proteus, 'child, but tell us where
You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.'
'To Naxos then direct your course, says he;
'Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you, a joyful home to me.'
By every God that rules the sea or sky,
The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
With eager joy I launch into the deep;
And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand.
And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
To tack about, and steer another way.
'Then let some other to my post succeed,'
Said I, 'I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.'
'What,' says Ethalion, 'must the ship's whole crew
Follow your humour, and depend on you?'
And straight himself he seated at the prore,
And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
"The beauteous youth now found himself be-[tray'd,
And from the deck the rising waves survey'd, [weep,
And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;
'And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
Will such a multitude of men employ
Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?'
"In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
And now, by all the gods in Heaven that hear
This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self I swear,
The mighty miracle that did ensue,
Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
In vain the mariners would plough the main
With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:
The sails are covered with a cheerful green,
And berries in the fruitful canvas seen.
Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
"The god we now behold with open eyes;
A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd Madon found
Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides surround:
'Ah, what,' cries one, 'has thus transform'd thy look?'
Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke:
And now himself he views with like surprise.
Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
Another, as he catches at a cord,
Misses his arms, and, tumbling over board,
With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
Thus all my crew transform'd, around the ship,
O'r dive below, or on the surface leap,
And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
A shole of nineteen dolphins round her play.
I only in my proper shape appear,
Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
With him I landed on the Chian shore,
And him shall ever gratefully adore."
"This forging slave," says Pentheus, "would [prevail
O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale;
Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
And in the tortures of the rack expire."

Th' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy javelin at her son she cast;
And cries, "The boar that lays our country waste!
The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gathering round;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt Autonöe," he cry'd;
"Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
His mother howl'd; and, heedless of his prayer,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
"And this," she cried, "shall be Agava's share."
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strew'd the plain.
By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

THE STORY OF SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams,
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
The Naïads nurst an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he crost,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It show'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight:
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
"Fy, Salmacis, what always idle! fy;
Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long for what she view'd.
Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.
"Bright youth," she cries, "whom all thy features prove
"A god, and if a god, the god of love;
But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast:
Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest;
But, oh, how blest! how more than blest thy bride,
Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd.
If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be;
If not, behold a willing bride in me."
The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with shame,
He strove, and blusht, but still the blush became;
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
And such the Moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Or leave me to myself alone,
You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone."
"Fair stranger, then," says she, "it shall be so;"
And, for she fear'd his threat, she feign'd to go;
But, hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore;
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,

Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And looks and sighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,
And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies shut within a crystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
"He's mine, he's all my own," the Naiad cries;
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clasp't, and kist the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd,
And "Why, coy youth," she cries, "why thus unkind?
Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
Oh may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.
The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd,
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own:)
"You parent gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may rise again
Supple, unsinew'd, and but half a man!"
The heavenly parents answer'd from on high
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

NOTES

ON SOME OF THE FOREGOING STORIES IN OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ON THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE story of Phaeton is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is indeed the most important subject he treats of, except the Deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first book;

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret;

(though the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

— Cœli miserere tui, circumspice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus ——"

Fumat uterque polus—comes up to correptaque regia cœli.—Besides, it is Ovid's custom to prepare the reader for a following story, by giving some intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.

P. 545. col. 1. l. 34. For in the portal, &c.] We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

—Balænarumque prementem
Ægeona suis immania terga lacertis.

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

—Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as showed their affinity.

Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,
Fluminaque, et nymphas, et cætera numina ruris.

The less important figures are well huddled tother in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the painters call a groupe.

—Circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.

P. 545. col. 2. l. 21. And flung the blaze, &c.] It gives us a great image of Phœbus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him until he had laid aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And indeed we may every where observe in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, though he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not considered by them who run down Ovid in the gross, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorned, than his description of Enceladus in the fifth book?

Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,
Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,
Læva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhœus.

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an island upon his breast, and a vast promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worse commentators on them than Ovid's Metamorphoses. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the mythologies; and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shown us out of an old author that Ovid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poem

to be only nicknames for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Ross, has dived deeper into our author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the "greatest mysteries of the christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representation of the world, the flesh and the devil. But if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface: most of them serving only to help out a school-boy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the gnomæ of the author, as they call them, which are generally the heaviest pieces of a poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian characters. The best of Ovid's expositors is he that wrote for the dauphin's use, who has very well shown the meaning of the author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall therefore only consider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to show him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a translator: which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for, in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confest to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst poets, and by consequence to be the fairest subject for criticism.

P. 545. col. 2. l. 34. My son, says he, &c.] Phœbus's speech is very nobly ushered in, with the Terque quaterque concutiens illustre caput—and well represents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the representing them just as a father would to his young son;

Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua Tauri,
Hæmoniosque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,
Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum—

for one while he scares him with bugbears in the way,

—Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
Qui fera terribili jaculatur fulmina dextrâ,
Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habemus?
Deprecor hoc unum, quod vero nomine pœna,
Non honor est. Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere poscis.

And in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which by the way makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender parent.

—Patrio pater esse metu probor; aspice vultus,
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
Inserere, et patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

P. 546. col. 1. l. 29. A golden axle, &c.] Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully easy and natural in him. The repetition of aureus, and the transition to argenteus, in the description of the chariot, give these verses a great sweetness and majesty:

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ
Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.

P. 546. col. 1. l. 54. Drive them not on directly, &c.] Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the Sun. The dauphin's notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the Sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what Phœbus says in his first speech, it cannot form what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

Sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes,
Zonarumque trium contentus fine, polumque
Effugit australem, junctamque aquilonibus Arcton,

describes the motion through all the zodiac.

P. 546. col. 1. l. last. And not my chariot, &c.] Ovid's verse is, Consiliis non curribus utere nostris. This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by Ovid; but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of pun, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that Jupiter flung a thunderbolt at Phaeton—Pariterque, animâque, rotisque expulit auriga, where he makes a forced piece of Latin (animâ expulit auriga) that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

P. 546. col. 2. l. 25. The youth was in a maze, &c.] It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaeton is; but the antithesis of light and darkness a little flattens the description. Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen obortæ.

Ibid. l. 28. Then the Seven Stars, &c.] I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the Heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

P. 547. col. 1. l. 15. Athos and Tmolus, &c.] Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and invented the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse required.

Ibid. l. 40. 'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor, &c.] This is the only metamorphosis in all this long story, which, contrary to custom, is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that, if Ovid had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient mythologists, we should

have seen Phaeton turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the Sun, or perhaps into an eagle, that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

P. 547. col. 1. l. 61. The frighted Nile, &c.] Ovid has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His verses on the Nile,

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet: ostia septem
Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles,

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

—Mare contrahitur, siccæque est campus arenæ,

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

—Quos altum texerat æquor,
Existunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augent.

But to tell us that the swans grew warm in Cäyster,

Medio volucres caluere Cäystro,

and that the dolphins durst not leap,

—Nec se super æquora curvi
Tollere consuetas audent delphines in auras,

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

P. 547. col. 2. l. 13. The Earth at length, &c.] We have here a speech of the Earth, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an English reader. It is I believe the boldest prosopopœia of any in the old poets; or, if it were never so natural, I cannot but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.

ON EUROPA'S RAPE.

P. 553. col. 1. l. 34. The dignity of empire, &c.] This story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious lines,

Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,
Majestas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c."

without which the whole fable would have appeared very prophane.

P. 553. col. 2. l. 9. The frighted nymph looks, &c.] This consternation and behaviour of Europa

—Elusam designat imagine tauri
Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putares.
Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
Et comites clamare suos, tactumque vereri
Assilientis aquæ, timidasque reducere plantas,

is better described in Arachne's picture in the sixth book, than it is here; and in the beginning of Tatius's Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itself; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

ON THE STORIES IN THE THIRD BOOK.

FABLE I.

THERE is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat of them rightly, ought to be a master of all styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid indeed shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable, the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined; the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural; and the language that represents them, more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow:

P. 554. col. 1. l. 24. Spire above spire, &c.] Ovid, to make his serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his champion, has given too great a loose to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body, he overlooked a tall forest of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. Virgil is not ashamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of Polyphemus, in the third book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter; but we should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way: or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

—Phœnicas, sive illi tela parabant,
Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat:—

Ibid. l. 31. In vain the Tyrians, &c.] The poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic style; he has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the serpent:

—Tegimen direpta leoni
Pellis erat; telum splendenti lancea ferro,
Et jaculum; teloque animus præstantior omni;

and in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a laboured line! "Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ." And what pains does he take to express the serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it!

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,
Læsaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque sedere
Cedendo arcebat, nec longius ire sinebat.

P. 554. col. 2. l. 42. And flings the future, &c.] The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in Ovid. It strikes

the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the Messis virorum at last.

P. 554. col. 2. l. 47. The breathing harvest, &c.] Messis clypeata virorum. The beauty in these words would have been greater, had only Messis virorum been expressed without clypeata; for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprise to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The Latin poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them; for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we describe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of crystal with water in the midst of it for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the crystal as hard, stony, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect crystal; and thus sports off above a dozen epigrams, in setting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him; but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his subject, and often strains so hard for them that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's golden bough, had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures: when we see Virgil contented with his Auri frondentis; and what is the same, though much finer expressed—Frondescit virga metallo. This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the Latin poets (for the Greeks wanted art for it), in their descriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; "Attollens humero famamque et fata nepotum," Æn. viii. where he describes Æneas carrying on his shoulders the reputation and fortunes of his posterity; which though very odd and surprising, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas arereconciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says—Rupit cœlestia crimina. I shall conclude this tedious reflexion with an excellent stroke of this nature out of Mr. Montague's[1] poem to the king; where he tells us, how the king of France would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as king William's at the fight of the Boyne:

His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.

FABLE II.

P. 555. col. 1. l. 1. Here Cadmus reign'd.] This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of Actæon, which is all naturally told. The goddess and her maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. Actæon's flight, confusion, and griefs, are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

—Ut abesse queruntur,
Nec capere oblatæ segnem spectacula prædæ.
Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
Non etiam sentire, canum fera facta suorum.

P. 555. col. 2. l. 32. A generous pack, &c.] I have not here troubled myself to call over Actæon's pack of dogs in rhyme: Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verse; and the Greek names Ovid uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on it: "Quosque referre mora est"—which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names in their poems, the Latins took from the Greeks; but have made them more pleasing than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons' names; in which part Ovid's copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our English verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural, and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the events, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For, had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

FABLE III.

P. 556. col. 1. l. 14. How Semele, &c.] This is one of Ovid's finished stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting goddess and a tattling nurse: Jupiter makes a very majestic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover Ovid's hand in the

Quà tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejicerat igne Typhœa,
Nunc, armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum,
Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit iræ;
Tela secunda vocant Superi.

[1] Afterwards earl of Halifax.

P. 556. col. 1. l. 44. 'Tis well, says she, &c.] Virgil has made a Beroë of one of his goddesses in the fifth Æneid; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her namesake in this story, we may find the genius of each poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse: Virgil's Iris could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but Juno is so much altered from herself in Ovid, that the goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

FABLE V.

P. 557. col. 1. l. 44. She can't begin, &c.] If playing on words be excusable in any poem, it is in this, where Echo is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that, if it deserves excuse, it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his Essay on Human Understanding, has given us the best account of wit in short that can any where be met with. "Wit," says he, "lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprising and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lies in the likeness of letters only, as in anagram and acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggrel rhymes; or whole words, as puns, echoes, and the like. Beside these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it—when in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word, which properly signifies fire, to express love by (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them;) from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they once have called love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire; and, as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame; when the sea-nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water; the Greek epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snowball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in Ovid, who is the greatest admirer of this mixt wit of all the ancients, as our Cowley is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest poets, scorned it; as indeed it is only fit for epigram, and little copies of verses: one would wonder therefore how so sublime a genius as Milton could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an epic poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of poetry.

FABLE VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.
—Qui probat, ipse probatur.
Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet.
Atque oculos idem, qui decipit, incitat error.
Perque oculos perit ipse suos—
Uror amore mei, flammas moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story, of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The design was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himself here on Earth; but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 557. col. 2. l. 10. But whilst within, &c.] "Dumque sitim sedare cupit, sitis altera crevit." We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of; but I think the measure of pun in it outweighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narcissus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her surprise, at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural than this of Narcissus. She was a raw unexperienced being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been in the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

Ibid. l. 40. You trees, says he, &c.] Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader: by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great critic has admirably well observed, Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam lacryma subitò excrescit, et difficile est auditorem vel lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere. Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cried out——Inopem me copia fecit? Or can any thing be more unnatural than

to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?

O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!
Votum in amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abesset.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment; and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

FABLE VII.

P. 558. col. 2. l. 13. When Pentheus thus] There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of Pentheus, but I believe none besides Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the serpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans' courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

Este, precor, memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,
Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite serpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ.
Ille dedit letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate decus.

FABLE VIII.

The story of Acœtes has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the sailors' characters and manners. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant; and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

FABLE IX.

Ovid has two very good similes on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former story, and to a war-horse in the present.

AN ESSAY ON VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three of the greatest masters of Greece: Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroics, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majesty of an heroic poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we [illegible] far Virgil has excelled all who have written in that same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticisms [illegible] Virgil's Pastorals and Æneids; but the Georgics are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or [illegible] the same head with pastoral; a [illegible] by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in georgic, as that of a shepherd is in a pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place, the speakers in them are of quite a different character, since the precepts of husbandry are to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. No rules therefore, that relate to pastoral, can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry, which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kind of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon; but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the dryest of its precepts look like a description, "A georgic therefore is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry." Now since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shows his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and show themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no course seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needlework, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range

and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner; for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out, as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
——Steriles platani malos gessere valentes,
Castaneæ fagos, ornusque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
—— Nec longum tempus: et ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Here we see the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and, without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But, since the inculcating precept upon precept will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet must take care not to encumber his poem with too much business; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest awhile for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought), unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's description of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country life, and the like; which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus: but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines:

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

And afterwards, speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

—Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis:
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

We now come to a style which is proper to a georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression; but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk should be admitted into a serious poem: because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of tempore but sydere in his first verse; and every where else abounds with metaphors, græcisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's masterpiece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself, in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he

had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole georgic. His method in describing month after month, with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanac in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather; and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine, in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when he speaks of January, "The wild beasts," says he, "run shivering through the woods with their heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost flead with cold; but it is not so bad with the sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pinched with the weather; but the young girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-side." Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shown more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us; which are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But, after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a georgic: where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject, with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that, if we look on both poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman; and in the other, something of rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors, than any of the rest. The poet, with great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's pains in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it:

—O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!

and is every where mentioning, among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottoes, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to outdo Lucretius in the description of his plague; and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic: and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in his Æneis he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well showed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapin. The speech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them; as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's life-time; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod, "Nudus ara, sere nudus"—and we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered

[illegible] in it; and indeed the beauty of it is [illegible] fore observed to be frequently met [illegible] the delivering the precept so in- [illegible] ingling out the particular circum- [illegible] and ploughing naked, to suggest [illegible] employments are proper only in [illegible] of the year.

[illegible] compare the style of the Georgics [illegible] Lucretius, which the reader may see [illegible] the preface to the second volume [illegible] Poems[1]; but shall conclude this [illegible] the most complete, elaborate, and [illegible] of all antiquity. The Æneis indeed [illegible] kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER, ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

Kneller, with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stampt on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial Sun
Has daily since his course begun
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vy'd
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.
Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though Heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.
Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too with upcast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove?

PROLOGUE

TO SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS. SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

Long has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
In songs and airs express t' eir martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire:
While, lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit,
And, from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddle's repartee:
Our home-spun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakspeare to the soft Scarletti yield.
To your new taste the poet of this day
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play.
Had Valentini, musically coy, [joy,
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek!

[1] The collection published by Mr. Dryden.

'But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to day,
And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

PROLOGUE

TO STEELE'S TENDER HUSBAND.

In the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could with ease
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows [beaux;
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and
Rough country knights are found of every shire;
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town, and beat about the park,
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court,
As love of pleasure or of place invites;
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to night:
—Here's still encouragement for those that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
The first a damsel travell'd in romance;
The other more refin'd, she comes from France:
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE

TO LANSDOWNE'S BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

When Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While listening forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to music join'd:
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Uganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand;
The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
The same dull sights in the same landscape mixt,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continued show:
But, as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, though the place stands still;
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgrest)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
But howsoe'er, to please your wandering eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. DANIEL PURCELL. PERFORMED AT OXFORD 1699.

Prepare the hallow'd strain, my Muse,
Thy softest sounds and sweetest numbers choose;
The bright Cecilia's praise rehearse,
In warbling words, and gliding verse,
That smoothly run into a song,
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

First let the sprightly violin
The joyful melody begin,
And none of all her strings be mute;
While the sharp sound and shriller lay
In sweet harmonious notes decay,
Soften'd and mellow'd by the flute.
"The flute that sweetly can complain,
Dissolve the frozen nymph's disdain;
Painting sympathy impart,
Till she partake her lover's smart[1]."

CHORUS.

Next, let the solemn organ join
Religious airs, and strains divine,
Such as may lift us to the skies,
And set all Heaven before our eyes:
"Such as may lift us to the skies;
So far at least till they
Descend with kind surprise,
And meet our pious harmony half-way."

Let then the trumpet's piercing sound
Our ravish'd ears with pleasure wound:
The soul o'erpowering with delight,
As, with a quick uncommon ray,
A streak of lightning clears the day,
And flashes on the sight.
Let Echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
And in a low expiring strain
Play all the concert o'er again.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia's charming tongue:
Notes that sacred heats inspir'd,
And with religious ardour fir'd:
The love sick youth, that long suppress'd
His smother'd passion in his breast,
No sooner heard the warbling dame,
But, by the secret influence turn'd,
He felt a new diviner flame,
And with devotion burn'd.

[1] The four last lines of the second and third stanzas were added by Mr. Tate.

'd soul, and looks amaz'd,
anteous face he gaz'd;
his amorous complaint:
eyes his heart had charm'd,
y voice her eyes disarm'd,
g'd the lover to a saint.

GRAND CHORUS.

choir complete rejoices,
ling strings and melting voices.
reful ferment rises high,
rks with mingled melody:
ons run their rounds,
trills and quivering sounds
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance die.

AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearyd Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wonderous tale;
And nightly, to the listening Earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though, no real voice, nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine:
"The hand that made us is divine."

AN HYMN.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

AN ODE.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrours rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;

When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

AN HYMN.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face;
O how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horrour shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
To make that pardon sure.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrours overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

THE PLAY-HOUSE[1].

Where gentle Thames through stately channels glides,
And England's proud metropolis divides;
A lofty fabric does the sight invade,
And stretches o'er the waves a pompous shade;
Whence sudden shouts the neighbourhood surprise,
And thundering claps and dreadful hissings rise.
Here thrifty R— hires monarchs by the day,
And keeps his mercenary kings in pay;
With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant scenes,
And rakes the stews for goddesses and queens:
Here the lewd punk, with crowns and sceptres grac'd,
Teaches her eyes a more majestic cast;
And hungry monarchs with a numerous train
Of suppliant slaves, like Sancho, starve and reign.
But enter in, my Muse; the stage survey,
And all its pomp and pageantry display;
Trap-doors and pit-falls, form th' unfaithful ground,
And magic walls encompass it around:
On either side maim'd temples fill our eyes,
And intermixt with brothel-houses rise;
Disjointed palaces in order stand,
And groves obedient to the mover's hand
O'ershade the stage, and flourish at command.
A stamp makes broken towns and trees entire:
So when Amphion struck the vocal lyre,
He saw the spacious circuit all around,
With crowding woods and rising cities crown'd.
But next the tiring-room survey, and see
False titles, and promiscuous quality,
Confus'dly swarm, from heroes and from queens,
To those that swing in clouds and fill machines.
Their various characters they choose with art,
The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part:
Swoln cheeks and swaggering belly make an host,
Pale meagre looks and hollow voice a ghost;
From careful brows and heavy downcast eyes,
Dull cits and thick-scull'd aldermen arise:
The comic tone, inspir'd by Congreve, draws
At every word, loud laughter and applause:
The whining dame continues as before,
Her character unchang'd, and acts a whore.

[1] See Sedley's Miscellanies, 8vo. p. 202.

Above the rest, the prince with haughty stalks
Magnificent in purple buskins walks:
The royal robes his awful shoulders grace,
Profuse of spangles and of copper-lace:
Officious rascals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltless of blood, the unpointed weapon tie:
Then the gay glittering diadem put on,
Ponderous with brass, and starr'd with Bristol-stone.
His royal consort next consults her glass,
And out of twenty boxes culls a face;
The whitening first her ghastly looks besmears,
All pale and wan th' unfinish'd form appears;
Till on her cheeks the blushing purple glows,
And a false virgin-modesty bestows.
Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes;
Length to her brows the pencil's art supplies,
And with black beading arches shades her eyes.
Well pleas'd at length the picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with artificial molds;
Her countenance complete, the beaux she warms
With looks not hers: and, spite of nature, charms.
Thus artfully their persons they disguise,
Till the last flourish bids the curtain rise.
The prince then enters on the stage in state;
Behind, a guard of candle-snuffers wait:
There swoln with empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verse:
His subjects tremble; the submissive pit,
Wrapt up in silence and attention, sit;
Till, freed at length, he lays aside the weight
Of public business and affairs of state:
Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,
And to some peaceful brandy-shop retires;
Where in full gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.
The princess next her painted charms displays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays;
The callow squire at distance feeds his eyes,
And silently for paint and washes dies:
But if the youth behind the scenes retreat,
He sees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in sweat.
The borrow'd visage he admires no more,
And nauseates every charm he lov'd before:
So the fam'd spear, for double force renown'd,
Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.
In tedious lists 'twere endless to engage,
And draw at length the rabble of the stage,
Where one for twenty years has giv'n alarms,
And call'd contending monarchs to their arms;
Another fills a more important post,
And rises every other night a ghost;
Through the cleft stage his mealy face he rears,
Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears;
Others, with swords and shields, the soldier's pride,
More than a thousand times have chang'd their side,
And in a thousand fatal battles dy'd.
Thus several persons several parts perform;
Soft lovers whine, and blustering heroes storm.
The stern exasperated tyrants rage,
Till the kind bowl of poison clears the stage.
Then honours vanish, and distinctions cease;
Then, with reluctance, haughty queens undress.
Heroes no more their fading laurels boast,
And mighty kings in private men are lost.
He, whom such titles swell'd, such power made proud,
To whom whole realms and vanquish'd nations bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
And in his own vile tatters stinks again.

ON THE LADY MANCHESTER.

WRITTEN ON THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB.

WHILE haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair;
Confusion in their looks they show'd;
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

CATO.

A TRAGEDY.

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.
Sen. de Divin. Prov.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO, NOVEMBER 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred rapture fir'd,
Has generous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessings stand secur'd;
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair princess, in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we presage;
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.
Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air,
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, ev'n now, of kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace;
Some Carolina, to Heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains

Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distrest:
To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Meanwhile, bright princess, who, with grateful ease
And native majesty, are form'd to please,
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse:
The deathless Muse, with undiminish'd rays,
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Ev'n all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find
(Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age),
Unless some poet, in a lasting song,
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

VERSES

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHILE you the fierce divided Britons awe,
And Cato with an equal virtue draw;
While envy is itself in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud you most;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend:
And joins th' applause which all the learn'd bestow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my light scenes[1] I once inscrib'd your name,
And impotently strove to borrow fame;
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

Richard Steele.

'Tis nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
And raise the thoughts of a degenerate age;
To show how endless joys from freedom spring,
How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few;
With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
Virtue and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
Impartial clapt, and own'd the work divine.
Ev'n the sour critics, who malicious came
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.
Not so the fair their passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but, as they heard, they wept;
When gloriously the blooming Marcus dy'd,
And Cato told the gods, "I'm satisfy'd."
See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
They long to shoot and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn Catoes heave in every breast;
Their nightly dreams, their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
The young Themistocles vow'd equal toils;
Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.
How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
We heard at distance soft enchanting strains,
From blooming mountains, and Italian plains.
Virgil began in English dress to shine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur, still divine:
From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
Then the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlborough, was your darling song,
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue,
Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundless raptures here the Muse could swell,
And on your Rosamond for ever dwell:
There opening sweets and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower!
Next, human follies kindly to expose,
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd Muse you shine confest,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Though unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
Though nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
The chastest virgin needs no blushes fear,
The learn'd themselves not uninstructed hear.
The libertine, in pleasures us'd to roll,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,
Here comes, and, by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.
Whene'er you traverse vast Numidia's plains,
What sluggish Briton in his isle remains!
When Juba seeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight;
By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling east wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how the stream refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?
While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,
We shrink with horrour, and confess our fear,
And all the sudden sounding ruin hear.
When royal robes, distain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve;
When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals;

[1] Tender Husband, dedicated to Mr. Addison.

Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.
But I in vain on single features dwell,
Where all the parts of the fair piece excel.
So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
Thus jewelers confound our wandering eyes,
And with variety of gems surprise.
Here sapphires, here the Sardian stone is seen,
The topaz yellow, and the jasper green.
The costly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
From numerous surfaces darts trembling light:
The different colours mingle in a blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

Trinity College, Cambridge. L. Eusden.

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
And Cato's hands in his own blood imbrued,
That scene of death so terrible appears,
My soul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with such wondrous art your skilful hand
Does all the passions of the soul command,
That ev'n my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.
What pen, but yours, could draw the doubtful strife
Of honour struggling with the love of life?
Describe the patriot, obstinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing sight, and Heaven the distant shore.
Secure of endless bliss, with fearful eyes
He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
And rushes out of life to snatch the glorious prize.
How would old Rome rejoice, to hear you tell
How just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
Recount his wondrous probity and truth,
And form new Jubas in the British youth.
Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death:
And when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
Resolve to perish, or defend her cause.
Now first on Albion's theatre we see
A perfect image of what man should be;
The glorious character is now exprest,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breast:
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's soul, as in her Heaven she shines.

All Souls College, Oxon. Digby Cotes.

LEFT WITH THE PRINTER BY AN UNKNOWN HAND[1].

Now we may speak, since Cato speaks no more:
'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before:
When crowded theatres with loud acclaim
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung;
Ev'n civil rage awhile in thine was lost,
And factions strove but to applaud thee most;
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste,
But every night was dearer than the last.
As when old Rome, in a malignant hour
Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd;
And while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every tongue;
So in the pompous lines has Cato far'd,
Grac'd with an ample, though a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.
With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waste:
Behold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduct! how divine the rage!
A Roman worthy, on a Grecian stage!
But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend?
How great his genius, when the traitor crowd
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and listening to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus new in early death appears,
While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns;
But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs, pursue his panting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.
O sacred freedom! which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If, taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image still secure,
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British heart.

UPON MR. ADDISON'S CATO.

LONG had the tragic Muse forgot to weep,
By modern operas quite lull'd asleep:
No matter what the lines, the voice was clear;
Thus sense was sacrific'd to please the ear.
At last, one wit[1] stood up in our defence,
And dar'd (O impudence!) to publish—sense.
Soon then as next the just tragedian spoke,
The ladies sigh'd again, the beaux awoke.
Those heads that us'd most indolent to move
To sing-song, ballet, and sonata love,

[1] These verses were by George Jeffreys, esq. which Addison never knew. See Select Collection of Miscellany Poems, vol. vi. p. 59; and see Dr. Johnson's encomium on them in the life of Addison. *N.*

[1] The Spectator.

Began their buried senses to explore,
And found they now had passions as before:
The power of nature in their bosoms felt,
In spite of prejudice compell'd to melt.
When Cato's firm, all hope of succour past,
Holding his stubborn virtue to the last,
I view, with joy and conscious transport fir'd,
The soul of Rome in one great man retir'd:
In him, as if she by confinement gain'd,
Her powers and energy are higher strain'd
Than when in crowds of senators she reign'd!
Cato well scorn'd the life that Cæsar gave,
When fear and weakness only bid him save:
But when a virtue like his own revives
The hero's constancy—with joy he lives.
Observe the justness of the poet's thoughts,
Whose smallest excellence is want of faults:
Without affected pomp and noise he warms;
Without the gaudy dress of beauty charms.
Love, the old subject of the buskin'd muse,
Returns, but such as Roman virgins use.
A virtuous love, chastis'd by purest thought,
Not from the fancy, but from nature wrought.
Britons, with lessen'd wonder, now behold
Your former wits, and all your bards of old;
Jonson out-vy'd in his own way confess;
And own that Shakspeare's self now pleases less.
While Phœbus binds the laurel on his brow,
Rise up, ye Muses; and, ye poets, bow:
Superior worth with admiration greet,
And place him nearest to his Phœbus' seat.

ON CATO:

OCCASIONED BY MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF THAT NAME.

By Mr. Copping.

His ancient Rome by party-factions rent,
Long since the generous Cato did lament;
Himself united with his country's cause,
Bravely refus'd to live 'midst dying laws.
Pleas'd with returning liberty to come,
With joy the hero rises from his tomb;
And in Britannia finds a second Rome.
Till by repeated rage, and civil fires,
Th' unhappy patriot again expires;
Weeps o'er her fate, and to the gods retires.

TO MR. ADDISON, ON HIS CATO.

FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

Is Britain rescued from th' Italian chain,
And the dear song neglected for thy strain?
Are ev'n the fair reclaim'd? and dare they sit
Intent on virtue, and be pleas'd with wit?
What muse, but thine, could thus redeem our taste,
With show deluded, and with sound debas'd?
Hard was the task, and worthy of your rage,
You seem the great Alcides of the age:
How gloriously you rise in our defence!
Your cause is liberty; your armour, sense;
The brood of tuneful monsters you control,
Which sink the genius, and degrade the soul:
Those foes to verse you chase with manly arts,
And kindle Roman fires in British hearts.
Oh! fix, as well as raise, that noble flame:
Confirm your glory, and prevent our shame.
The routed opera may return again,
Seduce our hearts, and o'er our spirits reign:
Ev'n Cato is a doubtful match for all,
And right, oppress with odds, again may fall;
Let our just fears your second aid implore,
Repeat the stroke, this hydra springs no more.

VERSES SENT TO A LADY, WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

In vain, O heavenly maid, do I peruse
Th' instructive labours of the tragic Muse,
If Cato's virtue cannot cure my soul,
And all the jarring passions there control.
In vain— but ah! what arguments can prove
Sufficient to resist the force of love?
I burn like Marcus in th' impetuous fire;
Like him I languish with the fond desire;
Like him I groan beneath th' uneasy weight,
And ev'n, like him despairing, wish my fate.
Could you with Lucia's eyes behold my pain,
Then would you strive to soften your disdain:
My anxious griefs your tender breast would move,
And raise compassion, where they could not love.
But lo bright Marcia! see, relentless fair,
In Cato's daughter thy whole self appear.
In thee, alas! her lovely virtues shine,
Her charms, her heavenly beauties, all are thine;
And whilst in moving numbers is display'd
Juba's soft passion for the glorious maid,
Think you behold your lover prostrate lie,
In tenderest accents think you hear me sigh:
Then, then be kind—and on my sufferings smile,
As generous Marcia pitied Juba's toil.
Thou, in whom all the Roman virtues dwell,
Let not the Roman mercy thine excel;
Since love like that of Juba fills my breast,
Let me at length with equal joys be blest.

*** The verses of Dr. Young, Mr. Tickell, and Mr. Hughes, on this tragedy, are among the poems of their respective authors.

CATO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Cato	Mr. Booth.
Lucius, a senator	Mr. Keen.
Sempronius, a senator	Mr. Mills.
Juba, prince of Numidia	Mr. Wilks.
Syphax, general of the Numidians	Mr. Cibber.
Portius, sons of Cato	Mr. Powel.
Marcus, sons of Cato	Mr. Ryan.
Decius, ambassador from Cæsar	Mr. Bowman.

MUTINEERS, GUARDS, ETC.

WOMEN.

Marcia, daughter to Cato	Mrs. Oldfield.
Lucia, daughter to Lucius	Mrs. Porter.

Scene, a large hall in the governor's palace of Utica.

See the prologue and epilogue to Cato in the volumes which contain the poems of Garth and Pope.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.

THE dawn is over-cast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome. Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword!
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting,
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

MARCUS.

Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, ev'n to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and dronch'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood.
Oh Portius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

PORTIUS.

Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horrour to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

MARCUS.

Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORTIUS.

Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errours,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

MARCUS.

These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpity'd and successless love
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!—

PORTIUS.

Thou see'st not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue's on the proof!
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

MARCUS.

Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse.
I feel it here: my resolution melts—

PORTIUS.

Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
When most it swells and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

MARCUS.

Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind them.
When e'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I know thy generous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

PORTIUS.

Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes

Ev'n whilst I speak.—Do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

MARCUS.

Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares and friendly sorrow?

PORTIUS.

O Marcus, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS.

Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions—But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS.

Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This Sun perhaps, this morning Sun, 's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

PORTIUS.

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman senate
(The leavings of Pharsalia), to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

SEMPRONIUS.

Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows; I might be bless'd indeed!

PORTIUS.

Alas! Sempronius, would'st thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life 's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEMPRONIUS.

The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius!
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son.
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

PORTIUS.

Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour—I'll straight away;
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life.
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.
[*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on the stripling! How he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And every moment quicken'd to the course.
Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That showers down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes!—

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

—Sempronius, all is ready.
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

SEMPRONIUS.

Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Ev'n whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;
Through winds, and waves, and storms, he works his way,
Impatient for the battle: one day more
Will set the victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms—

SYPHAX.

—Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

SEMPRONIUS.

Be sure to press upon him every motive,

Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

SYPHAX.

But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious:
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

SEMPRONIUS.

Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way);
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy 's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury.

SYPHAX.

In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!

SEMPRONIUS.

Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba;
Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horrour all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*

SYPHAX.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This head-strong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short; Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares, and discontent:
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPHAX.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Nor carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUBA.

Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

SYPHAX.

Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUBA.

These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX.

Patience, kind Heavens!—Excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

JUBA.

To strike thee dumb, turn up thine eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase:
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA.

Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.

But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens, with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

SYPHAX.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUBA.

Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPHAX.

Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUBA.

What wouldst thou have me do?

SYPHAX.

Abandon Cato.

JUBA.

Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

SYPHAX.

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

JUBA.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate:
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPHAX.

Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
"Pr'ythee be careful of my son!"—his grief
Swell'd up so high he could not utter more.

JUBA.

Alas, thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

SYPHAX.

By laying up his counsels in your heart.

JUBA.

His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

SYPHAX.

Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

JUBA.

I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

SYPHAX.

Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

JUBA.

My father scorn'd to do't.

SYPHAX.

And therefore dy'd.

JUBA.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPHAX.

Rather say your love.

JUBA.

Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame,
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, 'tis hard to conquer love,
But easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flusht with more exalted charms.
The Sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the north.

JUBA.

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPHAX.

How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider—

Enter MARCIA *and* LUCIA.

JUBA.

Hah! Syphax, is't not she!—She moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

SYPHAX.

Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!
Now will this woman with a single glance
Undo, what I've been labouring all this while.
[*Exit.*

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA.

Hail charming maid, how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make ev'n horrour smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

MARCIA.

I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUBA.

O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

MARCIA.

My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

JUBA.

That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

MARCIA.

My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

JUBA.

Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid: I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue;
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp, then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit.*

LUCIA.

Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

MARCIA.

'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

LUCIA.

Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

MARCIA.

How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terrour and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUCIA.

Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest mould
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

MARCIA.

Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee.

LUCIA.

I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

MARCIA.

They both behold thee with their sister's eyes;
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou favour'st *most*?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

LUCIA.

Which is it Marcia wishes for?

MARCIA.

For neither——
And yet for both—The youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

LUCIA.

Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—Why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st, it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

MARCIA.

O Lucia, I'm perplex'd: O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

LUCIA.

Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of dread,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

MARCIA.

Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee? [thee;
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word, [ported,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one trans-
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise

Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence—

LUCIA.

You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius——

MARCIA.

Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

LUCIA.

Was ever virgin love distrest like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

MARCIA.

He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

LUCIA.

Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts me to my soul.

MARCIA.

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new Heaven in its fair bosom shows.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

LUCIUS.

Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO.

CATO.

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Libya's sultry deserts. [fixt
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is still for war.
Gods, can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him;
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise; 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate: the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is towering phrensy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
In Rome's defence, entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and Earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome:
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use; our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: Heaven and Earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS.

This smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor—Something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.
[*Aside to Cato.*

CATO.

Let us appear not rash nor diffident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs [round us;
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the Sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
Whilst there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last.
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Fathers, this moment as I watch'd the gates,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak to Cato.

CATO.

By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.
[*Exit Marcus.*
Decius was once my friend; but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to
His message may determine our resolves. [Cæsar.

Enter DECIUS.

DECIUS.

Cæsar sends health to Cato—

CATO.

Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

DECIUS.

My business is with Cato: Cæsar sees [knows
The streights to which you're driven; and, as he
Cato's high worth, is anxious for his life.

CATO.

My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him Cato
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

DECIUS.

Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

CATO.

Those very reasons, thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

DECIUS.

Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours.
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

CATO.

No more!
I must not think of life on such conditions.

DECIUS.

Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

CATO.

Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

DECIUS.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

CATO.

Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS.

A style like this becomes a conqueror.

CATO.

Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

DECIUS.

What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

CATO.

Greater than Cæsar, he's a friend to virtue.

DECIUS.

Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

CATO.

Let him consider that, who drives us hither:
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring *light*, [*him*;
Which conquest and success have thrown upon
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horrour but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

DECIUS.

Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

CATO.

His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power
By sheltering men much better than himself.

DECIUS.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
That you're a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st;
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

LUCIUS.

The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By Heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

LUCIUS.

Others perhaps
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

SEMPRONIUS.

This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In luke-warm patriots.

CATO.

Come! no more, Sempronius:
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side,
By our divisions.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

CATO.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

LUCIUS.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

SEMPRONIUS.

We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's,

CATO.

Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heaven may say, it ought to be *prolong'd*.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.
[*Exeunt Senators.*

Enter JUBA.

CATO.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

JUBA.

The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And as his griefs gave way, "My son," said he,
"Whatever fortune shall befal thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear
them.

CATO.

Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.

JUBA.

My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

CATO.

It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

JUBA.

My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend,
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the Sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

CATO.

I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

JUBA.

I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horrour of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO.

And canst thou think

Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in Afric!

JUBA.

Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

CATO.

Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On Heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons, and the calms of life.

JUBA.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

CATO.

Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

JUBA.

The best good-fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

CATO.

What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.

JUBA.

I would fain retract them.
Give them me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

CATO.

Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

JUBA.

Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

CATO.

What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse!

JUBA.

I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

CATO.

What wouldst thou say?

JUBA.

Cato, thou hast a daughter.

CATO.

Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death. [*Exit.*

Enter SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

How's this, my prince! what, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

JUBA.

Syphax, I'm undone!

SYPHAX.

I know it well.

JUBA.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX.

And so will all mankind.

JUBA.

I've open'd to him
The weakness of my soul—my love for Marcia.

SYPHAX.

Cato's a proper person to entrust
A love-tale with!

JUBA.

Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like Juba?

SYPHAX.

Alas! my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba rise before the Sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen you
Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

JUBA.

Pr'ythee, no more!

SYPHAX.

How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

JUBA.

Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey flow'd
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

SYPHAX.

Young prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might still be yours.

JUBA.

What say'st thou, Syphax?
By Heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.

SYPHAX.

Marcia might still be yours.

JUBA.

As how, dear Syphax?

SYPHAX.

Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,

Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

JUBA.

Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

SYPHAX.

Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

JUBA.

Would'st thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

SYPHAX.

The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under Heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos
(These gods on Earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

JUBA.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

SYPHAX.

Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

JUBA.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

SYPHAX.

Go, go, you're young,

JUBA.

Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

SYPHAX.

I have gone too far. [*Aside.*

JUBA.

Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

SYPHAX.

I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles!

JUBA.

Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

SYPHAX.

Must one rash word, the infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

JUBA.

Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

SYPHAX.

Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his arms? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

JUBA.

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

SYPHAX.

Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But, whilst I live, I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

JUBA.

Thou know'st the way too well into my heart;
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

SYPHAX.

What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

JUBA.

Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

SYPHAX.

And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor!

JUBA.

Sure thou mistak'st. I did not call thee so.

SYPHAX.

You did indeed, my prince; you call'd me traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service?

JUBA.

Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

SYPHAX.

By Heavens
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, though you chide me.
Alas, I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince!

JUBA.

Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

JUBA.

Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

SYPHAX.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burthensome, I shan't support it.

JUBA.

Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.
[*Exit.*

SYPHAX.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—"A false old traitor!"
dear:
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:—
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine—

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.

SYPHAX.

But how stands Cato?

SEMPRONIUS.

Thou hast seen mount Atlas:
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

SYPHAX.

But what's this messenger?

SEMPRONIUS.

I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?

SYPHAX.

Yes, but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest, in his sight;
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

SEMPRONIUS.

Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

SYPHAX.

May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have
her!

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.

SYPHAX.

Make Cato sure, and give up Utica:
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMPRONIUS.

All, all is ready.
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings; and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they 'll storm the senate-house.

SYPHAX.

Mean-while I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till, what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

MARCUS.

Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness;
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side.
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

PORTIUS.

When love 's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

MARCUS.

Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten-times more undone; while hope, and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

PORTIUS.

What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

MARCUS.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair-one's presence.
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food;
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I beg thee, give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

MARCUS.

Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me I've a thousand reasons—

MARCUS.

I know thou'lt say, my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one who loves like me?
Oh Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

PORTIUS.

What should I do! If I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.
[*Aside.*

MARCUS.

But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, Portius!
That face, that shape, those eyes, that Heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

PORTIUS.

She sees us, and advances—

MARCUS.

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.
[*Exit.*

Enter LUCIA.

LUCIA.

Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

PORTIUS.

Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mix'd together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul!
Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.

LUCIA.

How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship? think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

PORTIUS.

Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us—

LUCIA.

No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heaven I swear,
To Heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us:
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

PORTIUS.

What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck!—Recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

LUCIA.

Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heaven.
May all the vengeance, that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

PORTIUS. [*After a pause.*

Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!

LUCIA.

At length I've acted my severest part:
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh, I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

PORTIUS.

Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

LUCIA.

Oh, stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

PORTIUS.

Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. O Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition 's in thy presence,
And horrour dwells about thee!—Ah, she faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death.—
But, ah! she moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

LUCIA.

O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
—What do I say? my half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us! we must part.

PORTIUS.

Name not the word: my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.

LUCIA.

What would'st thou have me do? consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at Heaven and thee! thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia! what could Lucia answer?
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

PORTIUS.

To my confusion and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind clears up;
And now, athwart the terrours that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other! thou art all divine!

LUCIA.

Portius, no more! thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much.—Farewell, my Portius;
Farewell, though death is in the word, for ever!

PORTIUS.

Stay, Lucia, stay! what dost thou say? for ever!

LUCIA.

Have I not sworn? if, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for ever!

PORTIUS.

Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

LUCIA.

If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

PORTIUS.

'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life: but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

LUCIA.

What dost thou say? not part?
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made? [us?
Are there not Heavens, and gods, and thunder, o'er
—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way!
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell;
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. [*Exit.*

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Portius, what hopes? how stands she? am I doom'd
To life, or death? [

PORTIUS.

What would'st thou have me say?

MARCUS.

What means this pensive posture: thou appear'st
Like one amaz'd and terrify'd.

PORTIUS.

I've reason.

MARCUS.

Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts,
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

PORTIUS.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

MARCUS.

What? does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

PORTIUS.

Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

MARCUS.

Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause! Compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee, what art, what rhetoric, didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

PORTIUS.

Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment?

MARCUS.

What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!
A soul exasperate in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, itself—But ha!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarms?

PORTIUS.

A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

MARCUS.

Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

PORTIUS.

Quick, let us hence: who knows if Cato's life
Stand sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *with the* LEADERS *of the mutiny.*

SEMPRONIUS.

At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high.
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

FIRST LEADER.

We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast:
This day will end our toils, and give us rest;
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Enter CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, *and* MARCUS.

CATO.

Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

CATO.

Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 't was not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater *ills* than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares!
Painful pre-eminence!

SEMPRONIUS.

By Heavens, they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost. [*Aside.*

CATO.

Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first t' explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

SEMPRONIUS.

If some penurious source by chance appear'd
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did not he dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

CATO.

Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

LUCIUS.

See, Cato, see th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

CATO.

Learn to be honest men; give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let them each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let them hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

LUCIUS.

Sempronius, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMPRONIUS.

How! would'st thou clear rebellion!
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

CATO.

Forbear, Sempronius!—See they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' up-lifted thunder-bolt aside.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

CATO.

Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood.)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls;
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[*Exeunt* Cato, &c.

SEMPRONIUS *and the* LEADERS *of the mutiny.*

FIRST LEADER.

Sempronius, you have acted like yourself:
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, stand off! base, groveling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

SECOND LEADER.

Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends

SEMPRONIUS.

Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death.

Enter GUARDS.

FIRST LEADER.

Nay, since it comes to this—

SEMPRONIUS.

Dispatch them quick; but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

[*Exeunt* Guards *with the* Leaders.

Enter SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

SEMPRONIUS.

Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose.
Marcia, the charming Marcia, 's left behind!

SYPHAX.

How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave!

SEMPRONIUS.

Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion;
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

SYPHAX.

Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMPRONIUS.

But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

SYPHAX.

Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards:
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

SEMPRONIUS.

Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid;
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sun-shine and his skies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul;
If thou believ'st it possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

MARCIA.

O Lucia, Lucia, might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUCIA.

I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd

By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius;
But which of these has power to charm like Portius!

MARCIA.

Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius.
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man:
Juba to all the bravery of a hero
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman-kind, but Marcia, happy.

LUCIA.

And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

MARCIA.

While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

LUCIA.

But should this father give you to Sempronius—

MARCIA.

I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *dressed like* JUBA, *with Numidian guards.*

SEMPRONIUS.

The deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word; and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His mistress lost? If aught could glad my soul
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.
—But hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards.—Ha! dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure Heaven——

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

What do I see? who's this that dares usurp
The guards and habits of Numidia's prince?

SEMPRONIUS.

One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

JUBA.

What can this mean? Sempronius!

SEMPRONIUS.

My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA.

Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man. [Semp. *falls. His guards surrender.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Curs'd on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and Heaven, and Cato, tremble! [*Dies.*

JUBA.

With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.
[*Exit* JUBA, *with prisoners, &c.*

Enter LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horrour at the thought.

MARCIA.

See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Ha! a Numidian! Heavens preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But ah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

LUCIA.

Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

MARCIA.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!

LUCIA.

What can I think or say, to give thee comfort?

MARCIA.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA *listening.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair:
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

JUBA.

What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men! O, had I fall'n like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

LUCIA.

Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

MARCIA.

'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.

This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

JUBA.

I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

MARCIA.

Oh, he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him:
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

JUBA.

I shall run mad——

MARCIA.

O Juba! Juba! Juba!

JUBA.

What means that voice? did she not call on Juba?

MARCIA.

Why do I think on what he was? He's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart
Amidst its agonies remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel?
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth! he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

JUBA.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! All is Elysium round me.

MARCIA.

Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men!
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus——

JUBA.

See, Marcia, see,
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

MARCIA.

With pleasure and amaze, I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

JUBA.

A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee.
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am wrapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

MARCIA.

I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love, that lay
Half-smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre;
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUBA.

I'm lost in ecstasy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MARCIA.

And dost thou live to ask it?

JUBA.

This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving!
Such life as Juba never felt till now!

MARCIA.

Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

JUBA.

O fortunate mistake!

MARCIA.

O happy Marcia!

JUBA.

My joy! my best belov'd! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

MARCIA.

Lucia, thy arm! oh let me rest upon it!——
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.
O prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me:
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Ex.* MARC. *and* LUC

JUBA.

I am so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph?
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

[*Exit.*

A March at a distance.

Enter CATO *and* LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

I stand astonish'd! what, the bold Sempronius,
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness——

CATO.

Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
——O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where Portius comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

PORTIUS.

My heart is griev'd
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

CATO.

Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

PORTIUS.

Not so.

The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal gives,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain;
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

CATO.

Perfidious men! but haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.
[*Exit* PORTIUS.
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.

LUCIUS.

While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

CATO.

Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome and own a tyrant?

LUCIUS.

The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confess,
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

CATO.

Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason—
But see young Juba! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

LUCIUS.

Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

CATO.

What's thy crime?

JUBA.

I'm a Numidian.

CATO.

And a brave one too:
Thou hast a Roman soul.

JUBA.

Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

CATO.

Alas! young prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes.—Rome has its Cæsars.

JUBA.

'Tis generous thus to comfort the distress'd.

CATO.

'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA.

What shall I answer thee? My ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

Enter PORTIUS *hastily*.

PORTIUS.

Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——

CATO.

Ha! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?

PORTIUS.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppress with multitudes, he greatly fell.

CATO.

I'm satisfy'd.

PORTIUS.

Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax:
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.—
Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

PORTIUS.

Long may they keep asunder!

LUCIUS.

O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO *meeting the corpse.*

CATO.

Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.—
Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

JUBA.

Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*

CATO.

Alas, my friends!

Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the Earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUBA.

Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.
[*Aside.*

CATO.

Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The Sun's whole course, the day and year, are
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd, [Cæsar's.
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd:
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh, my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fall'n! O curst ambition!
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA.

While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be asham'd of empire.

CATO.

Cæsar asham'd! has not he seen Pharsalia?

LUCIUS.

Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

CATO.

Lose not a thought on me. I 'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say, I 've conquer'd Cato.
But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrours
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

LUCIUS.

Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

CATO.

Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know,
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?

JUBA.

If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!

CATO.

Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retir'd; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

PORTIUS.

I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.

CATO.

Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
That dares not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
[*Pointing to the body of his dead son.*
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune, crost,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO *solus*,

Sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's *book on the immortality of the soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!——
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horrour,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me:
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.
I 'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me,
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for Heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die.

Enter PORTIUS.

But ha! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

PORTIUS.

Alas, my father!
What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

CATO.

Rash youth, forbear!

PORTIUS.

O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

CATO.

Wouldst thou betray me? wouldst thou give me
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands? [up
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man! ——

PORTIUS.

Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I 'd rather die than disobey you.

CATO.

'Tis well! again I 'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes.

PORTIUS.

O sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul.

CATO.

Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

PORTIUS.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO.

Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends: see them embark'd;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [*Exit.*

PORTIUS.

My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

Enter MARCIA.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish [hence
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.
[*Exit.*

MARCIA.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues;
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter LUCIA.

LUCIA.

Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

MARCIA.

Lucia, speak low; he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

LUCIA.

Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato.
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

MARCIA.

Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle, to his friends,
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

LUCIA.

'Tis his consent alone can make us bless'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd, distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament——

MARCIA.

And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

LUCIA.

Has set my soul at large; and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

MARCIA.

Let him but live! commit the rest to Heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father;

Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd—Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me!

MARCIA.

His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

LUCIUS.

Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child; we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar; the setting Sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS.

Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

PORTIUS.

As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But hark! what means that groan? O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit.*

LUCIUS.

Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country; ha! a second groan!—
Heaven guard us all!—

MARCIA.

Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound—

Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

O sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his sword—

LUCIUS.

O Portius,
Hide all the horrours of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

PORTIUS.

I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His weeping servants,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers* CATO.

MARCIA.

O Heaven, assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father!

JUBA.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

LUCIUS.

Now is Rome fall'n indeed!—

[CATO *brought forward in his chair.*

CATO.

Here set me down—
Portius, come near me—are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—Thou art too good.—
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas, poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
—O bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king:
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman.—
—I'm sick to death—O when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!—
—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best may err, but you are good, and—oh!

[*Dies.*

LUCIUS.

There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A Roman breast. O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

END OF VOL IX.

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